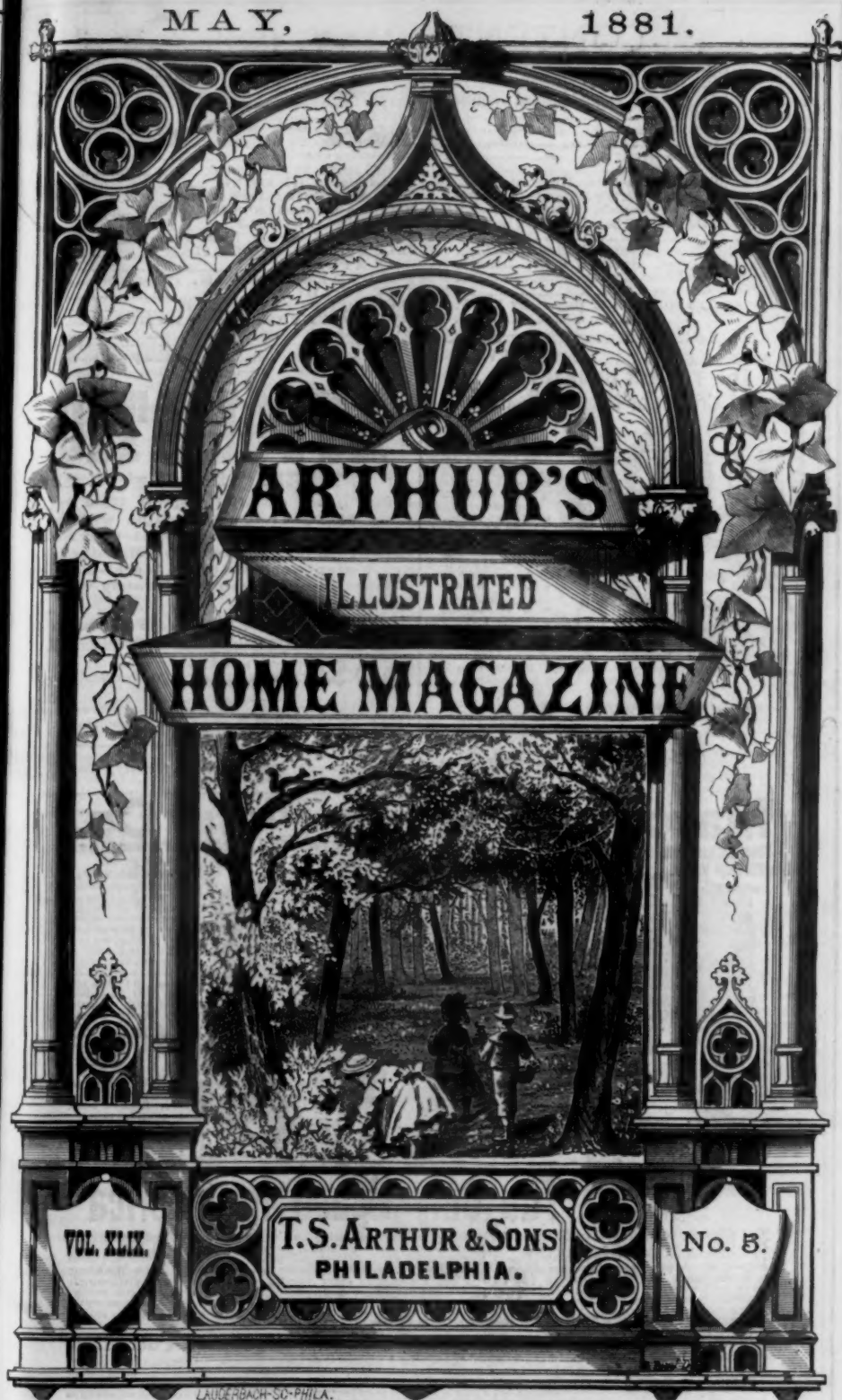


MAY,

1881.



LAUDERBACH-SC-PLICA.

Entered at the Post-office at Philadelphia as second-class matter.

Terms, \$2.00 a Year.

Office, 227 South Sixth St. Philadelphia.

CONTENTS—MAY, 1881.

FRONTISPIECE.

"I have been greatly vexed to-day."	255
The Spring is Here. By Minnie Carlton. (Illustrated).....	257
Gifts. By Mary W. Early.....	259
Coraline Wonders.....	260
The Voice. By Helen Herbert.....	261
Sub-Rosa. By Ruth Argyle.....	262
Hints for Painting on Terra-cotta. (Illustrated).....	264
How to Make an Herbarium. By Margaret B. Harvey.....	266
Gerald's Four-leaved Shamrock. (Illustrated).....	269
"A Little Child shall Lead Them." By Mrs. Lucy M. Blinn.....	270
Fair Ines. By Thomas Hood. (Illustrated).....	271
Two Household Scenes. By Mrs. C. L. H.....	272
The Gift of Fault-finding.....	276
How the Shadows Came. By T. S. A.....	278
Suwanee; or, The Mountain of Hope. By Ella F. Mosby.....	
An Antiquary's Mistake.....	

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Some Wives we Know. By Mrs. Hattie F. Bell.....	278
Baby. By S. J. Jones.....	280
The \$30 Express.....	281
Her Child.....	284
The Earliest Flower. (Illustrated).....	286
Bay-Windows. By T. S. Arthur. Chapters xi, xii.....	287
A Beautiful Custom.....	293
Green Lanes. By Pipsy Potts.....	295
RELIGIOUS READING.....	297
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.....	297
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.....	299
THE HOME CIRCLE.....	301
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.....	306
THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.....	307
ART AT HOME.....	308
FANCY NEEDLEWORK. (Illustrated).....	309
WIT AND HUMOR.....	311
FASHION DEPARTMENT.....	312
HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.....	312
NOTES AND COMMENTS.....	313

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[Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Fashionable Styles of Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—(Consisting of costume No. 7465, sleeves are in plain coat-shape, and are completed at the wrists with satin plaitings. A similar plaiting is also about the neck, and, in place of the puffed decoration seen upon the waist of the model, a plain facing of the same shape is applied in this instance. This decoration may also be used, however, and in this instance should be made of satin. By cutting the neck out in V-outline or in Pompadour shape, shortening the sleeves to elbow length and using a fancy or contrasting front-gore, the model will be found very stylish as a short, ball or party dress. One made by this model is of pale green satin, with the front-gore of pale satin brocade with deep green velvet, the brocade also lining the tops of the back plaits and appearing on the elbow sleeves. Beaded Spanish lace forms the vest and finishes the sleeves, and *crêpe lisse* is about the V-shaped neck. The present costume is made up in heavy suiting, but any fabric adapted to the purpose for which the costume is wanted will make up satisfactorily by the model, which is in thirteen sizes for ladies from twenty-eight to forty.

a front view of which may be seen on page 6 of this issue).—This costume is pretty for house wear in any material, and, when made of appropriate goods, may also be used for the street. It is one variation of the Princess fashion, and yet preserves the effect of a basque and skirt. The front of the body is in short basque style, with a point at the center, and is fitted by double bust darts and an under-arm gore. The back and side-backs are also short, but to them on the outside is attached the back skirt, which consists of three breadths of the goods laid in two triple box-plaits, whose tops are lined, with satin and fall over with a shell effect. The rest of the skirt consists of a front-gore and two side-gores, the latter being joined to the side edges of the adjoining back-breadths. The lower edges of these gores are trimmed with two, narrow knife-plaitings of satin, but the back-breadths are simply hemmed or faced underneath and fall in plain, straight folds. Sashes of satin are plaited and sewed in with the side seams of the skirt, and their tasselled ends are carelessly tied over the front. The six inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.



7490

Front View.

7475

LADIES' FANCY HAND-BAG.
No. 7475.—This fashionable style of hand-bag may be composed of silk, satin or any such material, and may also have a lining of some gay color. The material used in its construction in the present instance is satin, and lace and ribbon form the decorations. The ribbon may either match or contrast with the bag, but either one must harmonize with the costume with which it is worn. The pattern is in one size, and calls for 1½ yard of any suitable material 22 inches wide in making a bag as represented in the above engraving. Price, 10 cents.



7490

*Back View.***LADIES' POLONAISE.**

No. 7490.—These engravings represent a very stylish polonaise, that may be combined with a plain or ruffle-trimmed skirt in making up a costume for the house or street. The front of the body is short, and to it is joined the drapery, which appears to be in three sections, but is really all in one, the top portion being slashed through the center. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be used for suiting of any description. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, will require 7½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.



7491

Front View.

7491

Back View.

7492

Front View.

7492

*Back View.***GIRLS' POLONAISE.**

No. 7491.—This garment may be made of cambric or suit goods. The model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 7 years, 3½ yards of goods 22 inches wide will be needed. Price, 20 cents.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7492.—This costume is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume for a girl of 6 years, will require 2½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



7483

Front View.

7476

CHILD'S HOOD.

No. 7476.—This little head-covering may be made of silk, satin or any desired material. The pattern is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the hood for a child of 5 years, will require 1 yard of suitable goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



7483

Back View.

LADIES' "BISHOP'S" CLOAK.

No. 7483.—The cloak here illustrated is in two materials, the front view showing it in striped, Spring cloaking and the back representing it in brocaded goods. Its decorations consist of ostrich-feather bands and ribbon bows. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 48 inches, bust measure. The cloak, for a lady of medium size, requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



7477

Front View.

7477

Back View.

7489

Front View.

7489

Back View.

CHILD'S "MOTHER HUBBARD" CLOAK.

No. 7477.—This pretty model is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. To make a cloak by it for a child of 5 years, will require 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 7489.—This pretty little costume is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.

LADIES' WRAP

No. 7485.—This novel and stylish wrap pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the wrap for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, are needed. Price of any size, 15 cents.



7485

Front View.



7485

Back View.



7499

Front View.



7499

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 7499.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. In making the costume for a child of 5 years, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of any suitable material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be found necessary. Price of any size, 20 cents.



7494

Front View.

MISSES'

No. 7494.—This model is in 8 years of age. For a miss of 14 $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be



7472

Front View.



7472

Back View.



7494

Back View.

COSTUME.

sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years, $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

CHILD'S COAT.

No. 7472.—This stylish coat model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make a coat as illustrated for a child of 5 years, will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the facings. Price of any size, 15 cents.

GIRLS' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 7471.—A pretty skirt model for any fabric is here illustrated. The present material is a serge suiting, and the trimming comprises plaitings, pipings and ribbon bows. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the skirt for a girl of 7 years, requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



7471

Front View.



7471

Side-Back View.

MISSSES' BASQUE.

No. 7511.—The pattern to this style of basque is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. It may be selected for cambric, flannel, cloth or any material chosen for the construction of like garments. To make such a basque for a miss of 13 years, will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.



7511

Front View.



7511

Back View.



7466

Front View.



7466

Back View.

GIRLS' JACKET.

No. 7466.—This pretty jacket model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and any preferred material may be selected for the construction. To make the jacket for a girl of 6 years, will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. The jacket is here shown in a fine, Spring cloth, with plush facings and handsome buttons as decorations. Price, 20 cents.



7469

Front View.



7469

Back View.



7470

Front View.



7470

Back View.

GIRLS' BASQUE.

No. 7470.—The model to this dainty basque is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 7 years, will require 2 yards 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

MISSSES' BOX-PLAITED BLOUSE, WITH ADJUSTABLE HOOD, (ALSO KNOWN AS THE "NORFOLK JACKET").

No. 7498.—This stylish pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, in making the blouse for a miss of 13 years. It is illustrated in camel's-hair, and the hood is lined with plaid Surah silk. Plain satin, silk, velvet or fancy goods may be selected for the hood-lining. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



7498

Front View.



7498

Back View.

WITH CAPE.

be made of cashmere, merino with bands of plain or quilted should be lined with silk. A is in one size, requires 2 yards inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

INFANTS' CLOAK,
No. 7469.—This cloak may or Surah silk, and trimmed silk, etc. The cape and cloak cloak like this pattern, which 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48



7468

Front View.

LADIES' POINT-

No. 7468.—This exceedingly much worn at the present time, this instance, with folds of silk *passementerie* ornaments, as decor for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, for silk, satin, flannel, camel's-make the basque as represented a lady of medium size, will need wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches



7465

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 7465.—(Also illustrated in different material and with different trimming at Ladies' figure No. 1 on page 1 of this issue).—This costume is fashioned in a simple but effective and becoming style. It is made of suit goods and trimmed with the same and silk cord and tassels. Any preferred mode of skirt decoration may be selected for the gores, but the one illustrated is extremely pretty. If desired, the sash may be omitted altogether. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the costume for a lady of medium size, $12\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of any size, 30 cents.



7468

Back View.

ED BASQUE.

becoming style of basque is very It is constructed of cashmere in and the material, together with rations. The model is in 13 sizes bust measure, and may be selected hair or suiting of any variety. To in the present engravings for $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide. Price of any size, 25 cents.



7482

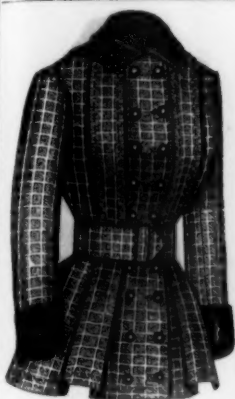
Front View.

7482

Back View.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 7482.—A superb wrap of satin brocade, with jet fringe and *passementerie* for decorations, is here illustrated. The hood is quite a novelty, its lining consisting of graduated rows of tiny jet fringe, while handsome knotted cords having tasselled ends are fastened to its point. The model is adapted to any material, and the garnitures may be whatever the wearer desires. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the wrap for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed, with $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of lining 20 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

**7496***Front View.***LADIES' BOX-PLAITED
ADJUSTABLE HOOD, (ALSO
"NORFOLK**

No. 7496.—This stylish blouse from 28 to 46 inches, bust measured in a fine quality of mixed shirred hood-lining, while the short distance with the satin and semple cuffs. A belt of the goods stylish garment of one variety of size, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches

**7504****LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 7504.—These engravings portray a novel style of costume, which may be constructed of any preferred material, washable or otherwise. It is in the present instance made of suit goods and decorated with contrasting pipings and plaitings. Any desired variation in the decoration may be made by the maker. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require $13\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any material 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.

**LADIES' WALKING
SKIRT.****7497***Front View.*

No. 7497.—The construction of this skirt is quite different from any that has preceded it. Camel's-hair, with plaitings of the same and machine-stitching for decorations, is used for this walking skirt. It may be worn with any style of dress-body, and will often be combined with a plaited blouse cut by pattern No. 7496, which costs 25 cents. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.

**7496***Back View.***BLOUSE, WITH ADJUST-
KNOW AS THE
JACKET").**

model is in 13 sizes for ladies measure. The garment is illustrated in Cheviot, with a satin collar and sleeves are under-faced for a turned up on the outside to resemble about the waist. To make this material for a lady of medium inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide. Price of any size, 25 cents.

**7497***Side-Back View.*

**7473***Front View.***7473***Back View.***7507***Front View.***7507***Back View.***GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 7473.—The costume here illustrated may be made up in any material fashionable for young folks, and is very neat and jaunty. The model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume for a girl of 5 years, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7507.—These engravings illustrate a pretty costume. Its hood can be made adjustable or permanently attached. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume for a girl of 6 years, will require 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.

**7513****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 7513.—The pattern for this basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and will require 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, in making it for a lady of medium size. Price, 25 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 2.—(Consisting of costume No. 7489, also illustrated with other decorations on page 3 of this issue).—Lawn is the material made up in the charming costume here illustrated, and the decorations consist of Hamburg edging and insertion. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume as here represented for a child of 4 years, will require 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.

**7500****LADIES' SHIRRED BASQUE.**

No. 7500.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, the basque will require 3 yards 36 inches wide, or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

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"I HAVE BEEN GREATLY VEXED TO-DAY."—Page 273.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIX.

MAY, 1891.

No. 5.



THE SPRING IS HERE.



HE spring is here! The blue-birds chirped its coming a month ago, when a few warm days tempted them back to their summer haunts; but since then snow and ice have held their sway again, and our poor little blue birds have hopped about rather disconsolately. Now the robins have come, and give us the prelude to that melodious burst of song which will greet us with the return of our host of summer warblers. The warmer breezes begin to reach us, the buds are swelling, the maples begin to flash a hint of the crimson which will deepen them in a few weeks; the "pussy-willows" roll off their brown hoods and come out in silver gray, and from the bare alder branches droop the graceful brown catkins.

Yet we long for our spring flowers, and search for them under the leaves at every walk. We are generally rewarded by finding under the beeches, early in April, one of the first flowers that greets

us here in our varying climate of Southern New York—the yellow violet (*Viola rotundifolia*). If the weather is too severe, we may have to wait till nearly the close of the month; but it will not do us delay searching for it till too late, or we shall find only a host of its glossy green leaves. The flowers bloom and fade before the leaves hardly show themselves, and for this reason, and as the flower-stems are very tiny, often less than an inch high, it is very easy to pass them by unnoticed among the thick beds of dry leaves.

Bryant, our "poet of the woods and fields," has endeared this little blossom to us all by his well-known poem, "To the Yellow Violet." It has such a sturdy, brave little face, that we prize it dearly, though having still better its pale little sister, the white violet (*V. blanda*), that lures us by its faint yet exquisitely delicate perfume to search for it among the marshes. Here it grows, side by side, with the varied-colored *V. cucullata*, the most common of the violets, which the children call "roosters." Who of us cannot remember sitting on the grass with our hands full of them, which fell one by one, till our aprons held only a heap of dismembered heads.



"I HAVE BEEN GREATLY VERRED TO-DAY."—Page 275.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1881.

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We find this violet in a great variety of soils and places, and blooming all summer. I have sometimes found a stray blossom in the dull days of November.

There are four other species of the violet family we find in our walks later in the month—the downy yellow violet (*V. pubescens*), a larger variety than the early yellow violet, and growing in rich, wet soils; the arrow-leaved violet (*V. sagittata*), so called from the shape of its leaves, which is plentiful in sandy soil; and in our woods two beautiful varieties—the dog violet (*V. canina*), differing mainly from the common blue violet in being a branched violet, while in the former variety each flower is borne on a separate stem; and the long-spurred violet (*V. rostrata*), a pale blue violet, with the usual spur much elongated. This last species is less common than the other varieties. On the sand-hills in New England grows the beautiful bird-foot violet (*V. pedata*), the most beautiful of the whole tribe.

One of the earliest and most common of spring flowers is the hepatica, or liverwort. I have found it on April Fool's Day peeping up through the snow. You will know it by its three-lobed leaves, which are dark green above and pale pink underneath, and its clusters of flowers, which vary in color from deep purple to pure white. It has the faintest suspicion of perfume, more of a woody smell than a distinct odor. Oftentimes it has the field all to itself for awhile; but soon the spotted leaves of the adder's tongue begin to spring up, and before long there is a bed of swaying golden bells. As I gaze down on them, those lines of Horace Smith, in his "Hymn to the flowers," come to my mind:

"Nenth cloistered nooks, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer."

Near by the adder's tongue we often find one of our favorite flowers, the bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*), its pure white blossoms appearing before the leaves have fully unrolled. The root is blood-red, and if broken will exude a dark red juice, from whence its name.

A not uncommon flower with us is the spring beauty, or *Clintonia* of the botanists. It grows in company with the adder's tongue, violets and bloodroots, but has a beauty all its own. Its delicate pale pink flowers, penciled with a deeper shade of crimson, are not showy of themselves, but growing as they do in masses, the effect is charming.

And then the buttercups! How the children love them! Gathering their tiny hands full of the golden treasures, and playing on one another their favorite trick—"Do you love butter?" We have one early little adventurer (*Ranunculus*

fascicularis), and a host of later ones; so many, that they give the name to the first great family of exogenous plants—the *Ranunculaceae*, or crowfoot family. Among the later varieties are the field buttercups (*R. acris*), the bulbous crowfoot, bristly crowfoot and the water crowfoots, which, among the slime of muddy pools, open their fair golden chalices to the sun.

Who does not love the dandelion? From a child I have watched eagerly for the return of its cheery face, looking out from some green bank from which the sun had melted the winter's snow. I cannot express my love for it better than by giving those beautiful lines which Lowell has addressed "to the dandelion," that "dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,"

"Thou art my tropics and mine Italy,

To look at thee unlooks a warmer clime.

The eyes thou givest me

Are in the heart, and need not space or time.

Not in mid-June the golden-cuirassed bee

Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment

In the white lily's breezy tent,

His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first

From the dark green thy yellow circles burst."

We must not forget in our mention of early blossoms, those demure little bodies, the Quaker ladies—bluelets, the botanists have called them, but that name is meaningless to me. They are not blue, but a blueish white with a yellow eye. In some places they take possession of whole fields, and make quite a show for such modest little ladies; oftener you find them in tufts among the grass in meadows which are getting to be thinly seeded.

Happy are those who are fortunate enough to gather that sweetest of spring flowers—the May-flower or trailing arbutus. It does not grow with us, so I have to content myself with the memory of those mossy banks in old Massachusetts, where its pink stars bloom in beauty—except when a kind friend remembers me, and my room is filled with a perfume, that brings back by-gone days.

In our walks through the woods we come on a little, sluggish stream which widens into a shallow pool, and then loses itself in a marsh. Farther down it springs out again, and leaving the woods, winds away through the fields, a clear, swift-flowing brook, rippling and singing to itself as it rushes on to join the river. But here in the woods, close to the water's edge, springing up in the water, are clumps of marsh marigolds—*Caltha palustris* is the botanical name—cowslips some call them, who gather the young, crisp leaves for greens, but they are not a cowslip at all, but another member of the great crowfoot family. The leaves are smooth and glossy, and a beautiful green; but come later, when the yellow blossoms have transformed the slimy water to a stream of gold, and what could be more beautiful?

As the warm rains continue to fall, and the sun to get higher, one by one the flowers come out, till we have a host of them to fill the places of those that are beginning to fade. The anemone, that frail little blossom, is with us still, and its near relative the rue anemone, which blooms for us all summer. Already the saxifrage has found its way out on the ledges of the rocks, and near to it, that royal flower, our native columbine, in its livery of gold and scarlet. The spice-bush and shad-blooms sweeten the air; jack-in-the-pulpits, trilliums, star-flowers and Solomon's seals spring up all at once, it seems; the azaleas, in their pink splendor, are prodigal in their masses of blooms; the young leaves are unrolling, and the grand spring opening has fairly begun.

I know of no better description of our Northern springs than that Lowell has given us in his "Biglow Papers." Like him, I, too, am fain

"To like these backward springs,
That kind of haggle with the leaves and things,
And when you most give out without more words,
Toss the fields full of blossoms, leaves and birds."

How perfect is his description of spring's return! How many of us have noticed, after the birds return and the first buds come out,

"There seems to come a hitch;
Things lag behind."

The days are chill, the flowers refuse to open, everything seems at a stand-still. But our spring is not at rest, though we get almost discouraged at her slow movements, till at length, we know not how, she starts up all at once,

"Gets everything in tune,
And gives one leap from April into June."

— MINNIE CARLTON.

DR. JOHN BROWN, of Edinburgh, once gave a laborer a prescription, saying: "Take that, and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well." Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fortnight's end, with a clean tongue and a happy face. Proud of the fulfillment of his promise, Dr. Brown said: "Let me see what I gave you." "Oh," answered the man, "I took it, doctor." "Yes, I know you did; but where is the prescription?" "I swallowed it," was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and faith in his physician's skill had done the rest. Faith is a rare wonder-worker. Strong in the belief that every Frank is a doctor, an old Arab, who had been partially blind from birth, pestered an English traveler into giving him a seidlitz-powder and some pomatum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had done for twenty years.

GIFTS.

IN every divine work there is an infinite and perfect blending of love and wisdom, and every human work or act approximates more or less to this divine standard in proportion as it embodies united love and wisdom. In giving, as in every other act of life, there ought to be a blending of love and wisdom, a joint action of the heart and judgment, if we want our gifts to really benefit any one. If we follow a mere blind and hasty impulse to give, we are just as apt to damage as to benefit the recipient, and hence it is that so much of the almsgiving that goes on does but intensify the misery which a hasty impulse, unregulated by the judgment, seeks thus to relieve. An instance of impulsive giving rises to my mind in the case of a very wealthy and benevolent (but not very judicious) man who, driving out one cold autumn evening with his daughter, was so moved with compassion on meeting a chilly-looking mill-boy going bareheaded to mill, that he hastily snatched off his daughter's elegant beaver-hat, surmounted by three nodding ostrich plumes, and placed it on the head of the astonished urchin, to whom a cheap felt hat would have been far more appropriate and serviceable. I think it highly probable that the ill-judged gift subjected him to the same fate as the poor boy mentioned in "Sandford and Merton," to whom Tommy Merton gave a suit of silk clothes, on meeting him badly clad during one of his walks. Our readers who are doubtless familiar with this somewhat didactic, but really excellent book for boys, will probably remember how Tommy's protégé came back in a few days, weeping bitterly, to return the clothes, as they had subjected him to so many taunts and so much ill-treatment from his companions, one of whom made faces at him, whilst others threw dirt and stones at him, and another taunted him with being a Frenchman.

A great deal of vulgar and "shoddy" giving is done nowadays, giving in which neither the heart nor judgment has much voice, love of display being the actuating motive. For instance, what a vulgar and absurd travesty on giving does it seem to be when we read long lists of costly, showy bridal presents, things which should be sweet mementos of affection, beautiful and rendered sacred by sentiment, but which seem a mere mockery or travesty on sentiment, given, as they are but too frequently, with the distinct consciousness that the eyes of fashionable acquaintances and of newspaper reporters will inspect and appraise them, so that many a time the forthcoming, showy presents are an offering to the public, and more especially to the newspaper fraternity rather than to individual friendship. Indeed, of late years, shoddyism has reached such a pitch in large cities that we understand it is not

an unfrequent occurrence that bridal gifts (supposed to be such, at least,) are hired for the occasion and placed on exhibition. No wonder then that one of *Scribner's* contributors, a few years ago, denounced so eloquently the shoddyism of modern bridals, as well as of funerals. The writer has heard the anathemas of young men invited to act as ushers to bridal couples. We have heard their mutterings, "not loud, but deep," at being "booked," as they expressed it, for a bridal present, and we leave our readers to imagine the amount of poetry, sentiment and sacredness investing gifts offered under such circumstances.

We are not so narrow-minded as to condemn, in itself, the custom of giving bridal presents. Far from it. Indeed it seems to us a beautiful and appropriate custom, grounded in "the eternal fitness of things." It is meet that gifts and festivities, and everything beautiful and joyous should cluster around the era when life bursts into its fullest and brightest bloom. We only condemn the perversions and corruptions that have vulgarized the custom, causing the presents that are offered merely (or chiefly) for display to be devoid of the sweetness and preciousness that can only be attached to gifts offered as pure mementos of affection and sentiment.

We knew of a bridal couple who married on very small capital as far as this world's goods were concerned, the bride having no "dot," as the French express it, and the bridegroom having only a limited salary. As they had quite a large circle of friends and relatives, they received on their marriage the customary offerings of jewelry, silver, etc., besides having a good many quite expensive entertainments given them. Only one of their near relatives withheld these attentions from the young pair, and this was an old aunt, a woman of fine judgment, very decided characteristics, and withal of ample means. Her conduct excited much surprise, as she was more able to buy jewelry and give entertainments than any one in the connection. The old lady kept her own counsel, however, and before the end of the year, her bridal presents were forthcoming. When the young couple settled down after the flurry and excitement of their bridal entertainments, and lost the agreeable delusion of being wealthy, which the jewelry and other expensive presents had helped to foster, they found it necessary to practice the strictest economy, as the young man's salary was very small. At this juncture, the old aunt stepped in with her judicious and serviceable gifts, household supplies sufficient to last half the year.

Speaking of bridals and bridal presents reminds us of an instance related by a friend of a couple who held a large and handsome reception on their silver wedding, on which occasion their friends and relatives presented them with a large array of

silverware. The next day, the lady, who was of a very practical and business-like turn of mind, sat down and made a minute calculation of the outlay and the profits attendant on the occasion, summing up her calculation by complacently remarking: "It paid very well. We spent about two hundred dollars on the entertainment, and we took in silver amounting to five hundred dollars."

A great many people often give weakly, not because they either wish it or think it right, but merely because it is the custom and because the people around them do it. We might cite as an instance, the giving of large fees to waiters at watering and other public places, fees often entirely out of proportion with the services rendered, and with the means of the giver who, however weakly, gives because it is the fashion and because he does not like to be different from those around him, fearing to incur their contempt or the contempt of the pampered waiters. A friend of ours put this subject in its true light. "I am in favor of liberality to servants," said she, "but there is no sense nor justice in the large fees it has become fashionable to give waiters, no matter how slight may be the services they perform for you, so I, for one, have resolved to give them no more than what I consider a reasonable compensation for their services. When I come to make lavish presents, I would rather make them to some one near and dear to me or some one really in need of them. I could supply a sick friend with fruits and flowers a whole summer with the sum that 'swells' think it incumbent on them to give a waiter at a fashionable watering-place or hotel."

Any one who is thoughtful, kind-hearted and contriving can manage to make an astonishing amount of presents. The act of giving, like everything else, will certainly be accomplished, if our desire for it is only strong enough. If we love to give, we will always find something to give, if it be only a few flowers; and even a simple present, given kindly and graciously, is very cheering and gratifying. We knew an elderly widow, in extremely reduced circumstances, who gave more presents than almost any one we ever saw. Her kind heart was continually overflowing toward others, and striving to embody its goodwill in little presents, touching in their simplicity and often very serviceable. Sometimes she would offer a bunch of herbs with some medicinal virtue, sometimes a few fresh eggs, or a few flowers or flower-seed from her little border, but under no circumstances did she ever fail to find some little present for a friend or neighbor in her little store.

Emerson says in reference to gifts, that in order to truly give, we must give something created or produced by ourselves. "Let the poet," says he, "give a poem, and let the farmer give corn." There is a great deal of truth and beauty in this idea of Emerson's. A gift that has emanated from

the brain or been produced by the fingers of some one we love makes us feel as if our friend was giving us a part of himself.

In spiritual and in mental life to give is to increase and secure our possessions; and this law obtains largely, even in natural life, though not so fully and perfectly as on the higher planes of our being. In reference to affection, as Juliet says:

"The more I give the more I have to give."

And in reference to truth, too, so far from diminishing our store by communicating it to others, it becomes by this process doubly our own, growing stronger, fuller and clearer, in proportion as we impart it to others.

It is in the nature of love to give. It is in its essential life, and delight, and blessedness when it does so, but unless love be mated with wisdom, unless its gifts be guided and regulated by the dictates of the judgment, it will fail to confer the good it seeks to impart.

MARY W. EARLY.

CORALINE WONDERS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Press, writing from Nassau, New Providence, gives a fine description of the sub-marine wonders connected with the coral reefs which stretches for several miles along the northern side of the island, forming the harbor:

"The admiration of all new comers and a feature of which the eye never tires is the changeful nature of the tints resting in the translucent waters of the harbor. There is a vivid green, a beryl-like color, that defies the pigments in my paint-box most exasperatingly, indeed. Bierstadt, who comes here, is said to have given it up in despair. Bryant compared it to the liquid which gleams in the drug-store windows far up the street on dark nights. This is set off to advantage by bands of neutral tints and almost purple. This harbor is a magazine of wonders. To float over its quiet surface in the early morning and, with water-glass, to look down through its three fathoms into the world of life below is the very essence of human enjoyment. Our room in the hotel has been transformed into a museum of natural history. Our diving boatmen have gone into the depths for us and brought us coral and sponges, conches and sea-urchins, star-fish and bivalves *ad infinitum*.

"At the extreme end of the island, to the eastward, there is a shoal which has been aptly named the Sea Gardens. I had penned a full account of the myriad wonders noted there for your columns while fresh from their contemplation, but yesterday we dropped anchor over a spot so much the grander that all that was written has been consigned, not to the fire-place, for there is none, but

to the winds. I have learned from visual evidence that the 'caves of ocean' are not by any means the figurative creation of poetic minds.

"This particular reef is located in a crescent bordered by a sloping, sandy shore at the north-eastern corner of the island. The interstices in the coral growths are perhaps fifty feet deep, and the bottom is covered with fine white sand, against which the minutest object is displayed with great distinctness. Projected over these and shadowing their depths are masses of brain coral and wide-reaching limbs of coral trees, in the topmost branches of which a diver may stand waist-deep in water and gather clusters of most exquisitely fashioned and brilliantly colored sub-marine plants, or going into the liquid depths bring up anything our capricious fancies may demand that can be torn loose from the rock.

"Floating slowly along we saw the submerged cities of coraldom, the highways, byways, marts and castles of the deep, and through all their mullioned casements out and in among the massive portals, going and coming among the black shadows were the wandering and graceful beauties of the sea, the jewfish, turbot, pilot, rainbow-fish, bonita and hundreds of their fellows, clad in the gayest of liveries and turning their glittering sides to us in the half lights of their homes until they gleam like opals. This was the very realm of Neptune and these his cohorts. In every little pothole up and down these cliffs dwelt some hermit of the sea; a black and bristling urchin and his brother Echinoderma, a lobster or a starfish and swordfish projected their attenuated noses from loopholes in the rock."

THE BEST MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

AFTER all, the brain is the best and most reliable memorandum-book; it is always at hand, use enlarges its capacity and increases its usefulness and reliability, and no one can read it but its owner. Once let the brain get into a receptive and retentive way, and it will go on gathering and holding information without any effort on the part of him who carries it about, and before he knows it he will have a stock of valuable and immediately available facts that will distance the best-kept set of memorandum-books ever written.

A trained hand is a good thing, but a trained head is a better and a scarcer. People talk about being "blessed" with a good memory. Any man who has ordinary mental capacity can "bless" himself with that useful article if he will but try. Don't rely on fictitious aids. Don't try to remember a thing by remembering something to remember it by. That is clumsy and roundabout. Strive to remember the thing itself, and if you will but persevere, you'll find that it is not so difficult after all.

THE VOICE.

I WAS much interested in Augusta de Bubna's pleasant and sensible "Whisper to Girls," published more than a year ago in the HOME MAGAZINE. But I noticed that she said nothing of the voice. Perhaps she did not consider it as belonging to the list of features, of which alone she purposed to treat. I think it may be so considered. Surely no young lady who wishes to be attractive can afford to neglect it. Quite as important as white teeth is the quality of the sounds that issue from behind them; and the possessor of a well-trained, musical voice has a charm which outweighs that of any one other beauty, and often causes the listener to forget, or at least to forgive, the absence of all beauty in face or form. Even a harsh, unmusical voice may be made agreeable by careful cultivation, by gentle tones, and correct, distinct enunciation.

Young ladies should remember also that, to a sensitive ear, the voice is an almost sure index to the character. This is especially the case with women, whose vocal organs are more delicate than are those of the sterner sex. They vibrate more easily with changes of feeling, and so are more capable of receiving and reflecting impressions from the mind.

Craft, malice or ill-temper quickly betrays itself in the voice. The disagreeable tone may pass away with the evil mood; but if such mood be often indulged in—alas for the voice! At best it only retains a smooth, insincere gloss of sweetness, which, to some ears, is even more repellent than downright, harsh moroseness.

Is the key-note of the character envy, selfishness, insincerity; or is it kindness, generosity, frank independence. Whatever it may be, good or bad, fine or coarse, it rings through the voice, and makes itself known to all who give the matter a thought.

The nature of the voice is more easily understood when its owner is unseen, for the form, the dress, the play of the features, and the attention which one must in courtesy give to the subject on which a person may be speaking in his or her presence, distract the attention from the voice, and perhaps bias the judgment in regard to its character. If I hear an unknown voice for a little time without seeing its owner, it gives me an impression of that owner's character which subsequent acquaintance is almost sure to confirm.

The power of a beautiful voice to please and charm is often strikingly illustrated.

Not long ago a gentleman was telling one of a lady whom he knew. She was neither young nor beautiful; and yet he spoke of her in terms of almost enthusiastic admiration. She was well-bred, well-informed and a good converser. But, he said, he often quite forgot what she was talking

about in listening to the music of her voice. Every tone was trained and ripened to a perfect utterance, every syllable clearly enunciated. There were no slips, no elisions. There was no hurrying, and, withal, no stiffness or hesitation. This result could hardly have been attained except by long and persistent effort; and yet so easy, so graceful was it all, that it seemed a natural gift.

In direct contrast is the case of a young lady of my acquaintance. She is beautiful; she is graceful; she is charming. She is not ill-natured, nor does she use slang. I think most people find it hard to tell why it is that much of her charm vanishes when she opens her mouth to speak. Yet such is the case. It is not that her voice is naturally harsh or disagreeable, but it is untrained, undeveloped; and—the truth must be told—it reveals the fact that, with all her beauty and grace, she is still composed of very ordinary clay. Spiritual striving, intellectual endeavor, never vex the smooth current of her inner life. She is unformed, uneducated in all that makes true education, and her voice shows it.

A sweet voice, as a mark of sweet and womanly attributes, is usually bestowed on novel-heroines, and is by no means considered among the least of their charms. All who are familiar with "Middlemarch," must remember the voice of Dorothea Brooke.

"Ladislaw had made up his mind that she must be an unpleasant girl, since she was going to marry Casanbon, and what she said of her stupidity about pictures would have confirmed that opinion even if he had believed her. As it was, he took her words for a covert judgment, and was certain that she thought his sketch detestable. There was too much cleverness in her apology; she was laughing both at her uncle and himself. But what a voice! It was like the voice of a soul that had once lived in an Æolian harp. This must be one of nature's inconsistencies."

And again, when Ladislaw is talking with his artist friend, Naumann, who wishes to paint her portrait, he says: "How would you paint her voice, pray? But her voice is much diviner than anything you have seen of her."

It may not be uninteresting to note just here that George Eliot herself possessed an exquisitely modulated voice. A writer who was once so fortunate as to see this gifted woman in her own home, after describing her personal appearance, says: "And she had been described to me as plain and entirely unprepossessing! I suppose a woman with such a face might have a dissonant voice, but certainly Mrs. Lewes has not, for when she greeted me what Caleb Garth says of Dorothea Brooke came instantly to my mind: 'She speaks in such plain words, and a voice like music. Bless me, it reminds me of bits in the Messiah!'—and straightway there appeared a

multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying"—it has a tone with it which satisfies your ear."

One more instance of the power of the voice to call out admiration I cannot forbear giving.

One evening, several years ago, I chanced to be in a theatre listening to a young actress (I forget her name) who was playing Ophelia to Booth's Hamlet. She played very well, and sang with much pathos the little songs in Act IV, Scene V, the last scene in which Ophelia is seen alive. After distributing her flowers, she turned to leave the stage, saying, "Good-night!" and then again, "Good-night!" Only two little words; in no way different from those which had gone before; and yet so inexpressibly sweet and touching was their tone that that last "Good-night" thrilled through the audience like magic. Nothing in all that had gone before could compare with it. A storm of applause arose; and all whom I afterward heard commenting on the play spoke of that little "Good-night!" as one of the most admirable things in the whole entertainment.

I have thus far said nothing of the voice in singing, for those who are so fortunate as to possess the gift of song are seldom insensible to its importance, and usually cultivate it as far as may lie in their power. Besides, the voice in song is less indicative of the character than when used in conversation. But certainly a singing-voice, with the power to use it effectively, is a most potent charm, and its fortunate possessor can well afford to be serenely content whatever of other attractions she may lack. It causes an otherwise disagreeable person to be looked on with tolerance, with favor, even, for a time, at least.

Once, at a school concert, I heard an impulsive young lady near me commenting on one of the singers, a girl whose taste in dress and in other matters was by no means perfect.

"I always hated that girl," she said, "because she wears so much cheap lace; but I'll forgive her, she has such a sweet voice."

Another, speaking of a gentleman who was not very agreeable in his manners, nor indeed entirely estimable in other respects, said: "I always thought I hated —, but I rather like him when he sings."

Those who are not musical may remember that the power of reading well is almost as much to be desired as that of singing well; and many, perhaps most of these, may with patience and earnest endeavor attain this power.

HELEN HERBERT.

THE longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination; a purpose once formed, and then death or victory.

SUB-ROSA.

MONICA sits in silence gazing
Out on the roses white and red
That hang in clusters round her window,
And o'er her sweetest fragrance shed.

There is no picture half so lovely
As she, in all her youthful bloom;
The flowers give no more of sweetness
Than she unto the quaint old room.

Thought, o'er her brow its shadow casting,
Makes the fair face look strangely grave,
And eyes, erewhile so brightly sparkling,
A touch of tender sadness have.

The winsome mouth, with outline graceful,
Is drawn as if she were in pain;
Her lips are firmly pressed together,
As if they would a sigh restrain.

What Siren weaves her spell about thee,
Holding thee calm and silent there,
While sombre shadows gather round thee,
And rosy perfumes fill the air?

What unknown danger bids thee shudder,
While one by one the stars peep out,
And, all unseen, the night wind gently
Scatters the rose-leaves all about?

Ah! dost thou think of one who travels
In distant lands across the sea,
And wonder if a thought he sendeth
Upon the night-wind home to thee?

How canst thou question? Surely, surely
Thou knowest that his constant heart
Would turn to thee, although two oceans
Instead of one kept thee apart.

And dost thou fear among the roses?
Remember not one leaf can fall,
No bud can wither 'mid their clusters,
But One shall note who watches all.

Monica still in silence sitteth,
Sheltered by roses red and white,
Gazing with brow grown sweetly peaceful
Out on the calm and star-lit night.

RUTH ARGYLE.

THE wear and tear of life come chiefly from straining after the impossible. Nervous excitement, alternate hopes and disappointments, unavailing struggles, feverish anxieties, bitter failures—these are the worst enemies of health and happiness, the most fatal destroyers of peace and prosperity. They come for the most part from taking up needless burdens.

HINTS FOR PAINTING ON TERRA-COTTA.

PAINTING on terra-cotta divides with china-painting the favor of a great many amateurs who, though with skill in handling the brush, and a taste for color, have not the power, nor perhaps the time, for undertaking a large picture. There are a number of articles in white

of painting on terra-cotta, in oils and in water-colors, the latter aided with Chinese white. The medium most preferred is that of oils; water-colors and Chinese white are more difficult to work, and less satisfactory in their effect when done, and also they are liable to crack and "cake off" in hot or dry weather.

On the table before me I have a red terra-cotta plate, seven inches across. Very few colors will look as well, and none better, on this red than yellow and green. On this plate I intend to paint sprays of marigold. I take a sable or a camel's hair brush, dip it into some chrome yellow, using turpentine as a medium, paint over all the flowers and buds, but not thickly, then I mix with the yellow some cobalt blue and a little brown, and paint over the leaves and stalks, working in white where the lights are strong. I must take care not to work with my colors too liquid, as when once they have run over the outline it is impossible to rub them out, and there will always be stains, unless the design can be judiciously extended so as to cover the stains. The first flat tints will soon dry, the terra-cotta being very absorbent. Some people gum over the design, so as to some extent to fill up the pores, but I find it better to let the pores be filled with the color. At first it will be found very difficult to work the color; it is apt to go in little ridges and sometimes to peel off in flakes; this last is occasioned by the medium not being properly mixed with the color, and it therefore soaks into the plate, and the color dries too quickly. It is to be avoided by careful mixing and careful working. When it happens, you must fill in the blank spaces by touching them



and red terra-cotta sold now, which are admirably adapted for painting on, and I propose, in a short paper, to give a few hints for their effective decoration. I think it will be better for those wishing to learn, for me to suppose I have an article before me ready for painting, and the instruction I propose giving, will be then clearer and more easy to follow. First, let me say that there are two ways

with the point of the brush charged with well-mixed color, taking care not to rake up the color at the sides. On the plate before me I have painted one spray with two flowers and a bud, and one spray crossing it with one flower and a bud; a small yellow and brown butterfly sufficiently relieves any blank space left. I have painted all over the flowers with chrome yellow. The centres

of them now require to be touched up with cadmium and a little Indian yellow, the shadows composed of brown and gray. Blue must be sparingly used in the shadows, and white, too. The latter, of course, is required at times, but it is liable to make shadows muddy-looking. The colors should be clean and clear, as they thus stand out better from the ground. The various details of light and shade I must leave to the practical experience of my readers. They vary, of course, according as to whether you wish the flowers to be as if painted in full light or in shadow. The plate, I consider, will be improved if I put a narrow border round the rim, either within the rim or actually on it. As a relief to the yellow and red, I mix a little Antwerp blue with white, and a slight touch—a very slight touch—of yellow. These ingredients compose a soft turquoise blue, and it looks very well as a border to the marigolds. When my design is thoroughly dry, I shall take a clean, soft brush and dip it in some picture copal varnish or mastic varnish, and shall go over the shadows of the whole design. When that, too, is thoroughly dry, I shall go over with the same varnish the rest of the design, excepting the border. I here warn my readers to be careful in putting on this varnish: it must not be put on thickly, as it will then dry in ridges. Where you see a ridge appearing, you must carefully drag it off if it is moist; but if it is already dry, you had better leave it or else scrape it off with a sharp knife, and then go over again with the varnish.



Space does not permit me to give long descriptions of designs, but I think it will only require a few lines more to help to put beginners in the way of starting and working for themselves. If your plate is made of the white terra-cotta, I

advise you to paint a background on it, as, though the white ground might throw up your design, it is not pretty in itself, and is liable, too, to show the least mark or smear.

The turquoise-blue I have mentioned makes an



excellent background for yellow flowers. A background can be put on more liquid than the design, and with a larger brush. An effective design on a long, rather narrow plaque, is the wild yellow iris, the stalks springing from the bottom, and the top flower stopping about an inch from the summit. These flowers look particularly well on a graduated blue background. When you wish to have the design stiff and so-called conventional-looking, you must outline all the details. Vandyke brown is a good color for outlining. Great care must be taken in outlining not to let the color run. I have recommended simple spirits of turpentine as a medium, because I generally use it myself; but where I have had to put the color on in thick masses, and I have not wished it to dry quickly, I have sometimes used megilp. However, do not use medium at all unless it is absolutely required.

Be careful always to begin your work with clean brushes. After using, plunge them into a jar of soft soap and water, the color will then come off almost immediately, and then, if they are wiped into shape on a soft, smooth rag, they are kept soft and pliable; be careful, too, that there are no hairs in the brush liable to come out. A pretty, carefully drawn design is often spoilt by not giving sufficient attention to such details.

I do not think heads look well painted on terra-cotta, but small cherubs floating amongst flowers, if they are very carefully and clearly

drawn, are effective, particularly on a vase. Butterflies and birds are suitable also for terra-cotta decorations, but flowers, or flowers and butterflies, are best of all. Be careful never to paint butterflies unlike nature, or butterflies alighting on flowers which in nature they would never alight on. For instance, do not paint a butterfly, which does not make its appearance till June or July, alighting on a snowdrop or a



daffodil, and do not paint a bright robin redbreast hopping on a crimson, summer rose.

I will close this paper with a short list of designs for vases and plates.

For a tall, narrow, white terra-cotta vase: On one side a tall spray of purple monkhood, on the other side a short spray of same, with a bee flying to one of the flowers. Background: pale yellow, graduating to a light brown.

For a tall, narrow, red terra-cotta vase: On one side, and stretching round a little way to the other side, a straggling branch of honeysuckle; a tortoiseshell butterfly.

A round, white, terra-cotta plate, twelve inches across: Sprays of yellow jasmine; ground, turquoise-blue, graduating toward peacock-blue.

A round, red, terra-cotta plate, twelve inches across: A group of ox-eyed daisies, nearly filling the plate, also some flowering grass and a yellow butterfly.

HOW TO MAKE AN HERBARIUM.

IF we may believe our aunts and grandmas, this was much more fashionable some years ago than it is to-day; at the same time, science and culture are more widely disseminated among women now than ever they were. So we may contemplate an old-time smattering of a beautiful study, and a present ignorance of it, its former place being occupied by branches far more abstruse, far less satisfying.

As an earnest devotee of botany, I confess I am very sorry that it is not more widely known than it is. I can conceive of no pursuit more refining, more elevating, more especially suitable to a delicate mind—except, of course, music—than the study of flowers. And I am truly glad that the fickle goddess, *La Mode*, has for a time made wild-flowers fashionable.

I don't know exactly why so many should shrink from the study, especially as its objects are all around us, its domain everywhere. Probably for two reasons. First, some people think it very difficult, and abounding in hard technical names. This, a few months' study will show to be a mistake. Second, others think it too trivial, scarce deserving the name of science. This, too, is a mistake, some of the greatest names known being numbered among its students.

To young ladies especially would I appeal on behalf of my chosen subject. I promise them that they will find it just as beautiful as painting, just as fascinating as embroidery, just as useful as history. Then, too, with what a new face will nature appear to them when they have begun to learn her secrets; what enchantment will it lend to their delightful country rambles, when such rare profit is blended with such sweet pleasure; how much dearer will grow to them their own country, their own neighborhood, their own garden, when they know where to find all the fairy treasures of each? Shall I add another word regarding the health, the knowledge, the aspirations to be gained in consequence?

Ah, how I pity those who wander through the fields and woods with their eyes, as it were, only half open—to whom all the beautiful, rural landscape is almost a sealed book.

Study botany, then. And begin early. Prepare your herbarium for the first trailing arbutus and pixie, grape-hyacinth and hepatica.

An ordinary scrap-book, such as may be purchased at any stationery store, makes a nice herbarium. Or any girl, with a little ingenuity, can make one herself by sewing together pieces of thick, white paper, in the form of a book, placing between the pages a sufficient number of false leaves, and finishing it with any suitable cover. Of course, you want your herbarium to look just as neat as you can possibly have it.

When you have gathered your specimens, and determined their names, press them carefully until they are thoroughly dry. Then gum them smoothly into the herbarium, arranging them so that each page will present a nice, finished appearance. Use only a little mucilage, as very much smears. Then write under each specimen—first, its common name, if you know it; second, its botanical name; third, the name of the natural family to which it belongs; fourth, the date of gathering, the place and the character of the soil in which it was found; fifth, any other memoranda that you choose—perhaps the color of the flower, in case it should fade. So that your completed label may look somewhat as follows:

Common Buttercup.

(*Ranunculus acris*.)

Ranunculaceæ.

June 10th, 1880. Ardmore, Pa.

Roadsides, fields.

Deep orange.

For this latitude, an herbarium ought to have on its first page a specimen of trailing arbutus, gathered in March, and on its last a spray of golden-rod, plucked in November.

Now I have told you how your completed work should look, without telling you very much about the means to such an end. But, patience, gentle sisters.

Before you can do very much, you will need to possess yourselves of Gray's "How Plants Grow," and Gray's "Manual of Botany." The first will give you all the information required concerning vegetable physiology, and so forth, and put you in the way to take up the second, which you will really use most, as I will tell you. The two will not cost you as much as most of you would unhesitatingly spend for a spring hat which you don't actually want, and which you would forget within three months, while the botany will remain ever-fresh, ever-living.

When you have found a flower new to you, use the Key in the "Manual of Botany," until you have discovered the natural family to which it belongs. Then trace out its *genus*, then its *species*, and you have found its scientific name, and perhaps its common name also. In this way, slowly

and surely, you may, ere long, become familiar with the whole flora of your own locality.

For instance, to be more explicit, take the buttercup, mentioned above. You see that it has visible flowers, not invisible, like the mushroom; consequently you find, on turning to the Key, that it belongs to Series I. Next, you find that it is net-veined, not parallel-veined, like grass; so it belongs to Class I, or *Exogenous* plants. You now discover that the corolla consists of separate petals, so is found in Division I, or *polypetalous* flowers. You further find that the stamens are more than ten, so belongs in Sub-class A.; that the calyx is entirely free from the pistils, so is ranked in Sub-division 1. We are now near the object of our search, which we find at last by comparing pistils, stamens, leaves, flowers, etc. Here it is: Leaves not peltate (shield-shaped); petals deciduous (falling), 34. Turn to page 34.

Now you run through a synopsis of genera—*Clematis*, *Thalictrum*, etc., until you reach *Ranunculus*, which you find describes your buttercup perfectly, as far as it goes. But there is still another sub-division, *R. acris*, which completes the description. The whole botanical name of your flower is formed by placing the name of the *genus* before that of the *species*. Thus, genus, *Ranunculus*; species, *acris*—*Ranunculus acris*.

In finding the buttercup, you see that you have incidentally encountered the names of many of your floral friends—anemone, hepatica, columbine, larkspur, etc. These all belong to the great natural family, *Ranunculaceæ*.

All this may sound hard, but when you come to put it into practice, you will find it far easier than you would think. Not that there are no difficulties in the science, however—on the contrary, there are plenty of them. But don't be discouraged; the greatest botanists have had countless obstacles to encounter. I was told by one of the most eminent scientists in our city that he had had a specimen in his herbarium labeled wrongly for thirty years without discovering his mistake. So take heart.

In your botanical analysis, you will need a little glass or lens to enable you to see accurately small seeds, stamens, hairs, and the like. You can buy such a one for about a dollar.

Success to your botany.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

"I WAS once very shy," said Sydney Smith, "but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries: first, that all mankind were not wholly employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); and next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out."

GERALD'S FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

"I'll seek the four-leaved shamrock
Through all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!"

"IF I could but find one!" said Grace, pausing suddenly in the midst of her song, and letting her hands fall from the keys of the piano into her lap.

"What is the special virtue supposed to reside in the fourth leaflet of a shamrock?"

"Do you not know that a four-leaved shamrock is a supposed fairy talisman, giving its possessor an influence for good over all with whom he comes in contact? He can heal feuds, reunite parted friends—in fact, be every one's good genius. I think I shall look for one, Laurence."

"To what use would you apply your magic powers?"

"I would make your uncle relent, of course."

"I am afraid that nothing short of a fairy spell will accomplish that, Grace; reason has no effect whatsoever upon him."

"Have you been administering much of that article lately?"

"I spent more than an hour this morning on trying to make him see that after five years of hard work I have a right to a fixed salary, be it much or little. (We would be content with a little, would we not, Grace?) He will not admit my right to anything, but says that if I marry to please him he will take me into partnership at once. As I do not, however, intend to gratify him in this respect, his liberal offers are not of much use."

"Did he name any particular person whom he wished you to marry?"

"Yes; Miss Blake, of Killora. It seems that he and old Blake have been talking the matter over after the manner of the farmers, and have come to an understanding concerning the number of cows and pigs, or their equivalents, to be contributed on each side. My uncle arranged a marriage the other day on strictly commercial principles, between the foreman's son and old Tom Byrne's daughter, and he is so proud of his performance that he is burning to try his hand on my affairs next."

"Alice Blake is a pretty girl and a nice girl, Laurence."

"She is—about the prettiest girl I know; but for all that I don't mean to marry her. Nor do I think the arrangement would suit her much better than it does me. If I am not much mistaken, she, too, has plans of her own. But while my uncle has the notion in his head, we sha'n't be able to make him look at things from our point of view. Try to find the four-leaved shamrock, Grace, and conjure up a little common sense for my uncle."

A very little would do. I must go now; will you come as far as the gate with me?"

And the two lovers sauntered out into the twilight and reiterated their last words at the garden gate, leaving the pretty little drawing-room to its sole other occupant, Grace's Cousin Gerald, a slender, fair-haired lad of about fourteen, who was lying listlessly on a low couch in the bow window.

Grace and Laurence had been playfellows for so many years, that no one but the uncle of the latter felt any surprise when they appeared in the character of lovers. Mr. Latouche, however, was thunderstruck at the announcement of his nephew's attachment to Grace Neville, and declared, in language of which he afterward felt somewhat ashamed, that should Laurence persist in his determination to marry the daughter of a beggarly half-pay captain, he might bid farewell to his present home and future prospects at Glenallan Mills. Laurence was quite dependent on his uncle, with whom he had lived from childhood; he had always been treated as a son of the house, and on his return from school had begun to assist his uncle in the management of his extensive flax-mills. Looked on by every one as the future master, and liberally supplied with pocket-money, he was nevertheless without any fixed salary, and sometimes felt tempted to envy the mill-hands, who received their weekly pittance, not as a gift, but as a right. He was resolved, however, that come what might he would marry Grace, and he had already begun to make inquiries as to the probability of his being able to utilize the experience gained at Glenallan Mills in obtaining a salaried post in some similar concern. His uncle, meantime, ignoring as far as possible the young man's own projects, lost no opportunity of showing him how smooth his path should be made in the event of his marriage with Miss Blake, whose higher birth was considered by the seniors to balance the accumulated fortunes of three generations of mill-owners.

While Grace and Laurence were loitering in the garden, Gerald was pondering over the only portion of the foregoing conversation intelligible to himself—Grace's jesting wish for the four-leaved shamrock. Poor Gerald was but half-witted; his brain had been injured by a fall in babyhood, and had never properly developed. He was still a child in mind, with all a child's belief in the marvelous—a belief which Grace was chary of discouraging, from an instinctive feeling that his imagination was his highest gift, which once weakened or destroyed would never be replaced by reasoning powers. She was very fond of him, and devoted much time and trouble to the work of training him, and drawing out what little intellect he possessed; while he, on his part, repaid her care with a passionate devotion, obeying her slightest wish, and following her about like her

shadow. He was also fond of Laurence, a ride on whose horse constituted his greatest pleasure; and, though quite unconscious of the reason, he understood, in his own dim way, that Laurence's uncle was angry, and that Grace was grieved. Anger was a very terrible thing to poor Gerald, who dreaded stern looks and harsh words as other lads dread blows.

Why, he wondered, did Grace want the four-leaved shamrock. An unwonted fit of shy reserve

you that'll never know what being busy means; all the better for you, maybe. Sit down there, alanna, an' I'll get you a drink of milk."

Gerald stretched himself at full length upon the grass, and began to drink the milk, which Joan brought him in a little china mug sacred to his own use.

"How is Miss Grace?" asked Joan.

"I don't know," answered Gerald; "she is unhappy, I think. Her eyes were full of tears when she came in from the garden last night. She thought I did not see them, but I did. Nurse, what is a four-leaved shamrock?"

"A four-leaved shamrock, alanna? Why, a shamrock that has four little leaves instead of three."

"I know that. I mean, what is the use of it?"

"Well, people say that 'tis a fairy charm that



"I HAVE FOUND THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK."

prevented him asking for an explanation when Grace returned, but he puzzled over the question at intervals during the night, and the wish for a solution of the difficulty guided his wandering steps the next morning to his old nurse's cabin, which stood on a green hill-side, some three miles from his home.

The old woman was sitting on her door-step, knitting, and basking in the sunshine. She looked up joyfully as Gerald approached.

"Master Gerald, alanna, I thought I was never going to set eyes on you again. What became of you all this long while, honey?"

"I don't know, nurse," answered Gerald. "I must have been busy, I think."

"Busy," said old Joan, "poor lamb, sure it's

brings luck to them that owns it. I never saw one myself, but my mother knew a woman that found one when she was milking her cow in the meadow, an' grew rich an' prosperous from that day out. Who was talking to you about it, Master Gerald?"

"Grace was singing about it last night, and she said that she wished she could find one. It had something to do with Laurence's uncle, I think."

"Ah, yes," said Joan. "I suppose Miss Grace thinks that if she had one she could make things up between Master Laurence an' his uncle."

"And could she?"

"Who knows but she might? By all accounts there's wonderful power in a four-leaved shamrock."

"I wonder if I could find one," said Gerald.

"Perhaps you might. Sure it's to the likes of you that the good people often send their gifts. Look for it anyway, alanna. 'Tis a pity to have Miss Grace fretting."

Henceforth poor Gerald's one dream was to find the four-leaved shamrock, which was to avert the anger of Laurence's terrible uncle and make Grace happy. He was accustomed to rove hither and thither pretty much as he listed, for no one in all the country round would harm the innocent, while his own topographical instincts were unerring. Accordingly he wandered about, day after day, telling no one of his purpose, hunting every meadow and every copse where shamrocks grew, seeking the magic quatrefoil destined to work such spells. Such freaks of nature, however, though they do occur, are very rare, and Gerald's quest was long a fruitless one. He had at first avoided the neighborhood of Glenallan Mills from an unconquerable dread of meeting the terrible Mr. Latouche, whose stern face and iron-gray hair appeared to poor Gerald the embodiment of all that was awful. At length, after days and weeks of patient search in other places, he so far overcame his repugnance as to go—in the early morning—to a large meadow through which the mill-stream flowed, and where the most luxuriant tufts of shamrock in all the country round were said to grow.

It was too early yet for the mill to be at work; the immense wheel was at rest, and a slender thread of rippling water flowed quietly on, giving no token of the force pent in by the sluices, and only awaiting a liberating hand to come rushing down and give life and motion to the slumbering mill. There was no lack either of life or motion in the meadows, however; the birds did not wait for the sound of the bell to begin their day, but sang, and chirped, and bustled about, as if determined to make the most of the short time they had the world to themselves; while the rabbits darted in and out of their holes or nibbled the young leaves, their bright eyes and long ears constantly on the alert against every danger, real or imaginary. Gerald was fond of animals, and at another time would have found much amusement in watching their antics; now, however, his mind was full of his quest, and he moved slowly, kneeling or lying on the ground wherever he saw a tuft of shamrock, and patiently examining it leaf by leaf. At length he drew near the stream, which had steep grassy banks gay with many flowers. The great bell was ringing now, and the workmen were trooping into the court-yard. He should abandon his search for that morning, since he would not risk a meeting with Mr. Latouche. He was turning reluctantly away, when he perceived a particularly large tuft of shamrocks on the steep bank. Some sudden impulse determined him to

examine it closely, and he stretched himself on the grass above so as to look down upon it. His sight was wonderfully long and clear, so that he could distinguish every leaflet in what to another person would have seemed but a confused mass of green. At length, to his unspeakable delight, he perceived the object of his search—a leaf actually composed of four divisions, at the end of a long, trailing stem. Grasping the herbage firmly with one hand, he stretched the other toward his prize. As he did so, the sudden barking of a dog, accompanied by a loud shout, startled him, and losing his hold, he slipped down the steep bank into the stream below. At the same moment the gates of the mill-dam were opened, and the pent-up waters, released from their prison, came seething and foaming down, seizing on poor Gerald's helpless form, and bearing him swiftly toward the certain destruction of the pitiless wheel.

The shout which had scared him was Laurence's, and the bark that of the latter's Newfoundland dog, Carlo. As the boy disappeared from view Laurence ran forward, urging on his dog with voice and gesture, so that when he reached the bank he found Carlo already struggling with the stream. To take off his coat and plunge in was the work of a moment. The dog's efforts had somewhat retarded poor Gerald's fate, and Laurence was thus enabled to seize him just as he was being drawn under the wheel. A few long moments of desperate struggle, and Laurence found himself once more upon the bank, beside the apparently lifeless form of the lad whom he had saved, and whom he now, for the first time, recognized. A little crowd of men had by this time gathered round him, one of whom, under his directions, carried poor Gerald into the house, and laid him on a sofa in the dining-room. Mr. Latouche and his sister were summoned, and every effort was made to restore the boy to consciousness. When, after a long time, he opened his eyes, his first word was, "Grace!"

"Do you want her, Gerald?" asked Laurence, bending over him.

"Yes," said Gerald, "I have found it for her at last."

"Found what?"

"The four-leaved shamrock;" and opening his hand, he showed the little leaf which he had all through managed to keep safely inclosed within his palm.

"The four-leaved shamrock?"

"Don't you remember? Grace wanted it. She said that if she had one she could make your uncle forgive you."

"I remember," said Laurence, with a pang at his heart.

"What does he mean?" asked Mr. Latouche.

"I am afraid he must have overheard some jesting nonsense of ours about a four-leaved sham-

rock. You know it is said to be a talisman. May I bring Grace here, sir?"

"Certainly, if the poor child wishes for her. Take the pony-carriage."

Laurence hurried away, and in a little time the doctor, who had been sent for, came. He said that Gerald had received some injury causing internal hemorrhage, and that his life was a question of minutes rather than of hours. After a little time he opened his eyes and asked again for Grace.

"She will be here very soon now," answered Mr. Latouche.

He was standing a little behind the sofa, and Gerald was quite unconscious that the gentle tones to which he now listened were those of Laurence's terrible uncle.

"I am so afraid of being asleep when she comes," said Gerald. "I want to give her the four-leaved shamrock. She will be so glad to get it; she need not be afraid of Laurence's cross uncle any more."

"Does Laurence say that his uncle is cross?" asked Mr. Latouche, his face changing.

"No," said Gerald, "Laurence is very fond of him, and Grace says that he is good, and that it is foolish of me to be so much afraid of him; but I think she is afraid herself, for she never will walk near the mills for fear of meeting him."

The sound of wheels was now heard, and a moment later Grace entered with Laurence. She went straight over to the sofa, and knelt beside it. When Gerald saw her his whole face lighted up with joy.

"See, Gracie," he whispered, showing his prize, "I have found the four-leaved shamrock!"

"O Gerald," sobbed Grace, "I shall never forgive myself if my foolish talk has led to this."

"Don't cry about me," said Gerald, "I am not really hurt. Put your arm round me—so. Now I can go to sleep comfortably. You need not be afraid of Laurence's uncle any more."

"I would rather never have seen Laurence again, than this should have happened," she cried, passionately.

"Right," said Mr. Latouche, in answer to Laurence's look of dismay, "she is all the better worth winning for not being ready to fling old ties to the winds for the sake of her lover. How fond of her that poor boy seems!"

When Gerald next opened his eyes, Mr. Latouche, moved by a sudden impulse, bent over him.

"Gerald," he said, "I can promise you that your cousin need never again be afraid of Laurence's uncle."

"I know," said Gerald, dreamily, "she will always be happy now."

"As happy as Laurence and I can make her."

Gerald smiled and closed his eyes.

After a time, Laurence, seeing how it was, took him from Grace's arms, and laid him back upon the sofa.

"It is best as it is, Grace," he whispered, "his life as he grew older could hardly have been a happy one. Up to this you have made it so."

The four-leaved shamrock, inclosed within a golden circlet of Gerald's hair, hangs in a locket from Grace's watch-chain. Either by means of this or of some other talisman in her possession, she has cast such a spell over Mr. Latouche, that not even Laurence himself is more devoted to her than is the stern uncle, to propitiate whom poor Gerald lost his life.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

SOFT flecks of the beautiful sunshine,

Like a golden patch-work lay
On the floor, where with eager earnestness
Our little one sat at play.

With her innocent, trembling fingers
She traced, with serious look,
Some half-formed, straggling letters
On the leaves of her favorite book.

"Come to God when He calls." * * * It was finished,

And she smiled with a child's delight.

Alas, the soft sunshine and the smile,

Together were lost in the night!

Then one day when the sunset glory

Threw a web of fine-spun gold

Like a shining pall o'er the waxen face,

And the fingers, still and cold—

We gathered the broken playthings,

That were scattered here and there,

And folded the dear little dresses

That she never again would wear;

And it chanced that we found in a corner

Her book, with its lettering quaint;

And it came like an inspiration,

Penned by the hand of a saint!

For we wept and could find no solace,

Till our quivering heart-strings caught

The echo of heavenly wisdom

That she had so blindly taught;

For we think that the beautiful message

Left here by her childish hands,

Was whispered to her by an angel

Who came from the far-off land;

Who came on the wings of the sunshine

That sorrowful, beautiful day,

To give to the child sweet warning

Ere he carried her soul away;

And that she, while her innocent fingers

Were held by a Hand Divine,

Left the message the angel gave her,

For her father's heart—and mine!

MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.



FAIR INEZ.

Oh, saw ye not fair Inez?
 She's gone into the West
 To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest;
 She took our daylight with her,
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Inez,
 Before the fall of night,
 For fear the moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivaled bright;
 And blessed will the lover be
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek
 I dare not even write.

Would I had been, fair Inez,
 That gallant cavalier,
 Who rode so gayly by the side,
 And whispered thee so near!
 Were there no bonny dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he must cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Inez!
 Descend along the shore,
 With bands of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before;
 And gentle youth and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore;
 It would have been a beauteous dream,
 If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Inez!
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng;
 But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell
 To her you've loved so long!

Farewell, farewell, fair Inez!
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on her deck,
 Nor danced so light before;
 Alas for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore!
 The smile that blest one lover's heart
 Has broken many more.

THOMAS HOOD.

TWO HOUSEHOLD SCENES.

SCENE FIRST.

"ANNA, will you get my clothes? I am going to town to-day," were the words spoken by a farmer to his wife.

ANNA.—Will you take a lunch with you, James?

JAMES.—Oh, no; I'll take dinner with Charles and Hattie. Charles always likes to have me go with him.

ANNA.—Will it not discommode Hattie to have you go in so unexpectedly?

JAMES.—I don't think so. She will only add one more plate; and it is not the dinner I care so much for, but I enjoy their society, and it is seldom I see them. You would willingly add a plate any time to have Charles take dinner with us, wouldn't you?

ANNA.—Oh, yes; I think it very pleasant for friends to meet; and there is surely no place so suitable as in our own home circles.

SCENE SECOND.

CHARLES.—Walk in, James, and take a seat. Please excuse me a moment.

Charles stepped into the dining-room, where his wife was placing dinner on the table. A simple dinner, consisting of bread, butter, cold sliced meat, pickles, baked apples, and cream and tea, stood on the table. Everything about the table was neat and clean, and the dinner was arranged in nice order.

CHARLES.—Hattie, I have brought James home with me to dinner. It is not often we see him, and I always like to have him come when he is in town.

HATTIE.—I will be glad to see James, but our dinner is very simple. Maggie is washing, and baby and I are not feeling well, so I thought I would not exert myself too much.

CHARLES.—Just right, my dear, and James will think nothing of it. I would far sooner have a plain dinner, under the circumstances, and have you welcome James pleasantly, than for you to be tired and flushed from cooking.

HATTIE.—I will add another plate, and go in and speak to James, and then we will have dinner.

Hattie laid aside her house-apron, put on a fresh ribbon, and joined her husband and guest in the parlor.

The trio repaired to the dining-room, where they partook of the simple dinner before described, mutually enjoying the cheerful conversation. An hour after dinner was spent in pleasant social intercourse, discussing the current topics of the day, in which the wife participated, and was much refreshed after her morning duties and care of baby.

The friend thought no less of her for the plain
VOL. XLIX.—19.

dinner he had eaten, but remembered with a feeling of pleasure the cordial manner in which he had been entertained by his friend's wife. And as the husband went to his office, there was no guilty feeling on his part, as though he had subjected his wife to embarrassment by inviting a friend home unexpectedly.

And what of the wife? Instead of feeling that her husband had encroached on her rights, and that his friend was unwelcome, she felt glad that he had sufficient confidence in her as mistress of his home to invite his friends whenever he felt so inclined.

I know that every sensible person will agree with me that this woman's actions on this occasion were above reproach. She was considerate of her health, one of our greatest blessings, and one which it is our sacred duty to preserve. Her guest did not feel like an intruder, as he would have done had she prepared a new dinner for him, which he could not have enjoyed, feeling that he had caused so much inconvenience. Her husband went to his place of business with the same feeling of confidence in the freedom of his home, the one dear spot on earth to him that he had when he came.

If there were less formality and deception in our home circles, there would be more truthfulness and purity in society generally. There should be more uniformity in our mode of living. The idea should be abandoned that a casual visitor should demand from us any extra exertions in the preparation of the meal. Any meal which it would be proper for a wife's place before her husband, could with equal propriety be placed before an unexpected visitor. If housewives could dispense with the idea that their tables must be supplied with a variety of meats and rich pastry whenever company appeared, it would indeed be a great reform. Their tables could be supplied with a diet of plain, wholesome food that would not require more than half the work, and the reputation of the housekeeper be as well sustained with all sensible people.

In conclusion, I will give an extract from one of our popular lady writers on household topics.

"I will tell you something which once happened to me. Certain business duties having detained me until nearly evening in a neighborhood at some distance from home, I decided to accept an oft-given invitation to drop in at any time and take tea with an acquaintance who resided in that locality. The family were out on my arrival, and, owing to a mistake on my part, I passed through the dining-room in going to the parlor. The table was neatly laid for tea, and I could not help seeing upon that table a dish of apple-sauce, a plate of gingerbread, some sliced meat, and the greater part of a large white loaf. Perhaps these drew my attention more strongly from the fact that I was very hungry.

"The family soon arrived, welcomed me cordially, and the feminine portion of it left the room 'to see about tea,' as they said. Luckily that cannot take long, thought I to myself, for tea is about ready. But the meal was delayed an hour. I had reckoned without my hostess. Being summoned by that individual to the table, I found everything changed. The cloth had been replaced by one which stood up in ridges. Instead of the former neat simplicity, there was now a gloss, a glare, a glitter and a gildedness, the effect of which was to put buckram into my manners and almost into my heart.

"But the worst part is yet to be told. The apple-sauce, the substantial loaf, the gingerbread, the sliced meat, had been removed, and in their places were preserves, hot biscuits, fruit-cake, jelly-cake and fried oysters. There was but one dish upon which I was willing to satisfy my hunger, and that was the sliced bread. But four times as many slices as the number on the table would hardly have sufficed for the purpose, and to eat all on the plate would have been impolite."

Mrs. C. L. H.

THE GIFT OF FAULT-FINDING.

IT is to be regretted that what is called "cleverness" or "acumen" nearly always takes the form of a sharp-sighted and ready faculty of fault-finding. To "see through" persons and to discover the weak points in character, the errors and defects of policy, is held to be the highest and most esteemed proof of superior intelligence in business and the enterprise of ordinary life. The hapless wight who is not alive to the schemings and the sinister motives of those with whom he has to deal—either for himself or others—is commonly regarded as "stupid," or a fool. Faith in human nature is thought to be no better than credulity, and trust in the guileless purposes of strangers goes by the name of gullibility. On the other hand, intense and ever-active suspicion, distrust and unbelieving watchfulness are the recognized indications of clear-headedness, the possession of sharp wits and a power of making a safe and swift passage through the world to a satisfactory goal. A good fault-finder is the most appreciated of characters; and, although the quality is not kindly, it is practically estimable. Nevertheless, as we have said, it is matter for regret that this should be so. The world would be a more enjoyable place—or state—of human existence if the most useful and admired quality were not one which tended to isolate the consciousness and nip sympathy and fellow-feeling in the bud, curdling the milk of human kindness, and making the path of success a solitary way, wherein every man who would prosper must press forward selfishly, and, so far as the inner sentiments of his heart are concerned, alone.

HOW THE SHADOWS CAME.

A HAPPY-HEARTED child was Madeline Henry, for the glad sunshine ever lay upon the threshold of her early home. Her father, a cheerful, unselfish man, left the world and its business cares behind him when he placed his hand upon the door of entrance to his household treasures. Like other men, he had his anxieties, his hopes and losses, his disappointments and troubles; but he wisely and humanely strove to banish these from his thoughts when he entered the home-sanctuary, lest his presence should bring a shadow instead of sunshine.

Madeline was just twenty-two years of age when, as the wife of Edward Leslie, she left this warm down-covered nest, and was borne to a new and more elegant home. Mr. Leslie was her senior by eight or nine years. He began his business-life at the age of twenty-two, as partner in a well-established mercantile house, and as he was able to place fifty thousand dollars in the concern, his position, in the matter of profits, was good from the beginning. Yet for all this, notwithstanding more than one loving-hearted girl, in whose eyes he might have found favor, crossed his path, he resolutely turned his thoughts away, lest the fascination should be too strong for him. He resolved not to marry until he felt able to maintain a certain style of living.

Thus were the heart's impulses checked; thus were the first tender leaves of affection frozen in the cold breath of mere calculation. He wronged himself in this; yet, in his worldliness and ignorance, did he feel proud of being above what he called the weaknesses of other men.

It was but natural that Mr. Leslie should become, in a measure, reserved toward others; should assume a statelier step, and more set forms of speech; should repress, more and more, his heart's impulses.

In Mr. Leslie the love of money was strong; yet there was in his character a firmly laid basis of integrity. Though shrewd in his dealings, he never stooped to a system of overreaching. He was not long, therefore, in establishing a good reputation among business men. In social circles, where he occasionally appeared, almost as a matter of course he became an object of interest.

Observation, as it regards character, is by far too superficial. With most persons, merely what strikes the eye is sufficient ground for an opinion; and this opinion is freely and positively expressed. Thus a good reputation comes, as a natural consequence, to a man who lives in the practice of most of the apparent social virtues, while he may possess no real kindness of heart, and may be selfish to an extreme degree.

Thus it was with Mr. Leslie. He was generally regarded as a model of a man; and when he at length

approached Madeline Henry as a lover, the friends of the young lady regarded her as particularly fortunate.

As for Madeline, she rather shrank, at first, from his advances. There was a coldness in his presence that chilled her; a rigid propriety of speech and action that inspired too much respect and deference. Gradually, however, love for the maiden (if by such a term it might be called) fused his hard exterior, and his manner became so gentle and affectionate that she yielded up to him a most precious treasure—the love of her trusting heart.

Just twenty-two years old, as we have said, was Madeline when she passed, one New Year's Day, as the bride of Mr. Leslie, from the warm home-ness in which she had reposed so happily, to become the mistress of an elegant mansion. Though in age a woman, she was, in many things, but a child in feelings. Tenderly cared for and petted by her father, her spirit had been, in a measure, sustained by love as an aliment.

One like Madeline is not fit to be the wife of such a man as Edward Leslie. For him, a cold, calculating woman of the world were a better companion—one who has her own selfish ends to gain, and who can find in fashion, gayety or personal indulgence full compensation for a husband's love.

Madeline was scarcely the bride of a month ere shadows began to fall upon her heart; and the form that interposed itself between her and the sunlight was the form of her husband. As a daughter, love had ever gone forth in lavish expression. This had been encouraged by all the associations of home. But from the beginning of her wedded life she felt the manner of her husband like the weight of a hand on her bosom, repressing her heart's outgushing impulses.

It was in the fourth week of their marriage, about the early twilight hour, and Madeline, alone, almost for the first time since morning, sat awaiting the return of her husband. Full of pleasant thoughts was her mind, and warm with love her heart. A few hours of separation from Edward had made her impatient to meet him again. When at length she heard him enter, she sprang to meet him, and, with an exclamation of delight, threw her arms about his neck.

There was a cold dignity in the way this act was received by Edward Leslie that chilled the feelings of his wife. Quickly disengaging her arms, she assumed a more guarded exterior, yet trying all the while to be cheerful in manner. We say "trying," for a shadow had fallen on her young heart, and to seem cheerful was from an effort. They stood, side by side, in the pensive twilight close to the windows, through which came fragrant airs; and Madeline laid her hand upon that of her husband. Checked in the first gush of

feelings, she now remained silent, yet with her yearning spirit intently listening for words of tenderness and endearment.

"I have been greatly vexed to-day."

These were the very words he uttered. How chilly they fell upon the ears of his expectant wife!

"What has happened?" she asked, in a voice of concern.

"Oh, nothing in reality more than usual. Men in business are exposed to a thousand annoyances. If all the world were honest, trade would be pleasant enough. But you have to watch every one you deal with as closely as if he were a rogue. A man, whom I had confided in and befriended, tried to overreach me to-day, and it has hurt me a good deal. I couldn't have believed it of him."

Nothing more was said on either side for several minutes. Mr. Leslie, absorbed in thoughts of business, so far forgot the presence of his wife as to withdraw the hand upon which hers was laid. How palpable to her was the coldness of his heart! She felt it as an atmosphere around him.

After tea, Mr. Leslie remarked, as he rose from the table, that he wished to see a friend on some matter of business, but would be home early. Not even a kiss did he leave with Madeline to cheer her during his absence. His selfish dignity could not stoop to such childishness.

The young bride passed the evening with no companionship but her tears. When Mr. Leslie came home, and looked upon her sober face, he was not struck with its aspect as being unusual. It did not enter his imagination that she could be otherwise than happy. Was she not his wife? And had she not, around her, everything to make the heart satisfied? He verily believed that she had. He spoke to her kindly, yet, as she felt, indifferently, while her heart was pining for words of warm affection.

This was the first shadow that fell darkly across the young wife's path. For hours after her husband's senses were locked in slumber, she lay wakeful and weeping. He understood not, if he remarked the fact, why her cheeks had less color and her eyes less brightness on the morning that succeeded to this, on Madeline's part, never forgotten evening.

We need not present a scene from the sixth, the seventh or even the twentieth week of Madeline's married life. All moved on with a kind of even tenor. Order, we might almost say mercantile order, reigned throughout the household. And yet shadows were falling more and more heavily over the young wife's feelings. To be loved was an element of her existence—to be loved with expression. But expressive fondness was not one of the cold, dignified Mr. Leslie's weaknesses. He loved Madeline as much as he was capable of loving anything out of himself. And he had given

her the highest possible evidence of this love by making her his wife. What more could she ask? It never occurred to his unsentimental thought, that words and acts of endearment were absolutely essential to her happiness; that her world of interest was a world of affections; and that without his companionship in this world her heart would feel an aching void.

Who will wonder that, as weeks and months went by, shadows were more apparent on the sunny face of Madeline? Yet such shadows, when they became visible to casual eyes, did excite wonder. What was there to break the play of sunshine on her countenance?

"The more some people have, the more dissatisfied they are," remarked one superficial observer to another, in reply to some communication touching Mrs. Leslie's want of spirits.

"Yes," was answered. "Nothing but *real* trouble ever brings such persons to their senses."

Ah! is not heart-trouble the most real of all with which we are visited? There comes to it so rarely a balm of healing. To those external evils which merely affect the personal comfort, the mind quickly accommodates itself. We may find happiness in either prosperity or adversity. But what true happiness is there for a loving heart, if from the only source of reciprocation there is but an imperfect response? A strong mind may accommodate itself, in the exercise of a firm religious philosophy, to even these circumstances, and like the wisely discriminating bee, extract honey from even the most unpromising flower. But it is hard—nay, almost impossible—for one like Madeline, reared as she was in so warm an atmosphere of love, to fall back upon and find a sustaining power in such a philosophy. Her spirit first must droop. There must be a passing through the fire with painful purification. Alas! how many perish in the ordeal. How many gentle, loving ones, unequally mated, die daily around us; moving on to the grave, so far as the world knows, by the way of some fatal, bodily ailment, yet, in truth, failing by a heart-sickness that has dried up the fountains of life!

And so it was with the wife of Edward Leslie. Greatly her husband wondered at the shadows which fell more and more heavily on Madeline—wondered, as time wore on, at the paleness of her cheeks, the sadness which often she could not repress when he was by, the variability of her spirits—all tending to destroy the balance of her nervous system, and finally ending in confirmed ill-health, that demanded imperiously the diversion of his thoughts from business and worldly chimes to the means of prolonging her life.

Alas! what a sad picture to look upon, would it be, were we to sketch, even in outline, the passing events of the ten years that preceded this conviction on the part of Mr. Leslie! To Madeline,

his cold, hard, impatient, and too frequently cruel reactions upon what he thought her unreasonable, capacious, dissatisfied states of mind, having no ground but in her imagination, were heavy heart-strokes or as a discordant hand dashed among her life-chords, putting them forever out of tune. Oh, the wretchedness, struggling with patience and concealment, of those weary years—the days and days during which her husband maintained toward her a moody silence that it seemed would kill her. And yet, so far as the world went, Mr. Leslie was among the best of husbands. How little does the world, so-called, look beneath the surface of things!

With the weakness of failing health came to Madeline the loss of mental energy. She had less and less self-control. A brooding melancholy settled upon her feelings; and she often spent days in her chamber, refusing to see any one except members of her own family, and weeping if she were spoken to.

"You will die, Madeline. You will kill yourself!" said her husband, repeating one day the form of speech so often used when he found his wife in these states of abandonment. He spoke with more than his usual tenderness, for to his unimaginative mind had come a quickly passing but vivid realization of what he would lose if she were taken from him.

"The loss will scarcely be felt," was her murmured answer.

"Your children will at least feel it," said Mr. Leslie, in a more captious and meaning tone than, upon reflection, he would have used. He felt her words as expressing indifference for himself, and his quick retort involved, palpably, the same impression in regard to his wife.

Madeline answered not farther, but her husband's words were not forgotten. "My children will feel my loss:" this thought became so present to her mind that none other could for a space come into manifest perception. The mother's heart began quickening into life a sense of the mother's duty. Thus it was, when her eldest child—named from herself, and with as loving and dependent a nature—opened the chamber door, and coming up to her father, made some request that he did not approve. To the mother's mind her desire was one that ought to have been granted, and she felt in an instant that the manner as well as the fact of the father's denial were both unkind, and that Madeline's heart would be almost broken. She did not err in this. The child went sobbing from the room.

How distinctly came before the mind of Mrs. Leslie a picture of the past. She was for a time back in her father's house, and she felt for a time the ever-present, considerate, loving-kindness of one who had made all sunshine in that early home. Slowly came back the mind of Mrs. Leslie to the

present, and she said to herself, not passively, like one borne on the current of a down-rushing stream, but resolutely, as one with a purpose to struggle—to suffer and yet be strong: “Yes! my children will feel my loss. I could pass away and be at rest, I could lie me down and sleep sweetly in the grave; but is all my work done? Can I leave these little ones to his tender mer—”

She checked herself in the mental utterance of this sentiment, which referred to her husband. But the feeling was in her heart, and it inspired her with a new purpose. Her thought, turned from herself, and fixed with a yearning love upon her children, gave to the blood a quicker motion through the veins, and to her mind a new activity. She could no longer remain passive as she had been for hours, brooding over her own unhappy state, but arose and left her chamber. In another room she found her unhappy child, who had gone off to mourn alone over her disappointment, and to weep where none could see her.

“Madeline dear!” said the mother, in a loving, sympathetic voice.

Instantly the child flung herself into her arms, and laid her face, sobbing, upon her bosom.

Gently yet wisely—for there came in that moment to Mrs. Leslie a clear perception of all her duty—did the mother seek to soften Madeline’s disappointment, and to inspire her with fortitude to bear. Beyond her own expectation came success in this effort. The reason she suggested for the father’s refusal satisfied the child; and soon the clouded brow was lit up by the heart’s sunshine.

From that hour Mrs. Leslie was changed. From that hour a new purpose filled her heart. She could not leave her children, nor could she take them with her if she passed away; and so she resolved to live for them—to forget her own suffering in the tenderness of maternal care. The mother had risen superior to the unhappy, unappreciated wife.

All marked the change, yet in none did it awaken more surprise than in Mr. Leslie. He never fully understood its meaning; and no wonder, for he had never understood her from the beginning. He was too cold and selfish to be able fully to appreciate her character or relation to him as a wife.

Yet for all this change—though the long drooping form of Mrs. Leslie regained something of its erectness, and her exhausted system a degree of tension—the shadow passed not from her heart or brow, nor did her cheeks grow warm again with the glow of health. The delight of her life had failed, and now she lived only for the children whom God had given her.

A man of Mr. Leslie’s stamp of character too rarely grows wiser in the true sense. Himself the centre of his world, it is but seldom that he is able to think enough out of himself to scan the effect of

his daily actions upon others. If collisions take place, he thinks only of the pain he feels, not of the pain he gives. He is ever censuring, but rarely takes blame. During the earlier portions of his married life, Mr. Leslie’s mind had chafed a good deal at what seemed to him Madeline’s unreasonable and unwomanly conduct; the soreness of this was felt even after the change in her exterior that we have noticed, and he often indulged in the habit of mentally writing bitter things against her. He had well-nigh broken her heart and was yet impatient because she gave signs, indicative of pain.

And so, as years wore on, the distance grew wider instead of becoming less and less. The husband had many things to draw him forth into the busy world, where he established various interests, and sought pleasure in their pursuits, while the wife, seldom seen abroad, buried herself at home, and gave her very life for her children.

But even maternal love could not feed for very many years the flame of her life. The oil was too nearly exhausted when that new supply came. For a time the light burned clearly; then it began to fail, and ere the mother’s tasks were half done, it went out in darkness.

How heavy the shadows which then fell upon the household and upon the heart of Edward Leslie! As he stood alone in the chamber of death, with his eyes fixed upon the pale, wasted countenance, no more to quicken with life, and felt on his neck the clinging arms that were thrown around it a few moments before the last sigh of mortality was breathed and still heard the eager, “Kiss me, Edward, once, before I die!” a new light broke upon him, and he was suddenly stung by sharp and self-reproaching thoughts. Had he not killed her, and by the slowest and most agonizing process by which murder can be committed? There was in his mind a startling perception that such was the awful crime of which he had been guilty.

Yes, there were shadows on the heart of Edward Leslie—shadows that never entirely passed away.

T. S. A.

TEMPERAMENT.—Temperament has much to do with health preservation. The sound and good-tempered resist disease, and pass unscathed through many dangers, as the stiff craft, bending steadily to the breeze and well under the control of her helm, may thread a narrow passage among the rocks, or as the horse that bears equally on the rein grasped by a firm hand can be driven safely through a crowded thoroughfare. The variable, uncertain, irritable, and, above all, the sullen of temper, are a misery to themselves and those around them; the troubles of life fret their strength, and the perils that lurk in their path can seldom be certainly and pleasantly avoided.

SUWANEE; OR, THE MOUNTAIN OF HOPE.

AT the place which bears this musical Indian name with its beautiful meaning, is located the university of the South, which originated in 1857 with the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the ten States south of Virginia. They desired to form a centre of learning, which should offer advantages for study in every branch of science and knowledge, and a magnificent outline was planned, which, owing to the interruption of the civil war and the difficulties encountered since in procuring necessary endowments, has not as yet been fully carried out, though, by the efforts of the Rt. Rev. C. T. Quintard in England, sufficient funds were raised for its beginning, with a valuable and efficient corps of instructors.

The site consists of ten thousand acres on the western brow of the Cumberland tableland in Middle Tennessee, and was chosen as a central position at equal distance from the Trans-Mississippi and the Atlantic and Gulf States; as a peculiarly healthy locality, entirely above malarial influences and surrounded by an atmosphere as bracing and exhilarating as new wine; and as remote from the influences of city or town. Access to Suwanee is had by the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, which passes through the exquisite valley of the Tennessee River, whose lovely curves and windings form a landscape of peaceful and varied beauty. This railroad passes Cowan, a little station from which you take the cars of the Tennessee Coal Company, running through Suwanee, and ascend the mountain to the domain of the university. It is a picturesque and beautiful journey. I visited Suwanee the last of July, but even then the woods had on our autumnal coloring—the great fields of reddish, golden flowers burning among the undergrowth, and the swaying flames of the trumpet-creeper glowing among the branches overhead. Through the towering walls of gray rock the train seems to rush into the very heart of mystery and shadow within the depths of the mountain, and when slowly winding, it begins its upward way, the forests and far-off blue mountains, which at first rose above your head, seems to sink gradually to your level, and then downward, until they are beneath your very feet, and the fresh, sparkling, mountain air, full of subtly vitalizing influences, breathes in an ever gentle stir around you, and the vision grasps long stretches of mountain heights and plains, receding into ineffable blue depths of sky. It is like what should be the growth of life, and the sinking and receding of its ambitions and selfish desires, and crowding anxieties into the far-reaching peace and light of a broader and more heavenward vision, and the quickening breath of a purer air.

Most of the buildings are simple cottages, nestling in green bowers of vines and surrounded by lovely flowers, and the place wears still the gypsy-like air, which is so graphically described by some of the first comers, when its corner-stone was laid in 1860 in the presence of an enthusiastic assembly. The orator, Bishop Eliot, spoke from a cask as his rostrum, an uneasy elevation to the fears of some of his hearers, but fortunately no untoward accident marred the effect of his eloquence. Nor were these first phases of housekeeping on the mountain—so far away from the appliances and conveniences of home—without their excitement. The store-room was—and it furnishes a tribute to the honesty of the population—the front porch; the kitchen often a gypsy fire out-doors, with an umbrella held by one sister over the head of the fair cook to protect her from the sun, and bedroom furniture had to be improvised out of boxes, etc., with coverings arranged by the owner's devices to conceal the rough frame-work. The favorite reception-room where bishops and other dignitaries sat and talked over the future of the university, and cake and steaming coffee of delicious fragrance were handed, was on the gentle slope of a hill, where a lovely spring issued from the gray arch of a primeval rock, with waters sparkling and clear as the purest crystal, and its stream glided away under ferns and banks of wild violets.

Even now but two permanent university buildings have been completed; St. Luke's Memorial Hall, erected through a donation from Mrs. Maingault, of South Carolina, and the Hodgson Library, the gift of the present vice-chancellor. The latter, though too remote from the school-rooms as they now stand, is beautifully situated near Morgan's steep, and its windows look out into the green stillness of surrounding woods. An exquisite picture of the Madonna and Child seems to greet you as you ascend the stairway with a benediction of foreshadowing love and peace. There are some old and interesting volumes here. I was especially interested in a collection of views of England's noble old cathedrals, which finely illustrated Bishop Galleher's eloquent words in his address to the guild of St. John, in which he spoke of "that elder time when hands of craftsmen, with hammer, and chisel, and trowel were wont to come from far to the quarried stone that was to be wrought into the majestic grace of some minster-like that of Canterbury on its placid slope, or Lincoln on its 'sorrow hill.' Day by day and year by year the holy thought found fuller utterance in the noble building; and as the seasons lapsed and waned, the hymns and prayers of the faithful toilers there seemed to pass into the carved stones, until every massive tower showed as the solid calm of aweless faith; every heaven-pointing arch as the clasping together of uplifted,

pleading hands; every shadow-haunted groining of the roof, as the hovering wings of cherubim above the penitent; every swift, springing buttress as the flight of a soul in its pious ecstasy, and at last, when the topmost cross was set—fair and lone—between 'the peace of the skies and the sins of the city'—the vast cathedral lived, a light, a joy, a benediction, a voice, a 'sursum corda' to every coming generation of men; the highest beauty that human hands have fashioned, the gate of heaven for the people."

The higher students here and the university officials wear the Oxford costume, and the effect of the pure, rich colors in the dresses of chancellor, vice-chancellor and dean, is a very picturesque one in the processions at the close of the university session. The black gown and square, Oxford cap are also not unbecoming to the youthful faces of the students, and there is something suggestive of mediæval pictures in the groups seen here and there among the trees or coming out from the chapel doors after morning and afternoon service.

Another point of interest to the visitors at Suwanee is the Swiss colony on the same mountain, and their tall-roofed, Swiss houses, with the airy-looking balconies above the porches. These colonists are industrious and frugal people, skilled gardeners and fruit-growers, and exquisite carvers in wood. For generation after generation they have practiced this art, and the young boys even, show a wonderful delicacy of touch and quickness of artistic perception in their designs. The beautiful wood-work in the chapels and in the homes of Suwanee, the decorations of carved windows and mantels, are all due to their skill. The lighter and darker shades of different woods are like the language of light and shade to the engraver, emphasizing or softening at will the various parts of the design. These simple artists understand, also, that feature of true art which Jean Ingelow so beautifully speaks of in one of her charming stories; they delight to carve living things; their flowers and leaves seem to spring and grow, to cling with conscious tendrils around window and altar; the deer seem to browse the leaves, to caress or call to each other, and the ferns and grasses to be just arising from the tread that has pressed them down.

These colonists are much more intelligent than the native population that live in the valleys and caves of the mountain, and are designated *Coreetes*. But the earnest Christian work of many years in Sunday-schools and mission visiting has done much to soften and instruct them; and among the congregation that attended St. Paul's-on-the-Mountain were many faces whose rough and simple lineaments seemed kindled into an earnest appreciation of the thoughts they heard—*awakened* into new life.

Of course, in the vicinity of such a school, there

is a certain theological atmosphere which pervades conversation generally. Even the jokes have a clerical flavor, and the children sometimes bring forth their teachings with rather an amusing result. One day the bishop of — overheard the little son of one of the ministers propounding the dogma of original sin to a little colored boy, the son of his mother's cook, in the following manner:

"Henry," in a solemn tone, "you are a very bad boy."

Henry, much aggrieved and indignant: "No, I ain't no bad boy, I ain't!"

"Oh, yes, Henry," shaking his head sorrowfully, "you are a bad boy, and your mother is a very bad woman."

Henry, now deeply resentful: "'Tain't so; she ain't no bad woman; and I ain't bad, neither."

"But you are, Henry—even I am a sinner!"

It is needless to say that Henry did not dispute the last assertion.

The exquisite purity of the rarified mountain air gives all out-of-door life here a peculiar charm, and renders Suwanee a veritable Paradise for children—and indeed all lovers of nature. Every change of light and color—the sunrises, the light of moon and stars, the sunsets—all have a radiance and glow never seen in lower places. The constellations shine more brilliantly at night in the shadowy blue skies, and the long lines of afternoon light fall with a reddish gold upon the stones of St. Luke's Hall. It is something grand to behold a storm from one of the jutting points of the mountain, and see, while you stand in comparative security, the whole picture of cloud and driving rain below, and the flashing lightning leap midway down the distant mountain-peak, while perhaps far in the west is a glimpse of blue sky and breaking sunlight.

One never gets weary of the rambles to the springs, deep-hid in the mountain sides, and through woods, thick-set with reddening leaves, to the sudden openings in the forest—as at University View, Greene's View—named for the venerable Bishop of Mississippi—Rutledge Point, Proctor's Hall and Morgan's Steep—where all at once the earth shelves sheer down below your feet, and the whole horizon opens far and wide before you. It is not like a Virginia landscape, where the mountains ascend like rolling billows of blue, rising higher and higher into the sky—it is a serene, majestic tableland, flowing in long, unbroken lines of tranquil azure against the scarcely serenest heavens, and underneath unbroken masses of green forests and grain-fields. These are the stillest landscapes I ever saw. I have watched for an hour, and not one moving thing could I see from our eyrie-like seat, over which sometimes an eagle passes in his flight—not a wagon on the distant road, not a footstep on the nearer path. As it draws near sunset, however, the cows begin to

return home with well-trained exactness, one by one, in a long row, winding up the mountain sides and through the bushes toward home, recalling the old Scotch ballad:

"Twixt the mirk and the gloaming,
When the kye come hame."

ELLA F. MOSBY.

AN ANTIQUARY'S MISTAKE.

A GERMAN antiquary made the delighted discovery that a stone placed over a stable-door bore the inscription 1081. "I must have this stone in my collection, cost what it may," thought the savant. Calling a tenant-farmer who was the proprietor, the professor said to him eagerly: "Did you not obtain this stone from the castle ruin on the hill yonder?"

"It may be that my grandfather fetched it thence when he built the stable," was the reply.

The antiquary then asked what he would take for the stone.

"Since you appear to have a fancy for it," said the farmer, "give me forty guldens, and I will bring it to your house."

"Rather a large sum," said the professor; "but bring it to my residence, and you shall have the money."

When in due course the farmer brought the stone upon a truck, the zealous antiquary turned it over to refresh his eyes with a sight of its venerable chronological inscription, not without anxiety that it might have been damaged in its removal.

"Why," he exclaimed, "what is this? This is not the right stone. On the stone I bought from you was the date 1081, while this bears the very modern date 1801; which proves that the other was exactly seven hundred and twenty years older than this."

"Do not trouble about that," said the peasant. "The masons, you see, sir, turned the stone upside down when they set it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way. You can turn it which ever way you like; but of course I must have the money agreed upon."

The professor, it is said, at once paid the whole sum, and gave the man a present besides to take away the stone and say no more about the matter.

THE unfaithful man is more untrue to himself than to any one else. Every promise which he breaks, every trust which he dishonors, every responsibility which he throws off, every rightful labor which he shirks, weakens the force of the inner law, destroys his firmness, impairs his energy, hardens his conscience and renders him not a free man, but a slave. In being unfaithful to others, he is still more unfaithful to his own nature; in trying to secure some paltry gratification, he has lost the richest treasure of his being.

SOME WIVES WE KNOW.

"Now this is the sum of the matter: if ye will be happy in marriage, confide, love and be patient; be faithful, firm and holy."

WOMAN has somewhere been very beautifully compared to a vine, clinging gracefully to the strong arms of the tall, mighty oak for support and protection. This conceit is certainly pretty, but how do all the poetry and romantic sentiment dwindle into insignificance, when instead of the grace, and beauty, and becoming modesty which we all attribute to our ideal of a true woman, instead of these we find coarseness, and loudness, and an excessive go-ahead-activeness, which under certain circumstances, especially when her natural protector is close at hand, is—not to associate with it too harsh an adjective—downright repulsive.

Quietness and gentleness of manner go far in a crowd toward winning the respect of all, though strangers. The coarse, unfeminine girl, who elbows her way through a jostling multitude to see a man without brains hang head downward from a rope stretched across the street, or the married woman who always talks instead of her husband; always tells him how to manage under all circumstances; ever ready with an order or command; casting his opinions aside as so much chaff; never allowing him to speak for himself—such a girl—such a woman rarely, if ever, meets with the deference that is shown to a true lady, while the husband of such a woman, as old Auntie Merryman would express it, "That man dassent say his soul is his own." And if you will notice it, he goes ever with a sort of "down" expression, far different from the bright, manly ways of the husband who is looked up to, and respected, and followed, instead of doggedly driven or unwillingly led. How many wives we know who are, emphatically, the "man of the house." Nothing on the premises can go right, in their opinion, unless they superintend the arrangement of all, from the salting of the cattle to the building of a barn. It must be done just as they say, or they worry, and fret, and fume over it, and get for their pains, wrinkles and a sour disposition, fretful households and discouraged husbands. And then they sigh and think what slaves they are—married life brings so many cares! Wishing for the years of their maidenhood again, and wondering why, after working and toiling as hard as they do, why they never get ahead or feel at rest. Get ahead? Yes, my dear woman, you will get a head—full of gray hairs—a head throbbing with shattered nerves and overtaxed brains—only a few years you'll have to wait.

At rest? Yes; ah, yes, some day when they fold your hands, and close your eyes, and pin the

soft, white folds around your throat, that had grown so unused to pretty, delicate laces, because it "didn't pay to dress up," you know. When gentle, ministering fingers smooth back your hair. You haven't any time to fix it up now, you say. When they take down the best black silk from the hook in the closet, where it has hung so long, because "anything was good enough after you were married and had so much to see to." You will lie perfectly still and let them do it all, without a word from your cold, pale lips. Let them robe you as they will, you will utter never a sound—ask never a question. Yes, the time will come, only a few, short years at the farthest, and your worrying and fretting will be over, for tired heads and overwrought pulses must rest somewhere, even though it be under the damp, green sod.

Riding in a stage-coach from a neighboring village to the city, seven miles distant, a few weeks since, I encountered just such a painfully-active, business-burdened, unwomanly woman. Her very expression showed she was a "manager," and she really was in a regular, first-class worry about something, all the way. Her husband was with her, but he was a decided nonentity, for she didn't act as though she deemed him capable of scratching his own head. She was, emphatically, a business woman. She looked business, she talked business, she acted business, she undoubtedly meant business.

"Now, Stephen, tell that driver to hurry up his horses, and put 'em right through."

Stephen, obediently, for the third or fourth time, spoke cautiously to the man, who, in return told him as he had, three or four times before, that it was not possible to arrive at the depot in time for the cars going South, as they left about the time the stage started.

To an ordinary person this would have been sufficient. But not so with her. She kept up her hurrying admonitions, flinging all the time small shot at Stephen, who, like the good martyr of old, bore it with uncomplaining meekness. Arriving at the depot, she bade him go in and find out for certain. So away he trudged, like one accustomed to obey. Presently he returned with the needed information.

"Marthy, there hain't no train."

"No kind of a one?" she interrupted.

"There ain't none, Marthy."

"What! no work train, nor freight, nor nothing? A hand-car—I'd ride on a hand-car, and stand up, 'fore I'd miss seein' Samantha Perkins married, I would. Stephen, who told you so?"

"Why—why—the man in behind there," answered Stephen.

"Well, now be you sure you seen the right man—was he the boss?"

"I didn't ask him, Marthy—but he was in that little room in the corner."

"Well, now, I bet you a dollar he wasn't the boss at all, and didn't never know nothin' at all about it. Go back and find somebody else."

Feeling sympathy for Stephen, I ventured to remark: "Very likely he was the proper person to inquire of, as everybody is not admitted behind the little square walls of a railroad ticket-office."

This quieted her upon that point, and with a wondering "oh!" she settled back into her corner, as the driver whirled around the depot and up to the livery office. There I left her, goading Stephen up to be sure to get a span of horses that could go, as if the man didn't have brains enough to hire live horses, if any.

After we left them the driver, Mike Mahaly, quirked his eyes around over his shoulder at me, as if to make sure she was out of hearing, and said he: "If I had a tongue like that woman, I'd be ashamed. She acted as if her husband didn't know anything." And I thought to myself, If I had a husband that needed watching as much as she seems to think "Stephen" needs it, I would much prefer to travel alone or stay at home.

Girls, I haven't been married so very, very long myself, but I do want to say just this little bit to you before I stop writing, so turn your sweet faces this way, and let your bright eyes, "like brook-side blossoms," look straight into my own, while I say it. Don't you—one of you—ever get married until you are very sure the man who seeks you for a wife is one whom you can look up to and respect, and in every way be proud of as your husband; one who is competent to advise you, and counsel you, and protect you forever. Don't marry for love alone. You might love a shallow-pated fop, whose only recommend was his fondness for you. But if love, and honor, and respect combine, then don't be afraid to set sail on the matrimonial sea, only—remember this—trust your husband enough to let him steer the boat over life's waves, be they smooth or rough, and keep close by his side with tender, winning ways, and believe me, many, very many of life's shoals and quicksands will thus be avoided, and shipwreck will be far less likely to bring disaster to your little craft. More than one stout heart and stalwart form, more than one gigantic mind, starting out with all the ambition and power of a noble manhood, with broad sails all unfurled and high, fluttering banners, graven over with the mysterious hieroglyphics of popular applause—more than one such has the world known—that but for the true, abiding, womanly love that kept warm and bright at his side, but for the untiring, helpful hands of the little wife that nestled so confidently, so trustingly, so close to him that no wave of trouble or surge of sorrow could separate, but for these, there's many a noble craft to-day, that might have been borne down with the merciless tide of adversity, and his name

buried in the depths, where hope never has a resurrection.

How necessary it is, then, that we, as women—as womanly women—take our proper station, not as captains, not as commanders; no, not as pilots even, but as companions, as gentle, trusting help-meets or “helpmates;” not strong-minded, in the general acceptance of the term, but strong-hearted, strong-handed, not ruling, arbitrarily, and yet, by our gentle ways, by our womanly tact, by our love and trust in those with whom we are voyaging through life, exerting such an influence that no whispered word, no look or slightest wish shall ever pass unheeded. And, dear sisters, though no tongue of fame may ever herald your doings, though no fastidious public may ever laud you to the skies, yet here are two much-to-be-desired compliments, written of you long years ago by a wiser man than any who wield the pen in this latter age, compliments which millions all over the world have read, and will read, as long as time shall last, “She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life,” and this, “The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.” Shall we not try to deserve them?

MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

BABY.

DEAR little one, to whom but late
Life hath thrown back her mystic gate,
With fields of future, fair and wide,
With paths of promise all untried,
With glowing tablets pure and white,
Unstained by wrong, unmarked by right;
With quivering pulses question we,
What hath this life in store for thee?

Will Pleasure's temple outward swing
Her portals for thy entering?
Will Peace her pure pavilion rear
To shelter thee, and year by year,
Fresh vistas, gilt with glad surprise,
Now open to thy wondering eyes,
Still onward, upward leading still,
Till thou shalt reach Joy's highest hill?

Ah, vain and futile questions all!
“Into each life some rain must fall;”
But gracious Heaven, grant this prayer,
That sunshine be thy larger share;
The sunshine glad of God's own smile,
To light and purify the while;
So may thy life, from weakness free,
Crown the dear name that crowneth thee.

S. J. JONES.

A HEAD properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

THE 8.30 EXPRESS.

WE had been married just six months, and on our return from the honeymoon had settled down for good and all at my dear old-fashioned home, Sunnyside. At that time I do not believe there existed a happier man in the United Kingdom than myself. I possessed a nice snug little property, with no inconsiderable rent-roll; and the estate was not in Ireland, where “Rory of the Hills” might have made me feel not quite so secure in the possession of the broad acres of my ancestors. I had also just married, after a courtship in which, contrary to the usual experience, the course of love ran quite smoothly. Besides all these blessings, I rejoiced in good health and spirits. What more could a man desire to make life happy?

Although I was thankful that my property was not in Ireland, still I had no dislike to the Emerald Isle, as some of the happiest days of my life had been spent there. For was it not when I was quartered with my regiment at the Curragh that I met my darling Nelly in Kildare? On seeing her, I gave up the brilliant career of a soldier, taken prisoner by her soft dark eyes; and, though it cost me a pang to leave my old regiment and all my friends, still I felt there could not be a happier or more contented man than myself.

“There could not be!” I repeated, looking down into my wife's sweet face, as we sat side by side beneath a spreading lime-tree in the cool, calm and quiet of a glorious summer evening, listening to the birds singing.

Even as these thoughts passed through my mind, a boy crossed the lawn and placed a telegram in my hand, the sight of which immediately filled me with misgivings. Taking the missive in my hand, I turned it over and looked at the handwriting on the envelope, as though I could make out something in that way.

“Open it, Frank,” suggested Nelly; and accordingly I did so.

It was from my brother's wife, and ran as follows:

“John has met with a bad accident. Do come at once, if you can.”

Immediately I ran over in my mind the trains that passed our little out-of-the-way place. There were only two. Then I would go by the 8.30 express the next morning. This would be the first time since our marriage that I had left Nelly even for a day; and she cried at the thought of it. My preparations were soon made.

“What a blessing a wife is!” I mentally ejaculated, as I watched Nelly deftly packing my portmanteau, and thinking of a thousand little things that in the fuss of this sudden emergency I should most certainly have forgotten.

Seven o'clock the next morning found us at

breakfast, Nelly herself making the coffee and boiling the eggs, and making much of me, as she ministered to my wants. I looked at my watch.

"Nearly eight, Nelly. I must be off if I want to catch the train."

"Very well, Frank; I am ready. May I walk to the station with you?"

"No, dear—better not. It is too far. And I shouldn't like you to walk back alone."

"Then I will come as far as the gate."

It was a lovely morning, the herald of another of those real summer days that we had been having lately—days that were so very warm that it was impossible to do anything but sit lazily under the trees by the river with a book and a basket of fresh dewy fruit. It was an idle life for a man; but a country gentleman has a good deal of time at his own disposal.

At this early hour everything was cool and fresh from the heavy dew; and Nelly, in her airy muslin and blue ribbons, seemed in keeping with the lovely cool summer morning. Passing into the garden, she picked a little bunch of white shell pinks, with a sprig of oak-leaf geranium; and, reaching up, she pinned them in my coat, saying, with a loving smile, they would remind me of her when I was far away. As though I needed anything to keep her dear face in my memory!

Over the lawn we went, taking a short cut to the entrance-gates. A river ran through Sunnyside—a deep, silent river, over which the grand old trees bent their boughs. We stood on the bridge and looked down into the deep, clear water, and watched the trout flashing merrily backward and forward or lying still and quiet in the shadow. Then we said "good-bye."

Nellie's eyes were full of tears, which she bravely tried to keep back.

"Write soon, Frank; I shall miss you dreadfully. Write the very minute you arrive."

"Yes, darling. Good-bye, and take care of yourself."

"I wish I might come to the station and see you off!" she said, wistfully, and then added as I shook my head, "Oh, I know—I will walk down to the river-bank and see you as the train passes! Be sure and look out."

The railway line ran almost through Sunnyside, but the station was a mile off. It was rather provoking to be so near and yet so far. We exchanged a last kiss; and then I hurried away, turning every now and then to wave my hand to the slight girlish figure on the bridge.

I reached the station ten minutes too early. I might easily have stayed longer with Nelly. So I got my ticket and walked up and down, wishing the train would come. Morley was a dreary little country station, with nothing to look at, and not even a newspaper to be procured. Seeing a hamper done up in straw and bast-matting, I walked up to

it and read the direction. I was a little startled to see that it was addressed to myself, till I remembered that it must be the hamper of plants I had ordered down for Nelly; so, calling a porter, I bade him take it down to Sunnyside at once, thinking it would amuse her to be arranging them in the conservatory during my absence.

When the express came in, I got into a carriage, the only other occupant of which was a gentleman, a young man, with a very sunburnt face and dark eyes. I immediately stationed myself at the window, with my handkerchief in readiness to wave to Nelly. Very soon we came within sight of the river, and—yes, there she was, standing on the little rustic plank that ran across, waving her hand and smiling, with her muslin and ribbons fluttering in the breeze!

"I wish she would not stand on that rickety plank," I said to myself; and, even as the thought rose in my mind, she moved, started, lost her balance, and, with one wild effort to save herself, fell with a splash into the river, and I saw the water close over her.

With a wild cry I sprang up and attempted to throw myself out of the window; for—O Heaven! there was my wife battling for life in the dark, cold water, and I so near, and yet powerless to save her.

"Nelly, darling," I shouted, "keep up—I am coming!"

Then my arms were seized from behind, and a voice exclaimed: "Are you mad?"

There was a short, desperate struggle; but my companion was stronger than I and held me fast.

"Let me go!" I cried. "She has risen again! I must save her! O Heaven, she has sunk!"

Too late, too late! I saw the white arms flung upward wildly; I caught a glimpse of the agony of the terror-stricken face; and then she sank, and the dark river glided on unruffled.

It was all over in a few moments. The train went on with undiminished speed; and my companion, still holding me with a grip like iron, forced me back into the carriage away from the window.

"Don't look!" he said, excitedly, for he, too, had seen all. "Who was she?"

Mute, helpless, with an awful feeling of horror chilling my heart, I hid my face in my hands, and, in the agony and revulsion of feeling, felt I must go mad. To have been so near, to have seen it all, and yet have been so utterly powerless to save her, my sweet, gentle wife!

The first half hour after it had happened was a blank, a complete, hopeless blank. I was conscious of nothing but an awful bewildering desire to take my own life, to put an end to an existence that would be filled with nothing now but despair and misery; for what was life without Nelly?

"Who was she?" repeated my fellow-traveler, who sat opposite to me.

"My wife," I answered; and then I relapsed into silence.

He turned very pale, and presently uttered some well-meant words of comfort, but I stopped him.

"Don't," I said; "I shall have plenty of time for consolation by and by."

I was still trembling from the shock, and could not realize my awful loss yet; I felt utterly desperate, yet was able to do nothing. As long as I live I shall never forget that terrible journey—that hour and a half; I have often wondered since that I did not go mad.

The train still dashed on; being an express, it stopped at few stations. My only wish now was to get back again as soon as possible, to see all that remained of her, the joy and very sunshine of my life. I knew I was bearing my trouble badly, and felt it was unmanly to give way like a woman; but I buried my face and groaned when the memory of the bright, sweet face arose, and I seemed to feel her soft arms clinging round my neck.

Again the desire to end my sorrows at once returned to me, and would not be driven away.

"What is life without her?" The words haunted me till at last the very clang and rattle of the train seemed to repeat them. A kind of mist rose before my eyes, and, forgetting that I was not alone, I at last took out my knife and opened it. It was instantly wrenched from me and flung out of the window.

"Heaven forgive you," said my fellow-traveler, sternly, "for meditating such a sin! Bear this trial like a man, and not like a coward!"

I felt like some hunted animal at bay. The horrible scene was being enacted again and again in my memory, and I seemed to see the white face and the struggling arms. Nelly was dead now, floating to and fro with the ebb and flow of the dark, cold river.

The express still dashed on, flying past green fields and peaceful homesteads. Would it never stop? At last it slackened speed and drew up at a station. I got out, feeling strangely giddy and bewildered.

"Let me stay with you," urged my fellow-traveler, the man who had within the last two hours saved my life twice.

"No," I replied. "You can do me no good, thank you all the same. I will wait for the down-train—I shall be better alone."

He wrung my hand, and tears stood in his eyes.

"Promise me," he said, "that you won't think of doing what you thought of just now. I don't want to preach, but remember, 'He who sends the trial sends the strength to bear it, too.'"

I have never seen him since, and have often

wondered who he was. I should like to see his kind face and pleasant dark eyes again.

I promised what he asked; and those few earnest words did more to quell the desperate thoughts that were maddening me than any sermon.

Staggering like one just recovered from a long illness, I walked up the platform and asked when the next train would be passing down. I suppose there must have been something strange about my appearance, for a little group soon congregated about me, and some one asked if I was ill.

"The next down-train, sir?" said the station-master, hurrying up. "2.15, sir."

It was only ten now—more than four hours to wait! Was he sure that was the only train? I could never wait four hours in the state of mind I was in.

"Can I drive?" I asked, heedless of distance, eagerly scanning the little crowd around. "I will pay any money to get back to Morley at once."

The station-master interposed again.

"Couldn't get a vehicle of any sort to-day, sir, if you was to pay a thousand pounds—all off to the races."

"Is there no luggage-train, or anything? I must get back."

"Sure there will be a cattle-train at one, sir," volunteered a porter. "If your honor is in a great hurry, maybe they would give you a lift on the engine."

In the relief of mind this intelligence gave me, I astonished the Irishman by putting five shillings into his hand; and he was profuse in his thanks and blessings. Ah, but could the honest fellow have known the pang he gave me when, in his burst of gratitude, he called down Heaven's blessings on my wife, if I had one! My wife! O Nelly, Nelly! I turned away hastily, and commenced pacing up and down the platform. Three long hours! How was I to get through them? Up and down I tramped, with no companion but my own thoughts, under the fierce glare of the July sun that rose higher and higher in the cloudless blue sky.

One hour dragged slowly by. Eleven o'clock! Only three hours since I had kissed Nelly and looked into her clear, loving eyes! She was dead now, and I should never feel the touch of her soft hand again, nor hear the sound of her voice. It seemed an eternity since we had parted, yet it was only three hours ago since we had stood side by side on the bridge looking down into the water. Ah, Nelly little guessed then that the river would so soon be her grave, and that the cruel weeds would pitilessly cling round her and drag her down into the depths below, till the pale face of my darling would rest cold and still in the ooze of the river-bed! Oh, would that I had clasped her tightly to my heart, and never parted, even for a moment, from my love!

Only three hours—and I seemed to have begun a new life! Was this the beginning of the life that was to be without her—only the first of many days that would dawn and bring me nothing but sorrow and misery? No; all my life there would be nothing for me but the memory of a white stone in a church-yard—the grave where I would lay my broken lily.

Up and down I paced, up and down in the blazing sun, till the very sound of my own footsteps on the flagged platform seemed to be driving me mad. At last I stopped, and, pushing back my hat, pressed both hands to my aching, throbbing head. I would not think! What was the use of thinking? Nelly was dead, and I was going back to her funeral. I shut my eyes and tried not to see the white face with the awful look of agony imprinted on it; but it was of no use. I saw it yet—the horror-stricken face, the arms stretched out for the help that never came. Oh, could I live with the memory of that sight to haunt me?

The time crept on slowly; every minute seemed to be an hour, and the hands of my watch appeared scarcely to move. The heat was dreadful. There was no shade—nothing but the dazzling sun, which was now high in the heavens; but still I walked backward and forward, unable to rest, trying to keep calm outwardly, to withstand the awful temptation that would come again and again when I contemplated my lonely, heart-broken future. Would one o'clock never come?

Suddenly I caught sight of the poor little bunch of flowers that Nelly had given me—her last thoughtful, loving act. I broke down then. Hot tears rushed to my eyes; and, leaning my arms on the low wall bounding the station, I gave way entirely, kissing the unconscious flowers passionately, and realizing how much I had loved and prized the treasure I had lost, while the merciless sun shone down hotter and fiercer, scorching and drying up everything.

With a swelling heart I placed the fading flowers carefully in my pocket-book; and then, lest any one should see my emotion, drew my hat low down over my forehead, and resumed my solitary tramp up and down the platform, envying Nelly, who was at rest. Her agony was only for a moment, while mine would be for years and years—as long as I lived.

A quarter to one. The train would soon be in. Those last fifteen minutes were the longest of all; time seemed to make no progress; but at last I heard afar off the rumble of the coming train. The station began to get a little more animated, and then the long cattle-train appeared in sight, and drew up slowly at the station. I went up to the engine-driver.

"Here is a sovereign. Will you let me go on the engine as far as Morley?"

"Jump up, sir, and welcome!" was his prompt reply.

It seemed as though they never intended to start that train. I thought they would never stop shunting wagons and running the engine up and down. It seemed as if we were an hour waiting; but at last the train glided slowly away; and soon I had seen the last of the hateful station where three of the most miserable, the blackest hours of my life were spent.

The cool air fanning my brow calmed me. Motion was pleasant—anything was better than waiting; and yet the two hours on that engine seemed interminable. But finally we drew nearer and nearer to Morley. A fearful fascination seemed to attract my eyes to the fatal spot. Setting my teeth, I looked long and steadily at the place. A little crowd had collected on the bank. They had found her then, all that remained of Nelly! And a kind of faintness came over me for a moment.

When I alighted at Morley, I felt ten years older than when I had left it only a few hours before. The first thing my eyes rested on was the hamper of plants still standing there; and the sight of them almost unmanned me.

A gentleman, a friend of mine, came up and put his hand on my arm; but, breaking away before he could utter a word, I left the station, and walked hastily along the scorching, dusty road, scarcely able to drag my limbs along, and wishing I could just lie down and die. Over the little bridge I went, and across the lawn that we had traversed together that morning. The door was wide open—the dogs welcomed me noisily; but their joyous barking and caresses jarred upon me, and I repelled the animals. In the dining-room I found Mr. Sinclair, the rector, sitting silently and gravely at the table. He started when he saw me, and took both my hands in his without speaking.

"Where is she?" I asked, hoarsely.

"Up-stairs," he said, gently. "But you must not give way like this. Calm yourself before you go up-stairs."

The door opened, and Mrs. Sinclair came in, with her face showing the sorrow and pity she felt.

"My husband has told you then?" she said.

"Yes," I answered, bowing my head; "I am going up to see her."

Slowly I went up the stairs, treading softly, as though I feared to wake her from her last slumber. I paused with my hand on the handle, and struggled for calmness, then opened the door softly and went in with a dreadful feeling of awe and strange, hopeless misery.

The room was darkened, and the sun shone softly through the closed venetians; all was dreadfully still. The curtains of the bed were drawn, and I paused again ere with trembling hand I drew them back. Nerving myself, I raised my

eyes with an effort, and saw—O Heaven, was I dreaming? Was it but a cruel mockery, a delusion, or was it really Nelly lying sleeping calmly and peacefully, with the warm blood mantling her cheek and the waves of brown hair, damp and wet, pushed off the peaceful brow?

With a beating heart I bent forward and, stooping, kissed her. Yes—she was breathing; my darling was not dead after all! The dear eyes opened, and a loving voice said: "Frank!"

I clasped her tightly to my breast, and felt as though she had been given back to me from the dead; then, holding her warm, soft hand in mine, I sank down upon my knees, and thanked Heaven for preserving my darling. I did not know how she was saved; it was enough for me to know that she was alive, to hear her voice again, and to look into her eyes, which filled with tears when I told her what I had felt and suffered since we had parted.

When the first glad surprise was over, I asked how she had been saved, and the mystery was soon explained. Some men working on the line had heard her cry, and just as my fellow-traveler forced me back from the carriage-window they had hastened to the rescue. They carried her home at once, and afterward went for the rector and his wife.

A good many years have passed since then; but I often sit and muse on that terrible journey in the 8:30 express, and afterward turn with deep thankfulness and look at Nelly, fair and beautiful as ever, sitting with our children clustering round her. And, as I hear her loving voice, I am again led to confess that I am a happy, contented man, and that my lines have fallen in pleasant places.

Just as I had written the last lines, and was closing my desk, Nelly came in, and, laying her hand upon my shoulder, looked over the pages I had written, with her bright eyes full of tears, and said, softly: "Yes, Frank, we are indeed happy. Heaven has been very good to us."

Then we both turned simultaneously and looked out into the garden and listened to the merry voices of the children at play under the lime-trees. Presently Nelly spoke again.

"Oh, but, Frank, you have forgotten to say anything more about John!"

"Very well, dear; I can say John's accident was so trifling that in a week, hearing what had so nearly befallen us, he came down to Sunnyside. And now call in the children; the dew is falling."

And so my story ends, as all stories ought to end, happily; and I put by my pen and fall to thinking, for it is too dark to write. The quiet calm of the twilight of the soft summer night brings sweet, solemn thoughts to my mind; and through the open window is wafted the scent of flowers; and I can hear Nelly's sweet voice singing the evening hymn.

HER CHILD.

MOTHER and I were sitting by the fire on Christmas night. Twenty happy years we had spent together, almost alone, for father died before I knew him; and we had never been rich, and were perhaps a little selfish, for we loved each other so heartily that we could scarcely spare time from each other for the few of our own class whom we came across, who being better off than ourselves, and holding themselves rather higher, seldom seemed to need our help or sympathy. We had plenty of poorer neighbors whom we loved and who loved us, but they in no way interfered between us or made the happiness we felt in being together less complete. It was only in the last year that a new, strong interest had come into our lives, and this Harry brought; and on New Year's Day he and I were to be married. From the first moment when he brought me home to mother, having picked me up from the muddy pavement, where I had fallen bruised and helpless in the midst of a crowd, she seemed to take him into her heart, and never from that day did she let one jealous feeling come between her and me. Of course she was to live with us, even Harry could not have made a home for me without her, and the only thing she ever did which for the moment we thought hard was when, a week before, she had insisted on Harry's going home for Christmas.

"Go to your father and mother, Harry, and leave Janet with me," she said. "You and she hope to be together all your lives; give us old folks one more chance of feeling you all our own." And Harry, with a look at me to see what I thought, had agreed.

So that Christmas evening mother and I were alone. There had been something in mother's manner all day which I could not understand. She seemed to have something on her mind. She was loving and tender to me, so tender that I thought that no one had ever had a mother like mine, and yet sometimes when I spoke to her she scarcely heard me. But we had a quiet, happy day—we always were happy together—and late in the evening mother sat down in her chair by the fire, and said: "Come and sit here, Janet, on your little stool, and put your head on my knee. I have a story to tell you to-night."

"A story, mother dear! Oh, that is lovely, like being a child again!"

"It is a true story, Janet, of your life and mine. I have never cared to tell it to you before, but I am not afraid now—my child and I have loved each other all these years—no, I am not afraid."

"What could you be afraid of, dear mother?"

"You shall hear and judge," she said, putting her hands on my head, and then she began: "When I was young, younger than you are, I was engaged to be married. My home was very un-

happy, and when Andrew Western came and asked me to marry him I was ready to revere the ground he trod upon. He had been coming backward and forward to our house for some time on business with my father, and I believe that from the very first day he saw my misery. We were—and to my remembrance always had been—poor, but if I had been a boy my father would have possessed thousands a year. I never wondered that he hated me, that my mother mourned and fretted from morning till night; they had brought me up to feel guilty of a crime, and I did feel it in my inmost heart. It was no marvel that, when Andrew asked me to marry him, I looked upon him as an angel of deliverance. I loved him with an intensity which amazed and frightened him. It was in vain he tried to make me sober and reasonable. It was in vain he told me that such worship was wrong and foolish, that it gave him no happiness while to me it must bring disappointment. I could not listen, and at last I wearied him. He said little about it after awhile, but he went away, and once more my life was desolate. He said he would come back, but he never did. He wrote to me often, kind, tender letters, but they chilled my heart, and then one day he wrote to tell me that it must be all over between us. He told me how that he had striven to hold fast by his old love for me, but he could not; the mere effort pained him, the thought of my passionate devotion filled him with dread. He could never return such love, he could never endure to have it lavished upon him; once for all he would give it a death-blow; when his letter reached me he should be married.

"I had another lover then, Janet, and I almost hated him, but before many weeks were over I became his wife. He loved me always, but we quarreled. I could not pretend to love him, and he grew reckless; our home was miserable, and within a year he died. I was too ill to know what happened for a long time after that. Strange faces passed before me, strange voices spoke kindly words of pity, and once every day it seemed to me that Andrew came and stood by my bed. When at last I woke to reason again, you were beside me. Oh, how I loved you! How passionately I loved you! You seemed to me to be all the world, and you saved my life!

"My husband had not left me in poverty, I had no need to work, and I spent my whole life in watching over you. I made no friends, for I cared for none. I forgot the miseries of my father's house; I forgot my quarrels with my husband; I forgot even my love for Andrew, and was scarcely moved when I heard that death had visited his home as well as mine, and that he was indeed desolate, for his wife had died and left him childless. Three happy years passed away almost without a cloud. You grew and thrived. Every day

seemed to my delighted eyes to give a new charm, a new beauty to my treasure; and then in the midst of my joy you fell ill. Day and night, night and day, I watched by your bed—nay, Janet, give me no thanks; it was selfish love! It was all in vain that doctor and nurse argued with me. I would not leave you. It was fever, and must run its course, they said. If you should recover, my strength would be needed when you could know and call for me; but I would not listen, and one night as I sat beside you all the room grew dark, and I knew no more. When I recovered I could not rise from my bed, but I implored with passionate tears to be taken to you. Then some one came forward and sat down beside me and took my hand, and I saw that it was Andrew. It gave me no surprise to see him there. I dimly remembered that I had seemed to see him before when I was ill, and for the moment his presence calmed me.

"‘Mary,’ he said, in his old quiet tone, ‘if you do not do as I tell you, you will die; and, what is more, the child will die, too.’

"I sprang up with a scream, and struggled to go to you.

"‘My child, my child!’ I cried.

"‘She is not your child—she is mine,’ he said, in that calm tone of truth which had never failed to convince me, and which now pierced like a sword of ice into my heart. ‘Yes, she is mine! Listen.’ His quiet eyes controlled me, his quiet words subdued me. ‘When you were very ill, dying, they thought, my name was often on your lips, and they discovered and sent for me. On the same day a child was born to each of us, and my wife and your child died. ‘We might have hoped for her if her baby had lived,’ said the doctor; and I gave my child to you. Can you not bear what I have borne?’

"O Janet, my child, his words were healing, and the sorrow that from that hour I tried to bear was taken from me!"

At first, when mother ceased speaking, the world, and love, and life seemed to me to be blank and hollow, but in a few moments I rose from my seat and knelt at her knees.

"O mother dear—my father?"

"He died long ago. Janet, do you love me?"

Then, as we kissed each other, I knew that in all our lives of happy love dear mother and I had never been so near together.

ALL that is noble and heroic in humanity, all that is devoted and tender in friendship, all the courtesy and grace of refined society, all the respect and chivalry due to women, all the self-denial and generosity which make life beautiful, have their root in the family, and in its soil are best cultivated.



A DARK dull patch of earth was all
The ground I called my own ;
No dank weeds marred it growing tall,

Or tares by hatred sown ;
But o'er it strayed no perfumed breeze,
Or wild song from the sheltering trees.

And from my eyes fell many a tear
That mourned my barren lot,
No plant to tend, no vine to rear,
And train around my cot.
Light, liberty and life were mine,
But beauty sought a statelier shrine.

Ah, me ! one early morn I crept
Out where the sunbeams fell ;
I wondered that I ever slept,
When morn broke o'er the dell,
Flinging red roses o'er the sky,
And dropping them on such as I.

When, lo, a tiny shoot appeared
Above the spangled soil,
And day by day it grew and reared
A crowned head, with a coil

Of living green, the sun unbound,
To spread its pomp above my ground.

It was more gorgeous than the king
Whom Sheba went to see,
It drew its beauteous coloring
From beams that played round me,
And censured the garments of the air
With perfumes as Arabia's rare.

I clapped my hands, I wept for joy,
I blessed my darling flower ;
It heralded the lily coy,
The rose that glads my bower,
Yet in my heart 'twas held most dear,
Because it cheered a desert drear.

O maiden fair ! in saddened home,
Where age is grave and weak ;
Sigh not on sunlit track to roam,
Because the soil is bleak ;
Let thy bright life to all round thee
Be what that flower was to me.

BAY-WINDOWS.

CHAPTER XI.

"YOU must let your heart take a few lessons from my head, or the Graysons will be all at sea again," said Mr. Hendrickson to his wife, a few weeks later. "You are making it too easy for them, I'm afraid—coddling them too much."

"If you call working from early morning until nine or ten o'clock at night, day in and day out, too easy—I speak particularly of Mrs. Grayson—I should like to know what you call hard," Mrs. Hendrickson replied.

"Has the first month's rent been paid?"

"It's all right. Mrs. Grayson has been doing work for me."

"How much?"

"The property is mine, if I am not mistaken," returned Mrs. Hendrickson. Her mouth was grave in its expression; but through the half-closed eyelids came a soft twinkle.

"Seriously, my dear; this is a matter in which I cannot be indifferent."

"Would you like to have the property back again, and manage it in your own way? I thought you were tired of mimic wrath and counterfeited resentment."

"No, thank you! There is so much off my hands, and I mean that it shall remain off. But this cannot take away my interest, nor absolve me of all responsibility. I must see to it that you do not mar what I have been trying to mend. A relapse, you know, is more difficult to cure than the original disease, and often proves fatal. If these people should lose their balance again, the case might become hopeless."

"Do you think there is danger? They have had a severe lesson."

"The hardest thing to overcome," replied Mr. Hendrickson, "is an inherited bias of character; and if this gains strength through indulgence, thus transforming the bias into habit, it is almost impossible for the man, of himself, to keep a straight course in life. He is only held in a safe way through the pressure of forces external to himself. He must be led, or hedged in on either side so that only one way is possible; or he must be driven under the lash of necessity."

"A hard case for poor, weak human nature," said Mrs. Hendrickson, almost sorrowfully.

"Yes, very hard. But what hope is there of lifting poor human nature to a higher level physically or morally? Only one. The individual must be taught and encouraged to help himself, and to cherish a feeling of independence. So far as he does this will he stand in safety; and, if prudent and self-denying, begin to rise above his low estate. And so far as he will not do this he is in danger of sinking to a lower condition. You

VOL. XLIX.—20.

help him in vain. Nay, in your very effort to lift him you may do him harm."

The shadows had been falling over Mrs. Hendrickson's face.

"Ah, this problem of human life!" she murmured. "God's ways with man are very dark."

"Not God's ways with man, but man's ways with himself. May not that be the better form of speech? I think it will be found true in almost every case, that if a man be questioned closely about any trouble, or loss, or state of destitution and suffering into which he may have fallen, he will tell you that the blame lies chiefly at his own door. And it will also be found that his remaining in that condition does not so much arise from unfavorable circumstances as from some weak self-indulgence that wastes what might be held; or from the lack of effort made strong by an earnest purpose."

"If we could only know what is best!" Mrs. Hendrickson's face was very earnest in its expression, yet soft and tender. "When I think of my own condition, surrounded with every comfort and luxury, free from the haunting ghosts of care, and then consider the overburdened and toiling women who are all around me, to whom my cast-off clothing would be as the raiment of a princess, and my leisure a heaven of rest, I have a feeling of self-condemnation. It seems as if I were robbing my poor sister women. I give here and I give there; I help with this hand and I help with that; but so little seems to come of it! There is such a world of want and misery all about me—a cry here, an outstretched hand there, and there a pale, pleading face. In the midst of all this, my heart feels, sometimes, as if it were stone; and then again it palpitates with sympathy and longs to give relief."

She paused, looking earnestly at her husband.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. And will He not care, wisely and well, for the creatures of His hand?" said Mr. Hendrickson, after quoting this passage. "Does He forget any? or does His providential care over the children of men cease, as to one individual, for a single moment of time? If we believe in God's providence at all, we must believe that its action is as perfect as God Himself, and its ends as beneficent as He is good. If the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and if all power is His, will He not so order the distribution of His bounties that each shall have the share that it is best for him to receive?"

"And each take his own, caring little whether his neighbor's share be full or meager; whether his neighbor's cup be almost empty, while his runs over?" said Mrs. Hendrickson, almost bitterly.

"I read this passage in a book not long ago,

was replied, "and I have thought of it many times since: 'The Kingdom of God is a kingdom of uses.' In the same book, the writer spoke of society as an aggregated man, living and sustained through the reciprocal service of its members, just as a human body lives and is sustained, each part serving the whole, and the whole sustaining the parts. As, for instance, the heart gives itself to the whole body, serving every part; so do the lungs, the eyes, the ears, the hands and feet, and all the particular members and organs, even to the most minute; and in return the whole body conspires to nourish and sustain every part. Use to the whole is the simple law of membership in the parts, and so long as each part does its office faithfully, order reigns in the whole body; but disorder in the whole, if a single member prove unfaithful. If the failure of any of the parts in the human body to do their appointed work brings disease not only upon the parts themselves but upon the whole body, can any other result follow in the larger body of human society? Does not the trouble lie just here? And is there any way out of the trouble which all good men deplore except through a return of the parts to useful and healthy action? And just here, it seems to me, lies the great problem of human suffering, destitution and disability, and also its solution."

"What is the solution? The world would gain much if it gained that knowledge."

"Does it not suggest itself? The parts must be restored, as I have just said, to useful and healthy action. Substitution will not accomplish this. The influx of a vicarious life will do nothing more than a galvanic current in its passage through a dead muscle. Each part must be made to do its own work, taking its measure of life and strength from the whole. For the whole to do the work of any part is to weaken or destroy that part; for there can be no continuance of life without action. If, then, society would restore to health the morally diseased, the half-starved, the weak and wasted members of its common body, it must not attempt to do it by the gifts and charities that encourage idleness and inaction—for these means will surely fail, as they have always failed. The member must work; must use the strength that will come to it as its own the moment it begins to work."

"But what if it be too sick to work? If an inflamed eye attempts to see for the whole body, or an ulcered hand to do its appointed task, both may be destroyed."

"Then the whole must wait upon and give healing to the part until it can be restored. It is just so in the human body. But after restoration, the eye has to take up its function again, and the hand must go on with its work. Society, nations, the universe of God, are, each and all, a 'kingdom of uses,' as the author I have referred to says. Use-

ful service is the law of this kingdom; and all the disorder and wretchedness that exist come from a violation of this law. Self demands, and perpetually seeks to obtain more than it gives. The parts are forever trying to get from the whole more than their common due in right of service. Is it any wonder, that the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint?"

"Not much."

A smile flitted across the face of Mrs. Hendrickson.

"Well; what have you to say to all this?" demanded her husband, the lines of earnest thought fading from his brows.

"Nothing."

"Isn't it true?"

"Isn't what true?"

"All that I've been saying?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But what are we to do about it?"

"Right seeing is essential to right action. None walk safely who grope blindly."

"No one will deny that. But still comes back the question, what are we to do with the poor, suffering, toiling, and, too often, thriftless people who are all around us—the poor, whom Christ said we have always with us?"

"There is a poverty and a destitution of the soul, the cry of which is more pitiful than the cry of any physical destitution," said Mr. Hendrickson, the lines that had faded from his brow a few moments before cutting themselves down sharply again. "It was this poverty of the soul, and the sickness which is unto death and hell, that Christ came to help and to cure; not the bodily sickness and poverty of men. The cure of these will follow, as a natural result, the cure of that malady which lies so deep within, and which is the real cause of all external misery."

"God only can cure that," replied Mrs. Hendrickson. "It is beyond our reach."

"Let us co-operate; not hinder."

"By shutting our ears to the cry of suffering?"

"If the suffering be self-inflicted, as in the case of the idle and the vicious, to relieve it might be to hinder the action of a Divine law which, through the suffering that always comes of violation, is ever seeking to bring back into the fold of the Good Shepherd the lost sheep who have wandered away into the wilderness of sin."

"It would take a hard heart to live up to your idea of things; a much harder heart than I know beats in my husband's bosom."

"I can be hard, as you know; and as the Graysons know," replied Mr. Hendrickson.

The smile broke over his wife's face again; but there was a tender and loving expression in her eyes.

"Yes, hard on the outside, but soft as down upon the inside. Exacting the pound of flesh

with one hand, but never tired of giving with the other. How much have the Graysons really cost you since the light of your countenance was withdrawn and a frowning face turned steadily upon them?"

"It would be hard to say."

"Five hundred dollars?"

"I paid over three hundred in repairing and fixing up their house; at least so much went into the Boyles' hands for that purpose. How much remained there I cannot tell. To this must be added the extra four or five hundred dollars they required me pay for the house in consequence of the improvements that were made at my expense."

"Outrageous!"

"I saw no help for it. Our mistakes always cost us something, and in this instance I was only paying an installment on one of mine."

"Rather a large installment."

"Yes. But that doesn't trouble me. All I care for now, in this business, is the correction of an error. If I can get the Grayson family back into the safe ways from which, acting under an impulse and not from a wise charity, I threw them out, I shall be satisfied. And beyond this, I shall endeavor to make up to them, four-fold more than they lost and suffered through me, if I can do it safely. Peter is doing well—very well; better indeed than I had hoped. His school is a power for good among the mechanics of Beverly; and especially among the apprentice lads."

"For how many of these lads are you paying?"

"For a dozen or more, regularly."

"At a cost, I suppose, of not less than two hundred dollars a year?"

"Perhaps not."

"And the library?"

"Say three hundred dollars. But there have been other contributions for the library besides mine. I have succeeded in interesting quite a number of people, and some of them have been very liberal."

"Grayson's heart is in his work; and I think he is safe. But I'm afraid the strain of work all day at the shop, and the added strain of teaching three nights in the week, will be too much for him. His health may break down."

"Not in half the danger of breaking down as it would be if he were spending his evenings in bar-rooms. Where one man is hurt by overwork, ten are hurt by some abuse of themselves when not employed. To be idle and safe is scarcely possible."

"But a man cannot work all the time. Rest is a necessity."

"True; but when the man becomes restless? when the mental faculties that slumbered while he worked become active in his leisure, and the muscles which were not once called into vigorous play

feel the stir of life within them, what is to be done with him? It is here where the danger lies. Temptation comes to our workingman in his idle evenings; not in his busy days."

"And so he must work on, day and night?"

"He must let the restlessness, which is but the awakening life of mental and bodily forces that have been sleeping while other forces wrought, come into safe and healthful activity. That is all. Take the case of Peter Grayson. His hands are tired, and his thoughts weary with the work that has held him all the day; and these must have rest. But there are hundreds of muscles in his body, and organs in his brain, which, during this time, have been almost dormant; and these may become active, while the others rest, and the whole man be stronger and healthier in consequence of this activity. I do not think he will break down."

"And because he is a poor workingman, he must be kept tied to the oar day and night. Is he better than a galley-slave? Are not idle evenings as bad for men in high as in low conditions?"

"Yes, to one of your questions. Grayson, as you have just said, has 'heart in his work;' but the galley-slave has none. To have heart in one's work is to have delight—and this is a great reward. His evening hours are, I doubt not, his happiest hours. And what gives happiness usually gives health."

"But what of the more favored classes, as we call them? What about their idle evenings?"

"An idle brain is said to be the devil's workshop, and I do not think his satanic majesty at all particular as to the condition of the man in whose brain he brings his tools and sets up his machinery."

"But all workingmen cannot establish night-schools, as Grayson has done. How will you employ them? How provide for that restlessness of which you speak?"

"For one Peter Grayson who teaches his fellow-workman, there are twenty-five or thirty of his fellow-workmen who may come to be taught. The scholar is helped as well as the teacher, and drawn within the sphere of safety as well. But the whole subject includes so much—has so many aspects—is open to so many questions—that one grows bewildered in attempting to grasp it. This night-school, on which Grayson seems to have stumbled as he groped about for some means of self-help, is one of the excellent ways in which the idle time of poor, half-educated boys and young men may be spent profitably, and cannot fail to do a large amount of good. As for ourselves, let us help the man and foster the work; at the same time taking heed that we do not hurt both by too much help. The use that is self-sustaining is always the healthiest and most permanent."

CHAPTER XII.

GOOD Mr. Hopewell shook his head gravely, and shut his lips closely together.

"I can't understand it," he said.

There was a painfully solemn expression on his face. Close by where he stood a gang of a dozen laborers were digging for the foundations of a house. The site was a little way out of the town of Beverly, elevated above it, commanding a wide and picturesque view. Mr. Hopewell had been taking a walk, and meditating—thinking in his narrow but honest way—when he came upon these laborers, and received from them, in answer to his question: "Who's going to build here?" the information that they were digging the foundation of Mr. Hendrickson's new house.

"Mr. Hendrickson's new house! What does he want with a new house?"

Mr. Hopewell betrayed some surprise, and considerable feeling.

"To live in, sure! What else does a man want with a house?" replied the laborer, whom he had addressed, a touch of coarse humor in his eyes and voice.

"He's got the handsomest house in town now," said Mr. Hopewell, speaking almost fretfully.

"Suppose'n he has. Let him build a handsomer one if he's got the money to pay for it. It's grist to our mill."

Mr. Hopewell was troubled. A weight of concern for his rich brother in the church fell upon his heart. And his "I can't understand it," spoken to himself, was a sincere utterance. No, he could not understand it. Mr. Hendrickson's heart must be full of the love of the world, or he could never waste his money in building for himself a palace-home, when he was already in the enjoyment of every elegance and luxury the heart could desire. "Give me a house that cost no more than his stable, and I would be content," he said in his thoughts, as he walked onward. Returning, half an hour afterward, he saw Mr. Grant, the builder, engaged in directing the men who were breaking ground for the new house.

"For Mr. Hendrickson I hear?" addressing Mr. Grant.

"Yes."

"Going to live in it himself?"

"Certainly."

"What does he want with a new house? He owns one of the finest in Beverly now. How much is this going to cost him?"

"Can't just say."

"Twenty thousand dollars?"

Mr. Hopewell saw a smile creep into the builder's face.

"He paid twenty-five thousand for the ground alone."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars! And just for the ground?"

"I would call it cheap at thirty," replied the builder. "But the owner was anxious to turn it into money. He had set his mind on erecting a block of houses in the centre of the town, and determined to sell some of his outlying property in order to get the needed funds. So he offered this handsome site for twenty-five thousand dollars, and as Mr. Hendrickson happened to have money lying idle in stocks and bonds, he accepted the offer. He could have sold out at an advance in less than a month after making the purchase."

"Why didn't he sell?"

"Because he had not bought on speculation, but with the intention of building at some future time."

Mr. Hopewell shook his head and sighed. Mr. Grant knew this man well; knew him to be sincere, conscientious and faithful to duty; but narrow in his views of life. He waited for what further Mr. Hopewell might say.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars for the ground alone! And what is the house going to cost? As much more, in all probability?"

"Yes; and, maybe, twice as much more," returned the builder.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars! And the Master had not where to lay His head!"

The sorrowful expression in Mr. Hopewell's face was touching to see.

"It's a serious thing, Mr. Grant, for a Christian believer to waste so large a sum of money all upon himself. The Master was poor; and His words are, 'Follow me.' Is this the way to follow Christ? Nay, is it not following the god of this evil world? These things trouble me. I cannot understand them."

"Let us see about this wasting of money by Mr. Hendrickson all upon himself," said the builder, in reply. "In the good providence of God, as you will yourself admit, our neighbor has become the honest possessor of large wealth."

"Oh, yes. Honest enough. No one can gainsay that."

"He has had, for over a year past, about one hundred thousand dollars invested in interest-paying bonds. While these bonds are in his safe, he considers the money as lying idle. Now he is going to distribute it among the people of our town, and let it do some good."

"Distribute it?" There was a puzzled look in Mr. Hopewell's face.

"Yes. He began when he purchased this lot. The man of whom he bought the property wanted to set twenty or thirty poor but industrious laborers and mechanics at work for the fall and winter, but lacked the ready money. So, to help him in the business enterprise that would give employment to these men, Mr. Hendrickson sold twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of his idle bonds."

A glimmer of light came into the face of Mr. Hopewell.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars were still lying useless," continued Mr. Grant; "and Mr. Hendrickson was troubled in his mind because of it. The year was wearing on; business remained in a depressed condition, and the prospect looked gloomy for many of our working-people during the coming winter. Mr. Hendrickson did not intend building at this time; but, seeing how things were, he sent for me, and we had a long talk over the matter. The result was, a determination on the part of Mr. Hendrickson to break ground at once, and commence the distribution of his money among the people."

"Might not this have been done in better ways?" inquired Mr. Hopewell. "Suppose he were to build a cheaper house for himself?"

"And then?"

"Distribute a part of his money through other channels."

"What other channels?"

"Oh, as to that, he will find hundreds for the simple looking. They are all around us."

"And, in too many cases, dry, though floods of water have been poured into some of them. Mr. Hendrickson does not care to use such channels. He prefers doing good with his money in his own way."

"Our ways are not always God's ways; nor can we rightfully call the money we possess our own. We are but agents and stewards."

"And each man must give an account of his stewardship for himself, and not for another. As for Mr. Hendrickson, he means to use the wealth that has come into his hands for the good of the community in which he lives, and he is going to do this in the way that to him seems lawful and right. He may err in judgment—we all do that sometimes—but his heart is right, and God looks at the heart."

"It may be so; but I cannot understand it. Going to put fifty thousand dollars into this house?"

Mr. Hopewell shook his head gloomily.

"His first intention was to spend but twenty-five thousand; but as plans and improvements of the grounds were examined and talked over, his ideas grew larger, until, finally, he concluded to spend forty or fifty thousand."

"All upon himself!" ejaculated Mr. Hopewell.

"And if good come to the people through a distribution of his money, he will, I fear, lose his reward."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," said the builder, "for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged. I have come very near to Mr. Hendrickson in all this business, and do not hesitate to say that your judgment of his motives is wrong and uncharitable, and that in passing this judgment you are sinning against God and your own soul. Do right yourself with as much of this

world's goods as is given into your hands. Beyond this, so far as the distribution of worldly wealth is concerned, your responsibility ceases. You may think that the way rich men use their riches is all wrong—and in many instances, so far as they are themselves concerned, this may be so—but the providence of God is as much a controlling power with the rich as with the poor, and has more to do with the use and dispensation of their gathered treasures than we short-sighted mortals are apt to imagine. So far from intending to spend fifty, or sixty, or seventy thousand dollars 'all upon himself,' as you have said, Mr. Hendrickson has been influenced, I feel sure, by broader and more generous motives. But even if he had thought only of himself, he could not so narrowly limit the use of his money. Every dollar he spends upon this new house will be a dollar distributed among his neighbors. Many will be kept at work, and their families supplied with comforts, who might otherwise have been idle. All this Mr. Hendrickson has taken into account."

A little more light came into the good man's countenance; but he was not able to put himself into Mr. Hendrickson's place, nor to comprehend how, as a Christian believer, he could spend seventy-five thousand dollars upon his house, and yet stand blameless before God when called to give an account of his stewardship.

There are many others who, in their narrow thinking, find like problems as difficult to solve. The lavish expenditure of the rich in their palace-like homes, a single one of which often costs as much as a hundred poor workingmen's houses, is often condemned or denounced by the very men whom this lavish expenditure supplies with the means of living. The poor Christian artisan, under whose skilled hands grow some of the beautiful ornaments that grace the homes and persons of the rich men and women who worship with him Sunday after Sunday in the great congregation, often finds it hard to believe that the Divine favor can rest upon these persons. He wonders how, with all their pride and worldliness, they can hope for the blessing of God, forgetting that envy, and ill-will, and covetousness are as much opposed to His nature as these; and not seeing that, in the Providence which is over all, the luxurious living of the rich is made to supply the common needs of the poor, and that no rich man, try he never so hard or selfishly to use his wealth for himself alone, can help distributing it for the good of all. In the very getting of the rich they are continually dispensing. Whether they will or whether they will not, God makes them His almoners.

The new house was built and the grounds laid out. The whole five acres, in the centre of which Mr. Hendrickson's beautiful mansion stood—a delight to the eyes of all who could gaze upon it

without envy or covetousness—were adorned with shrubbery, flowers, fountains, miniature lakes and pleasant walks. Three times every week, these grounds were open to the people of Beverly; and children played in them all the day long.

As the owner stood in the wide porches or at the ornate windows, looking out upon the loveliness with which he had surrounded himself, did his heart find more satisfaction in the pride of possession than in the consciousness that, through the creation of all this, more than a hundred of his fellow-men had been benefited, and that the beauty his wealth had called into existence was a source of pure enjoyment to hundreds more?

Those who came closest to Mr. Hendrickson, and who knew him best, had no difficulty in answering this question.

"What did Peter Grayson want?"

This inquiry was made by Mrs. Hendrickson.

"I sent for him," was replied.

"He is not looking well."

"No."

Mrs. Hendrickson glanced curiously at her husband.

"It is coming out as I feared. Working in the shop all day, and then teaching in a close room three or four nights in a week, is more than the health of one man in ten will bear."

"He's been keeping up very well until lately," said Mr. Hendrickson. "I've watched him closely. The break-down has come all at once."

"What are you going to do for him?"

"Get him easier work for the day-time. The school must be kept up no matter what else fails."

"It will be difficult to find a place for him. That crippled hand is his great draw-back."

"I think of giving him a kind of general superintendence here."

"You don't mean to send the gardener away?"

"Oh, no. Peter has no skill in gardening, and could not take his place. But so many people come into the grounds who require looking after—thoughtless boys and girls, and some full grown men and women, too, I'm sorry to say—that I've made up my mind to have a man especially employed to be always about the grounds and to see that the shrubbery is not broken, nor the comfort of any of the visitors marred or interfered with."

"If it's come to that," replied Mrs. Hendrickson, "I think you'd better close the grounds to the public altogether."

"And because of the bad conduct of a few, deprive the many of an innocent source of pleasure? I could not do that. And besides, I would be robbing myself. You don't know how much I enjoy seeing the people enjoying themselves—the children especially. And I always like to be about when the class from the Young Ladies' Seminary comes over to visit the conservatory.

It seems to them such a treat, and such a help in their study of botany."

"Do you think Peter Grayson suited to the place?"

"I've been hesitating over that question for some time; but have at length made up my mind to give him a trial. If his health were not, evidently, breaking down, I would not disturb the present order of things. But my duty is to care for Peter and his family, and I see no other way in which I can do it so well."

"You don't tell me so!" ejaculated Mr. Hopewell, lifting his hands and eyes. "The money he is wasting on that place would keep half a dozen poor families in luxury. So it is that one extravagance makes way for another."

The good man had been told that Mr. Hendrickson, in order to protect his beautiful grounds from the depredations of thoughtless or ill-disposed visitors, had been obliged to employ a person to act as a kind of policeman; and that he paid for this service six hundred dollars a year.

"Just think of it!" he ran on. "Six hundred dollars for a man to watch about his grounds, and see that nobody does harm to anything. Do you think I would do that? No, sir! I'd shut them up first, and let people go somewhere else, if they didn't know how to behave themselves. Six hundred dollars! Why, it would pay some poor minister's salary, or help some crippled parish to pay off its debt, or support two or three mission-schools, or—but there's no telling how much good might be done with six hundred dollars a year."

Mr. Hopewell was growing warm.

"Or," said the neighbor, to whom he was talking; "help to support the large family of some poor, hard-working man."

"Yes," returned Mr. Hopewell, answering rather blindly, because in his excitement his mental vision had become a little obscured.

"Just what Mr. Hendrickson is doing with these six hundred dollars," was the quiet response.

"I don't understand you."

"Peter Grayson's health was beginning to break down. Close confinement at the shop all day and in his night-school three or four evenings during every week, was proving too hard a strain. The good Peter is doing with his school is very great, and Mr. Hendrickson means that it shall be continued. Peter has several children, whom he is raising carefully; and it has been costing him to support his family nearly all that he could earn, working day and night. And now, just as strength is failing, Mr. Hendrickson makes an easy place for him, in the duties of which his health will find restoration, and his ability to make his school more useful be increased. Do you call that wasting six hundred dollars a year?"

"I wasn't looking at it in that way. I didn't

understand it so. If I had known just how it was."

There was some surprise in Mr. Hopewell's face, and some halting in his speech.

"Is it at all likely," returned the neighbor, "that you know better than Mr. Hendrickson how to use the wealth God has intrusted to his care? That you would exercise a more beneficent stewardship? If this be so, why were riches not placed in your hands instead of Mr. Hendrickson's?"

"God knows best, I suppose," was Mr. Hopewell's answer, though his voice betrayed the doubt that still lingered in his mind.

The two men went their ways; one to brood darkly and doubtfully over the case of his rich and "worldly-minded" brother in the church, while the other felt glad at heart and thankful that the people had in their midst one, who, in using his large wealth had so high a regard for the common good.

THE END.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

A MINISTER, who has been enjoying his annual holiday in France, thus relates how he witnessed a touching incident of peasant life: "We were just leaving a village church, and debating whether it were better to return to Paris in a half-famished condition, or try to satisfy our appetites in the most forlorn and dirty of French villages, when we saw approaching a bridal party, dressed in their gala attire, and presenting a charmingly picturesque appearance. The first couple consisted of rather pretty, dark-eyed girl in wedding costume, and a young man with a very large red rose in his button-hole. Wondering where the party might be going, we forgot our hunger, and, slowly following, were greatly surprised to see them enter the village cemetery—a lovely little garden, where the white marble gleamed amid a wilderness of evergreens and vines. Proceeding to a remote corner, they circled around a grave, upon which the young bride, kneeling, laid her bridal wreath and bouquet. Was it strange that our eyes filled with tears as we saw hers fall, and that we stepped back into the shadow of other tombs, ashamed of the curiosity that led us there? We subsequently learned that the mother of the bride lay in the grave so touchingly visited. Throughout France this beautiful custom prevails; reverence for the departed being, without question, a redeeming feature among all classes."

A WITTY French lady who was an "adopted" member of a famous military corps, when a cigar was lighted in her presence with the remark, "I suppose they smoke in your regiment?" said, "Yes, but not in my company."

GREEN LANES.

IN the waste-basket under the desk lay a half dozen pairs of the men's socks, ready for picking-up work when I was tired with writing. On the table in the corner was a shattered copy of *Jane Eyre*, which I meant to repair with glue and stitches the first leisure moment. On the ottoman was needle, and thimble, and thread, and a pair of the deacon's best pantaloons ready to be taken in a little in the waistband; a package of unanswered letters heaped up at the back of the desk; a foamy pile of laces ready to sort and put away in their respective drawers; an autograph album waiting for something original; a pair of white woolen stockings with the needles thrust into the soft white ball ready for heels and toes; while out in the kitchen and pantry were a multiplicity of little jobs, such as washing windows, blacking the stove, putting fresh papers on the pantry shelves, shaking carpet, sorting newspapers, varnishing the maps, nailing down loose floor beside the cistern pump, sifting flour, finding the whereabouts of "that mouse"—and, oh, so many little jobs that were waiting and waiting for the time that surely would come.

I said: "How little one pair of hands do accomplish. I am overwhelmed with these little things, and I seem to move so slowly. I do wonder if other women have as much trouble as I do?" And I took up the comb and brush, and in a discontented, careless manner sat down in the grass in the yard, and let my hair fall free of comb and pins. As I sat there, brushing it slowly, I watched the swallows skim, and fly, and dart, and circle round high above my head. I envied them their joyous freedom. The highway was near me, just through the willow hedge, which in the early morning is all a-twitter with bird-songs. How strange—how like a rebuke to my fretting, discontented mood! It all happened so, too.

Two men were passing, one going to the village and one returning from it. They chanced to meet within ten feet of the spot where I was sitting, and I heard every word that passed between them.

"Well, John, how did the settlement between you and Tom turn out? Have you come to terms yet?" said one, Nathan Miles, our neighbor on the old Flannaghan farm.

"Settle!" said John. "We're no nearer to settling than we were at first. You see, me and brother Tom could get along like lambs together, but his wife is the one that makes the mischief. She thinks that because they kept mother when she died, and were put to a little extra trouble like, that I'd ought to 'low him to have the bottom field in the bargain. I'm willing to do whatever is right, and Tom knows I am; but she wants everything her own way. Tell you, it looks hard

for two brothers to jangle and quarrel over such a sacred thing as the keeping of the poor old mother who nursed them."

And through the glossy green leaves we could see the glitter of the tears as they trickled down John's long nose. He was looking down mournfully, and through his fingers combing the harsh, wiry mane of the old bay horse he was riding.

Then Nathan, good neighbor, spoke and said: "Some women are more devil than angel. Now, that Alvira has no business to interfere between you brothers. Whatever you agree upon amicably ought to stand for good. She's a great deal like her sisters; they're both Tartars. Why, Levi's wife even goes so far as to keep book; she won't even let Leave do that; she says he is too easy, and that people take advantage of him. He goes round, Levi does, like a sheep dog with a muzzle on; hardly dares to say his soul is his own. And her other sister—Bets, we always called her—is always striding around when they make cider or molasses, or when they butcher or thresh; and if any of the hired men don't jump into the work like scissors, she'll tell them that they'll not get full pay. Oh, nobody likes her! If I want to plague one of my girls, I always call her Bets Babbit."

"Well," said John, "I'll do the fair thing. Mamma said before she died that we boys must stick to one another, and always be good to poor little sis; and I mean to do it, let come what will. It goes hard, though, to be bullied about by such a termagant, coming between brothers who always thought the world and all of each other. I tell you, Nathan," said John, and his voice was broken with emotion, "I wake o' nights and lie and think about it, and I feel as if my pillow was a block or a stone, and I turn it, and it does no good, and sometimes I am so distressed I kick the wall, as if that would relieve me."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Nathan; "wish I could help you; but there's an end to all things, and I hope your trouble will be nothing worse. Maybe you'll see a green lane that leads out of it, like I did. You see I'm in the devil's very clutches myself. You know Richard Long, who owns the Pete Ramsey property, the forty joining my square wheat-field. Well, that man is my 'evil shadder,' as Sister Hill used to say of the old fellow himself when she talked in class meeting. I find my fences down, and my bars left open, and the riders thrown off, and Long's cattle, and sheep, and hogs in the fields often. It cannot be accidental, either, for he said in the saddler's shop one day that it was good fun to see Nate Miles run across the fields with his yellow beard flowing in the wind, and that his old Pomp liked to lead in the race; and wherever his hogs could get their noses through, the body could follow. Finally, I just began to think the worry was making me ill-

natured, and I must learn to take it coolly; and the more I thought about it the better I could endure it. I would think to myself: this is only for a brief season; in a little while no annoyance can reach me, and this rasping, provoking disturbance that so unmans me will be a little thing of the past, forgotten, obliterated. And this was the peaceful green lane to which I referred. I can bear it so much better now."

Then, after a few commonplace remarks, and a "call and see me," the two neighbors parted.

"So," I said to myself, "my dozen and a half of little worries are infinitesimally small, in comparison to the gnawing cankers that all these people carry about with them daily."

Let me see how many windows belonging to other people I have looked into, and without prying, either. First is John's and Tom's, the two brothers who are at outs; then Levi's, the poor man who is so henpecked by his wife that he does not get to keep his own account-book; then the Babbit window, she who strides round and meddles, and makes a shame-faced husband when hired men are in his employ; then poor Nathan Miles's, he whom the jumping stock annoys, but who has found the green, quiet lane that leads beside the still waters—five of them, and every one worse than my own case!

I sighed, and coiling up my hair went into the house. A woman sat there, red-eyed, and her face swollen from weeping. She looked up. It was the girl-wife of Timothy Flint, the village mason.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Flint?" I asked, reaching out my hand.

She tried to speak, but the words all ran into a very unlady-like cry of despair.

I was stricken. I took up the dictionary from the table and feigned to brush the dust off it with my apron. Then I placed the edges of the concordance evenly with the Bible and the hymn-book, and laid Tupper's poems beside them, and then coughed and smoothed my tie of white mull, and shook up the cushions of the good old high-backed rocking-chair, and sat down and waved a fan at the canary. Her cry began to subside in sobs.

"I hope there is something we can do for you, Ellen," I said, soothingly.

"Yes, ma'm, there is something," she sobbed out brokenly, a word at a time. "You see my old man went down to Black Creek to do a job of work for the new church down there, and he's been gone nigh on to three weeks, and he's never sent me so much as the scratch of a pen nor one red cent, and it goes terrible hard to do without coffee and meat, and this morning we had nothing for breakfast but roast potatoes with salt on them. Jimmy has had a spell of fever 'n ager, and hasn't much of a hankerin' for just the bare potatoes. I don't care for myself."

We blamed her for not letting us know of her necessities, and gave her a basketful to carry home with her. At the door she hesitated, and said, while she pulled apart the blood-red heart of an overhanging rose-bud: "You think my husband will come back don't you, Miss Potts?"

I assured her he would.

"Sometimes I am afraid he hasn't much appetite for home," she said, mournfully, "for he don't write often, like he used to."

We watched her go down the bank, the poor, little, young creature who had married a man twice her years and the father of roystering youngsters a head taller than she was herself. There was another window—and we resolved she should find the green lane, too, as soon as we could inform our kind neighbors of the needs of the family.

We took the garden trowel and a basket, and started across the woods the short cut to Margery Horner's to get a root of chamomile to plant on the bank, at the lower side of our dooryard. Certainly the short, thick, matted grass was very pretty, but a velvety turf of chamomile would be prettier. Some of the women from the village were in the woods after ferns. They were very happy, and were helping one another and giving suggestions. We sat down among them. Our thoughts were still dwelling on the theme of the morning. Ah, me! every woman had known a greater sorrow than ever had come to us! There was the beautiful, girlish young wife of Charley Knott, whose lovely baby, only two summer's old, had been drowned in the cistern on the kitchen porch. The little nurse-girl had left it and ran home across the street without telling its mother, and the dreadful truth came to her when she went to the cistern, bare-armed and singing, for a pail of water, and saw the floating curls on the surface. Any young mother with a sweet, prattling babe, beginning to twitter its pretty, broken language, can imagine the horror and the agony. But the tears were dried and the sorrow was healed, for, "safe in the fold" was the tender lamb of the flock, and the sweet thought that the good Shepherd cared for it was to the young mother the green lane beside the still waters.

On her knees beside Charley's wife, pressing the rich earth about the brown fern-roots, was Hattie Gray, the doctor's sister. Ah! she, too, had known a greater sorrow than we had in all our life. Her lover was wounded in the army—she hurried to him, he lingered and lingered; one limb was amputated, and still his chances of life were no better. Hattie braved all. She was of the mettle of which heroes are made. Finally, in the end his health returned, but his mind was gone. He was a babbling imbecile. He laughed, and mumbled, and played with stringa, and spools, and was amused with the veriest trifles that attract

the attention of a six months' old babe. Even the name of Hattie, once the sweetest word in the world to him, was a sound only. He was taken to an institution and well cared for in the darkness that had made a noble and beautiful life into a long, long night—a midnight void. How much better for him, and for his chosen bride, that the two minie-balls had crashed through his brain instead! But the sweet promises that in Heaven all tears shall be wiped away; that joy cometh in the morning, were to her the green lane that led away from the bitterness of this earthly sorrow. Oh, the beauty of these side-paths that lead through cool shades, and under overhanging branches, and down by the water's edge—where only the reflection of the clouds lie upon the glassy surface!

We knew what had been the skeleton in the home-life of a good Mrs. Hunter, the woman who tended baby for the doctor's wife that day. At one time, theirs had been the best family, socially, in the neighborhood, but her husband drank, and in one of his drunken fits drove away from home the oldest son, Harry. He was a high-spirited youth, and had borne the disgrace, and taunts, and abuse as long as he could. It was supposed he went South, but never, from that doleful, March night when the sky was black, and the winds were roaring, and the trees bending in the hurricane blast, was the boy heard from. His mother grew whiter and whiter, and her affection for her husband grew weaker and waned, and latterly she moved like one in a dream. She had no confidants. She was wise, perhaps, to keep her sorrow to herself, though all of us would have rejoiced to have helped her, by word and token, and sympathy and tears to have borne her burden. But only to Him "who hears the young ravens when they cry," did she carry the moans of her stricken spirit.

Taking up our basket and trowel we went on to Margery Horner's for the chamomile. Just as we reached the stile we overheard loud talking between Margie—poor old mother that she was—and her eldest daughter. Oh, but the daughter was abusive! She was wanting a new spring hat, and the widow was poor and could not afford it.

"You needn't got that blue calico for yourself, mother; you know you had one good, everyday dress, and then you could have bought me a hat like Nan Powell's. I'll never go to Sunday-school another day and wear this old one, now see if I do;" and the snarl in her voice was sharp and waspish, and we heard the chairs slam, and the stoveware rattle, and the cat with its fuzzed-up tail came spinning like a top out into the highway.

Grass was good enough for the dooryard bank; we didn't want chamomile; the plaintive cry of the widow who had "sowed the wind and was

reaping the whirlwind" reached us, and we hurried back home, thanking the Lord through our tears that our own feet walked in pleasant places, that contentment was better than wealth, and

that glimpses into other windows had shamed us and made us to see before us and beside us the green lane, and the quiet waters, and the patient, loving Father over all. PIPSEY POTTS.

Religious Reading.

THE NARROW WAY.

"I AM trying to live a Christian life so God will own me and not be ashamed of me, but I fear whether I am in the straight and narrow way—I come so far short of what I desire to be." The voice of the speaker was low and sad, as of one weighed down with a heavy burden, walking alone in a darkened way.

We sat under the swaying branches of the maple just beyond the door, with the clear, June sunlight falling through the leaves, and making wondrous pictures of lights and shadows upon the grass at our feet. Every breeze brought to our eager senses the sweet fragrance of blossoming flowers and the songs of the bobolinks in the meadows below. I, looking out over the fair landscape, and feeling in every fibre of my being the exultant joy Longfellow must have known when he wrote his "Perfect Day," turned to her with the astonishment I could not keep back showing in my face.

"Why, Mary," I said, "how can you, for one moment, think God could be ashamed to own you when, for the love He bore you, and all the world, He created such a scene and such a morning as this? The very air pulsates with the tidings of His love this morning. Are you not His very own, and does He not look right into your honest heart and know all about it? Does He not know your every effort for the right, and see that your heart and purpose is truly Christian even if, through the weakness of the flesh, you 'come so far short of what you desire to be?' Who does not come far short of what they desire to be? We all have beautiful ideals which we are constantly striving for, yet never quite reach, and sometimes I wonder if this ideal of ours, this higher, better self which goes before us, ever beckoning us on; ever urging us to renewed effort, to a more earnest striving for the good and the beautiful, is not the real self which God sees in us and by which He judges us, rather than by the dwarfed, faltering life we live from day to day.

"When you look at your little daughter, do you see only the little child—wayward and disobedient at times, and trying your patience to the utmost, yet, withal, loving and affectionate, and really meaning 'to be good'? When you kiss the quivering lips with love's forgiveness, do you not see in her the woman you hope she will grow to be, and bear with her and forgive her yet 'seventy times seven,' because your love teaches you that, though now but a child with all a child's unwisdom and thoughtlessness, her heart is good and pure, and gives promise of beautiful womanhood by and by? You do not expect her to be a woman now—nay, her very faults endear her to you, because you, seeing them through love's clearer

vision, know that they are but the outgrowth of qualities which, rightly nurtured and builded upon, will bear beautiful flowers in coming years, and give her a strength and firmness of purpose a weaker nature would not have. What are we, but 'children of a larger growth' in the Father's sight? Will He not bear with us, now and ever, with a love and patience of which the very best we are capable of is but a dim foreshadowing? Is He more easily made ashamed of us than we are made ashamed of our little ones? His is the charity which 'suffereth long and is kind,' and, compared with ours, is like the perfect morning compared with the dreariest of our winter days.

"Think how long and how tenderly He has loved us, Mary! Do you not belittle that love when you talk of His being ashamed of you, or of any who, like you, are truly trying to live uprightly and grow daily in Christ-likeness? I cannot conceive of His being ashamed of any one. Was He ashamed of the Magdalene when she was brought to Him? His pitying love, His great desire for a better life for the misguided, erring one shut out all shame, and His 'neither do I condemn thee'—so different from what her experience with the world led her to expect—gave her a new hope and a new purpose. Yet it seems to me there is one great mistake in your creed, and that you give yourself a great deal of unnecessary pain and uneasiness. Why need you make the 'narrow way' more narrow or more difficult to follow than Christ made it? What is it to be in the narrow way? Is it to watch your every thought and action, and torment yourself with constant fear? You would not advise any one to keep her finger constantly upon her pulse and note every physical feeling or symptom for fear of coming sickness, yet is not this very much what you do in a spiritual sense? It may sound heretical, but there is such a thing as a wholesome disregard of self both physically and morally. Not that I would have you violate any of the laws of your nature, but sound health and wholesomeness, either of mind or body, is not best attained by constant watching and weighing of every passing feeling or thought.

"Do you remember some lines in the old ditty our grandmother used to sing?

"If I truly love my neighbor,
I am in the narrow way."

You have no doubt of your love for your neighbor, even when you use the word in its broadest sense; would it not be better if you were to quit thinking so much about some things, lay aside this morbid fear lest you walk not in the 'narrow way,' and simply do the duties each day brings with clean hands and a thankful heart? What progress could you make or what pleasure would there be

for yourself or your companions if, in going a long journey, you waited to mark your every footstep, and be sure it was set by exact line and rule? Your strength would be exhausted long before the goal was reached, and think of the things you would miss all along the way! It would deprive you of all enjoyment of the beautiful country around you, of all power to extend the ready hand of love and sympathy to your fellow-travelers. Just so it is in the journey heavenward.

"When a child is learning to walk, we watch its every step, but when once it has learned the way, and the little feet have grown strong and reliant, how little we think of them! The walking is but a means to a higher end. If we are as busy as we ought to be in following the example set by our Elder Brother, we shall think less and less of the path in which we walk, and more and more of the end to which it leads. The soul is safest and

happiest that is so busy in doing His work, that it has no time for morbid questionings and doubts. As we learn to think more of those around us and of the various ways in which we can help them along, we shall think less of self, and have less time to borrow trouble about the ways our feet are tending. Our path will be a safe one, because it will be in the way of right and duty, of love and good-will to all; and if we walk therein, unthinking of self, and live the Christian life without conscious thought or effort, will not our power be greater and our light shine brighter and steadier for that very reason? He has said, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' If we come as we ought and are truly His, the heart will be at rest, and His peace will be ours, whatever trials or sorrows may come to the outward life."

EARNEST.

Mother's' Department.

WATCH.

MOTHERS, watch! Watch for the health and comfort of your children. The old saying is as true as trite, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

A little cold neglected has taken many a dear child from the clasp of mother-arms, and left the mother-heart aching as it never ached before. Keep the little feet warm and dry. See to them every night before you sleep. Be careful to clothe the tender frame warmly from head to foot. Guard throat, and chest, and limbs. Not by over-bundling—that has its danger, too, like overheated rooms, of making a child weak and tender; but keep the little ones warm and comfortable; guard against draughts, cold or wet feet, and throwing off the bedclothes at night.

Never, never neglect a cold. The most fatal diseases generally assume this guise. A cold overlooked is almost sure to run into something harder to combat. And, oh, the sorrow of those words, "Too late!" when care at first would have saved.

Watch, oh, watch your own temper and treatment of these fragile little ones that may be called home at any hour. Let not tired nerves betray you into impatience. Do not let yourselves speak hasty words, blame readily or say what you do not mean. It is very seldom that a little child has any wrong intention whatever. Children are active and curious; "curiosity is an appetite for knowledge." They are mirthful, and apt to forget. They are often not quite well when we do not notice it; often nervous and over-tired when they are called cross. A nap, or a story, or some little soothing is often what they really need, when a whipping is thought to be the remedy. Think, oh, think, before you call the little one at your side a "troublesome child," a "bother" or a "torment." The day may come when you would give your life to recall such words.

Never shake a child. It is the most cruel and hurtful of all treatment. Never pull or twitch. And never strike a little child. You can govern

without this, if you will bring self-control, patience and thoughtful love to the task. If your child lives, you will not regret having governed in mild ways, and you will find by sweet experience that "love hath readier will than fear." And if the heavy grief should come to you that has come to so many hearts, and made lonely and silent so many homes, you will be thankful to be spared the tenfold pain such remembrance would bring you.

Watch your children; watch their dispositions and tendencies; guide them into good habits; teach them, not long, wearisome catechizing, but Jesus and His love. Tell them the sweet stories of His life. You need not fear but they will give Him their love. Let your own daily life show them His spirit, and bear witness to the truth of your words. Let them say their "Now I lay me" with your arms about them, and your good-night kiss warm on the rosy lips. Whenever mothers can put their little ones to bed themselves, it is best to do it. The time comes to some mothers when every such remembrance is precious beyond all telling. Your children will never forget it. There is in life no remembrance more precious, more potent for good, than a mother's loving good-night.

M. J.

KEEP THE HOME LIFE WARM WITH LOVE.

THERE has been excellent advice offered to the mothers, through the pages of this magazine, on affectionately caring for their little ones. I earnestly indorse all that has been said, but would beg the mothers not to let that loving kindness in governing their children cease with their early years, but extend it through all the years of their girlhood and boyhood. Do not think that as they advance in years and increase in size they care less for the loving tone and manners and confessions of love from the mother.

There is no power on earth so potent, and surely none so sweet, as the power of love, and if mothers would manifest more of this feeling toward their growing children, their natures would not

become so harsh and hardened, but would retain much of that tender, impressible spirit of their early days.

How many boys and girls pass through the years of their childhood with no demonstration of affection from their parents. Their physical needs are supplied, their education is attended to, but the holiest element that helps to form their characters is left to perish. There are times when the child longs for the sweet expression of motherly love; when the confidence, if sought for, would so readily be given, and the mind could be moulded in the way of love and truth. But if there be no response of sympathy from the mother, if she be blind to these sacred needs of her child, the young nature soon becomes indifferent, the childish confidence is gradually withdrawn, and a breach is formed between parent and child which widens as the latter grows older.

During early years, the mind is in an unformed, susceptible state, and the future character depends mainly on the influence that surrounds the child at this period. If a spirit of love, unmixed with discord, pervades the home, it will be as impossible for the child to resist its influence as for the plant to resist the action of the sun's rays in developing it into beauty. If through wise discipline and loving consideration there has been formed between parents and children that sweet affinity of minds, carefully cherished by the parents, as the children grow older it will be their safest shield from evil and temptation. Their young natures being social and full of spirit, clamor loudly for congenial companionship, and if no effort is made on the part of the parents to furnish it at home, they should not complain if it is sought outside.

Many parents have a false idea that they cannot so well govern their children if they show affection and familiarity in their manners, but think they must assume a stern, dignified air toward them. Such a mode of governing is a sad and often fatal mistake. The best disciplinarian is the one who rules with a firm but gentle will. For surely gentleness and love, if judiciously employed, can never harm a child, but will many times save a wayward nature, where sternness and harshness would send it to ruin.

From my own observation, I know there are many mothers who appear to the outside world with the sweetest of smiles on their faces and pleasant words on their lips. Let us see them in their homes. Can it be possible that we see such impatience and unkindness of manners manifested to their own children? To these half-grown boys and girls there are no tender words of love, no little acts of affection to make their young hearts light and happy. If these mothers would bestow on their children the smiles and pleasant manners that are lost on strangers, by what a holy link could they bind them to their hearts and homes.

A verse occurs to my mind. I do not know the author, but its truthfulness is its merit:

"We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lips with the curl impatient!
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn."

Children vary so much in their tastes, that it is

impossible to interest all with the same amusements. If one boy delights to work in wood, he should be provided with a few little tools, and encouraged to become skillful in his work. If a girl find pleasure in any kind of fancy work, she should be instructed in it and furnished with material, so that she may learn to do well what she does; and if others have other tastes, they should be encouraged to cultivate them. If the children enjoy simple, harmless games, the mother should allow herself a little leisure time and join often with them in playing. But she can best entertain them by selecting instructive, wholesome reading and read aloud to them. They could not have a better safeguard from temptation than a love for choice reading, and if they form a taste while young it will prove a source of true pleasure through life.

NELLIE BURNS.

THE CHILDREN.

THE little ones, the darlings,
The fairest things below,
The winning, hearthside blossoms,
The sweetest ones that grow.

The door flew wide this morning,
And tiny feet ran in,
Like sunbeams after shadows,
To purest things akin.

Two pouting lips were lifted,
Like cherries cleft apart,
To meet the kisses welling
So fondly from my heart.

My papers all were scattered,
And to and fro around
The child flew like a swallow,
With soft and twittering sound.

Oh, wherefore chide too often
The children at their play?
Their fun must have an outlet
Now, or some other day.

And sweeter far than silence
Their merry pranks and shout,
And voices calling, "Mother!"
Than empty halls without.

Ah, soon enough will quiet
Sit 'neath the lonely roof,
And in the haunted twilight
Glide ghosts of self-reproof.

The little ones, the darlings,
A blessing and a care,
There's never one too many,
There's never one to spare.

The heart, though cold and narrow,
To let them in expands;
The angel there awaketh
At touch of little hands.

MRS. FRANCES E. SWIFT.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

WORDS OF A WISE MAN.

A NEW YORK merchant, Jonathan Sturges, being about to retire from active business, was invited by several of his neighboring merchants and friends to dine with them. Being called upon to respond to the first sentiment, Jonathan Sturges made a speech, from which we give a few passages. They contain lessons of the highest value to young men, and teach those old-fashioned doctrines of faithfulness, integrity and patience which have been the basis of all true success in commercial life. Jonathan Sturges retired with the high regard of the professional as well as the business community. He said: "I cannot and ought not to forget that I am approaching the limit of life as appointed by our Maker, and I prefer to take home to myself the thought so beautifully expressed by Dr. Chalmers, that our life is divided as the week, into six days, or decades of years of preparation for an engagement in the activities of life; the seventh day or decade ought to be the Sabbath of rest, and more near contemplation of that eternal rest which remaineth for the people of God. One of the first lessons I received was in 1813, when I was eleven years of age. My grandfather had collected a fine flock of merino sheep, which was carefully cherished during the war of 1812-15. I was a shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy, who was more fond of his books than of sheep, was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay in the shade and read his books. I finally complained of this to the old gentleman; I shall never forget his benignant smile as he replied, 'Never you mind; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep.' I thought to myself, what does the old gentleman mean? I don't expect to have any sheep. My aspirations were quite moderate in those days, and a first-rate merino buck was worth a thousand dollars. I could not make out exactly what he meant, but I had great confidence in him, as he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded that it was all right, whatever he meant, and went out contentedly with the sheep. After I got to the field I could not get that idea out of my head. Finally, I thought of my Sunday lesson: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' Then I understood it: Never you mind who else neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward. I do not think it will take many lads as long as it did me to understand this proverb.

"I received my second lesson soon after I came to this city, as a clerk to the late Leman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to purchase goods of Leman Reed. He expressed his gratification at finding me there, and said to me, 'You have a good place. Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took this meaning quicker than I did the proverb about the sheep. Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Leman Reed offered me an interest in his business. The first morning after the co-

partnership was announced, James Geary, the old tea merchant, called to see me, and said to me, 'You are all right now; I have one word of advice to give you: be careful whom you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three.

"In this connection I must repeat an anecdote told me of the late Robert Lennox. A country merchant came into the store of Mr. Morton, a highly-respectable Scotch merchant, to purchase goods. He spoke of credit, references, etc. Mr. Morton said, 'I will give you what credit you wish.' 'But,' said the merchant, 'I am an entire stranger to you.' Mr. Morton replied, 'Did I not see you at church with Robert Lennox?' 'Yes, I was at church with him.' 'Well, I will trust any man whom Robert Lennox takes to church with him.'

"I hope these three lessons of watchfulness over the interests of their employers, watchfulness over their partners' interests and their own, after they are joined, followed by intense watchfulness that no black sheep creep into their folds, may be impressed by these anecdotes upon the minds of those for whom they are intended. One other lesson I feel it necessary to inculcate, that of patience. With a little patience most young men will find a position as high as they have fitted themselves to fill.

"In all the changes which have taken place in my firm since 1822, no partner has been brought in who has not served as a clerk in the establishment. And I now leave my house well organized, prosperous and free from complications, still in the hands of those who have served in it as clerks. I mention this as an encouragement to young men to persevere in the faithful performance of their duties."

FLORAL ODDITIES.

WITH the earliest violets and spring beauties, our little ones will probably be delighted to roam the fields and woods in search of floral treasures. It may add something to their interest in flowers to learn of a few funny things connected with them, as well as beautiful ones.

See the dainty violets, purple, white and yellow. Pluck one apart and notice how irregularly the corolla is placed within the calyx—two petals upon one sepal, then, on each side, one petal upon one sepal, lastly one petal upon two sepals. This is the story told in connection with this circumstance: A cruel mother has two step-daughters and two own daughters. She is so selfish that she makes her two step-daughters sit upon one chair, she gives her two own daughters a chair apiece, while she herself sits upon two chairs. She also makes her poor husband sit down on the flower in the middle, as you see, by looking at the congregated stamens of the violet. They represent the old gentleman's yellow jacket.

Did you ever fight with violets? Interlock them by the hooked part of the stem under the calyx, and pull. One always conquers the other, and so is king. This, however, seems wanton sport.

Hold up before you a pansy, and see how much it looks like a face. No matter how variously the flower is marked, it always exhibits eyes, and nose, and mouth.

Have you ever held a buttercup under your playmate's chin, to see whether he or she likes butter? Or blown the down off a dandelion globe to find out the time of day? One puff, one o'clock; two, two o'clock, etc., until the last, when it is five o'clock, if it has taken so many puffs to send all the down away. Or have you ever tried whether your lover loved you, by pulling off the petals of a daisy? This is the order. First pull, "He loves me;" second, "He loves me not;" third, "He loves me;" and so on till the last, when the secret is revealed.

Great are the resources of dandelion stems. Many a little girl has decorated her dark hair with white curls, made from them in a basin of water; or her neck with a long chain, every hollow link of which once bore a yellow flower.

To make an old lady from a daisy, cut the petals short all around to represent the white ruffle of her cap, leaving two long ends for the strings. Then draw the eyes, and nose, and mouth, with pen and ink, upon the disk. A daisy donkey may be made in a similar way, by plucking out all the petals except two for the long ears, and finishing the face with pen and ink also.

An inverted hollyhock upon a stick makes a gay little parasol. A fairy—that is, a stick—may be dressed in a morning-glory, as follows: The bell forms a lovely dress, a folded leaf a green shawl, and a calyx a little green hat.

These are mostly childish sports, and many others might be enumerated. But there are other real oddities to be noted in connection with flowers, which properly come under the domain of science.

Have you ever seen the beautiful Indian pipe, which grows in deep, moist woods? The flower, stem and leaves are all of a pure, waxen white, with not a vestige of green. Yet we are generally accustomed to think of green leaves.

Did you ever see green flowers? Well, there are such things. The blossoms of the hop, the nettle and many forest trees are of this color, it by no means following that because a flower is a flower it should be bright in hue.

Are there any plants that have no leaves at all? No, perhaps you say. But we have a very common one in our own latitude, the dodder. This a parasitic vine, and grows upon weeds in moist places. It has a thick, orange-colored stem, and bears little clusters of bell shaped blossoms. It belongs to the morning-glory family.

Ferns are plants with perfect leaves, but no flowers. In some strange manner, they produce their seeds upon the backs of their leaves. There are so called flowering-fern—but their mode of inflorescence is only by modified leaves.

We hear, too, of peculiar roots. Perhaps the most notable is that of the mandrake, connected with which are so many old-time superstitions. The tuber divides into two parts, giving it a remote resemblance to the human form—hence, the veneration it excited in former days. Adam and Eve is a plant belonging to the orchid family. Its root consists of a large tuber and a small, bound together with a slender filament. It is much esteemed as a love-charm by superstitious colored people.

Speaking of orchids, they are universally admitted to be the oddest of floral orders. Especially in the tropics are they brilliant and strange, their blossoms representing butterflies, beetles, birds and even babies. In our climate, we have a few, though much less wonderful. One has an irregular petal just like a lady's slipper—hence its name. Another has tiny, white flowers arranged upon their stem in the form of a perfect spiral. It is called lady's curls or lady's tresses.

We have in our swamps, also, a plant just as marvelous as the famous pitcher-plant of the torrid zone—the side-saddle flower or *Sarracenia purpurea*. Its leaves form a perfect cup, capable of holding water. Aquatic plants are often noticeable for oddity. The leaves of the *sagittaria* are exactly like arrowheads.

It is impossible to wet the leaves of the touch-me-not, while the ripe pericarps spring open with a crack like a pop-gun. The long stems of the pond-lily are hollow, so as to float, and the base of the blossom is rounded like a boat, and perfectly water-tight.

These are not a tithe of the little floral wonders that I might enumerate. You may find a score of new ones every day. M. B. H.

MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

MY smallest readers know that beautiful Bible-story of a certain pool of waters, whose very name was musical as its own ripple. It sparkled, I venture, pure and pretty the livelong day, but only at a certain hour do we read that it took unto itself miraculous powers, and that was when the angel of the Lord came down and stirred it.

Now it occurred to me, as I picked up my pen to tell you of my old schoolmaster, that the mind of a little boy or girl was something like this beautiful pool of waters; very pretty to consider, but also very calm and serene, and not apt to do much good until well "stirred-up."

So I shall insist that true education is a thorough stirring, and the greatest schoolmaster is the best stirrer. Men like Socrates and Arnold, who not only disturb the mind to its profoundest depth, teaching the youth to know himself, his possessions and his possibilities, but who purify the waters as they stir them.

I am satisfied, now, that some such thoughts as these took shape in the clear, queer little head of my old schoolmaster, though I was too young then to give him credit for all this method.

"Tommy!" said he, one day, as he ran across a dozen of us boys on the campus, "is this true about your getting up a base-ball club?"

Now that was just like him to speak of "getting up" instead of "organizing," for with "organizing" he could never have gotten into Tommy's brain to do any stirring. Words are only useful in carrying around ideas, and those which carry them quickest and safest are the best ones.

I must confess right here that Tommy was not much of a boy any way you measured him, only a thoughtless little fellow, full of life and baseball, and of nothing else in particular.

The question had been shrewdly chosen. Tommy's eyes seemed to open with his mouth, as he answered: "Yes, sir!"

It is certain that he had captured all the attention of that little, "vagrant" mind, which was an honor in itself that any schoolmaster might retire on for life.

"How many will you have in your club?"

"Nine!" came the enthusiastic answer.

"How much money have you each put in?"

"Fifty cents!" and an exclamation point belongs after every one of these answers.

"What will you do with the money?"

"We have a meeting, to-night, to see!"

"Suppose, now, Tommy, when you went over to that meeting to-night, that the other eight boys should tell you that you could not say anything about how the club was to be run or the money spent!"

Such a state of awful rascality had never suggested itself to Tommy before, but every bit of his

mind was interested, all the barren places in a high state of cultivation, and now there was joined the fire of righteous indignation.

"I'd have my fifty cents back, sir, mighty quick!"

"Of course you would, Tommy, of course you would," cried the queer old man, with an energy that never failed to kindle the fire in others; "and that was just what your grandfather and my grandfather said one hundred years ago, when they belonged to the same great club with the people over in England. The Englishmen wanted our grandfathers to pay in the fifty cents, but would not let them come to any of the meetings, whereupon our grandfathers said they would not pay one cent, and the Englishmen tried for seven years to collect it. And now, Tommy, I want you to find out whether they got it, and let me know all about it, to-morrow." J. W. S.

The Home Circle.

"DON'T SPOIL ALPHONSO."

LONG time ago we were at a wedding, and in the evening, after the guests had gone home, we, as one of the privileged friends of the bride's family, were present when the mother gave a little good advice to her daughter. We were young then, and did not understand nor appreciate the words of the good mother; but now, in these later years, their full import comes to us.

She said, looking her daughter right in the eyes: "Mary Ann, now I don't want you to spoil Alphonso. If you cuddle him, and put your shoulder to the wheel, so as to let the weightiest part of the load come on you, I will be very sorry. So many reverse the order of marriage. They make of themselves the leaders, the ones to carry the burden. And now, daughter, don't you do this. Phonso takes you from a good home, and it is the supposition that your new one will be as good and as comfortable in most ways as this. Let him provide everything. You may make the material go as far as possible in the way of economizing; but don't feel like a pauper, or that you are a burden to him, or that you ought to take in work to be an equal provider with him. Women are to blame for a great deal of the shiftlessness of their husbands. A husband is as easily spoiled as a child. Many and many a wife in her mistaken zeal overworks herself, and makes a smooth path for the second wife, who comes smiling into her place and finds a good husband. Good because she keeps at a wifely distance and attends to her own affairs separately from his. So remember, Mary Ann, that your mother's advice was, 'Don't spoil Alphonso'; don't ever feel that you are a burden to your own husband; don't think that outside of your home duties and cares you ought to assume a greater burden, and stand aside by side with him in his responsibility."

How often we have thought of good Mrs. Lydia Leonard's advice to Mary Ann. Oh dear! we thought of it one night years ago when we were sleeping in a room adjoining a worthy husband and his wife—the highest pair, socially, in the

beautiful village of Smithville. They were both a little hard of hearing, and that was why we became an unwilling listener to their conversation. He was a druggist, a good manager; but his salary was not equal to their needs; and when she married him, a poor student, she took boarders, and took in fine shirts to make, and by the help of the tailor's overseeing eye she sometimes sewed at cloth suits, and by this means earned a little something. They were both out of sorts that night, and growly, and the present looked dark enough.

"I'll not buy another pound of sugar for a month," said he; "it was your turn to buy the sugar this time; you know you said we would buy it turn about."

"But the other time, when I got it," she whined out, "you know the Bradstreets all came down upon us, and it took an extra amount; and because they are all your relatives, it was hardly fair for me to furnish all the sugar."

"But I bought the sugar, and nearly everything else, when your cousins from Trenton were here; and I hired a conveyance to take them all down to the lake; and you remember I furnished ice cream twice, and lemons every time but one," said he; "and I never complained to you about it."

"I bought two dollars' worth of maple syrup in the spring, and all the eggs that we set, and all the raisins for plum pudding," she said, in a voice that had a good deal of snap in it; "and I denied myself a gingham dress and slippers when I needed them, so I did."

"I bought a couple of chickens when your father and mother came over the other day," he whooped out, "and in the evening I got a tongue at the butcher's, just because your old mother took a notion to have a taste of fresh tongue."

"Why, no you didn't buy the tongue, either! I bought it with my own hands, now, Charles. I suppose I know how every cent of my earnings goes! It was money that Sam Watson paid me for mending his overcoat," said she, in a snarling voice.

"Well, you can't deny that I bought the chickens, then, if you did get the tongue," he re-

plied, in a tone suggestive of anything but conjugal felicity.

"Charles," was the answer, "you know you didn't buy the chickens; it wasn't money paid out of your pocket. That Hazelett girl got half a dozen quinine powders of Lucius, and he told her to give us a chicken sometime, that it would do just as well as to pay the money. Lute knew the family were very poor. Don't you go to putting on airs, and get beyond the truth, while you are making out the case of the 'bused husband."

"Well, do have the last word if you want it so badly—that's a woman's fashion to make black appear white rather than not get the last word. If I only had my life to live over again, I'd do something. This is a dog's life, pinching the pennies and counting the cost of the very dash of salt in your porridge. I just tell you, it's a bad business for two poor sharks to marry, when one of them could have married well—rich." And here the disconsolate husband, poor fellow, turned over in bed, with his face to the wall, and fairly groaned.

His wife mumbled something as she sat up in bed, and shook and patted and made her pillow cool and puffy, hoping to make her hot head and face comfortable.

Here was a glimpse behind the curtain. Not the most intimate friends of the family had the remotest idea of the true state of affairs, and—they will never know it. They think the reason the woman sews for others is because she cannot endure idleness, and prefers to be busy. Little do they know that the energetic girl-wife, in her first year of wedded life, spoiled her husband, and taught him to lean upon her and to look upon her as an equal burden-bearer in the support of the family.

The other day, when we called on the doctor for one of the girls, who had a pain in her side, we casually inquired the state of general health in the neighborhood, and the answer was: "There is only one serious case, and that is poor Mrs. Hatfield. You know she takes in all the sewing she can do, and sometimes she sits up more than half the night to work rather than disappoint or break her promise. I told Sam this morning that his wife was working herself to death, and he just hooted at me, and said I was mistaken, that she did not work beyond her strength. She has pampered that husband of hers until he hardly thinks she has feelings like other people. She buys all the groceries and clothing, and pays the rent, and pays the writing-teacher and the music-teacher, and helps the poor, and pays the doctor's bills; and don't you think she gets up in the night, even, to poultice his great toe joint! He let a block fall on it awhile ago, and he whimpered and made more fuss over it than his wife would in having every limb on her body amputated. Oh, she spoiled the great lazy fellow! That's the trouble with you women; you pet too much, and cuddle, and pity, and do all the dirty work and hard work yourselves, and save your great, loafing, hearty husbands, when you ought to save your own willing, unselfish lives."

Women are good; we mean this kindly-disposed class of whom we are writing, not the woman who imposes upon her kind husband, and makes the veriest fool of him, while she lives a life apart from him in every direction. One class is as much

to blame as the other. Now here, in sight of us, is the patient little wife, the loving mother of ten children, whose work is helpful in every way to her appreciative husband. She sees that every foot in her family is softly, and cleanly, and carefully clad, though it does take so very many pairs of yarn hose; but by good management in the long summer days, her own and other hands furnish the supply for the winter's demand. Blessed is the woman "who looketh well to the ways of her household; the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." And the little skirts, and drawers, and waists, and mittens are always ready to put on, each in its proper season. And order reigns in the household, and everything is in its place and every child has its part of the daily labor to perform, and that makes it feel useful and important; "one of the little wheels inside of a larger wheel," the mother says, in commendation.

But how soon the husband settles down to a dead level when his wife asserts her willingness to help bear the burden. He does not say, "this money that you have so cheerfully earned is not mine—I do not want it, and do not want you to spend it for anything only your own pleasure."

One of these husbands was sitting out on the lawn smoking, under the shade of a magnificent elm with his two elder brothers who were visiting at his beautiful farm-house. He was a self-satisfied, good-feeling, overgrown, stout specimen of a well-fed, well-kept, wealthy farmer, at peace with all the world, out of debt and on good terms with every body. Perhaps forty rods east of the house, on a little green cleft in a hill-side, was a spring of pure water that never failed. One of the elder brothers said: "Jack, if I were in your place I'd lay pipes and have that spring carried right down here to the house. It would be most delightful. Nothing adds more to the comfort, and beauty, and value of a farm-house, than running water."

And Jack? why he leaned back pompously, stuck his thumbs into each armpit, and said: "That's what the old woman and the girls are saving butter-and-egg money for now. I was tellin' 'em what a nice thing they could make of that, and they bent right down to the job, and have nearly a hundred dollars salted down for that purpose to-day. You see I 'low them all the butter-and-egg money they make, besides what buys the clothing and the groceries. They are mighty saving. The girls mean to have the water carried off down there into that hollow, after they're done with it at the house, and have it made into a pond, or lake, or something of the kind, with pond lilies growing about the edges. Hee! hee-hee! I never let on, but my intention is that I 'low I won't spoil a nice waterin' place for the stock with no such a fool fixin' as a pond o' water just got up for show. No harm in lettin' them go on and make all the plans they want to. Time enough to turn the waste water to a practical purpose after they been and gone and got it brought down to the house from yon hill. That will be the first thing to bring about, and the big end of the job, too."

It is well that women know something about all kinds of work just the same as they should know somewhat about the affairs of government, the laws that govern the people, the customs of society and the geography of their own country, at least. But men should know the same, too.

There is a paragraph going the rounds of the press something about a woman left homeless and penniless, whose education was too superficial for availability, who had a little family to care for, and yet she was powerless to aid herself or them. And, forthwith, the press takes up a dole-strain of moralizing on the subject, forgetting that hundreds of men, daily, are in the same condition, only, added to it, is the love of strong drink and the pitiable need of a supply of good cigars! When we read it we pause and wonder why the fine point of the moral put upon the paragraph is only in regard to the superficial education of the woman—the woman thrown upon the great world without a trade, or a profession, or any practical knowledge of how to make a living. What a one-sided idea it is!

When a lady waking suddenly from a doze in the cars looked out upon the "foam-crested waves of Chesapeake Bay," and said, in soliloquy, "What body of water is this?" it was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, who cheerfully and unctuously responded, "Cumberland River, miss." And when a little girl at the exposition, in a shy way edged back in fear of the sea-cow, it was a dashing young man who volunteered the answer: "It is the Tiber, my little one." And when the grocer told the man who brought fourteen and three-fourths pounds of butter, that yesterday it sold for twenty cents a pound, but to-day it was twenty-one cents, the stalwart owner took out his pencil, fumbled it end over end, pulled one of his ears as he would pull a strap in a runaway coach, and in a hesitating, cautious way, said, "I suppose it can be figured out what it comes to." And when the irate officer in the army who was vexed at his orderly's want of cleanliness, said, "How long do you wear a shirt, sir?" it was the orderly sergeant himself, a spruce young academician, proud of his attainments, who politely made answer, "Twenty-eight inches, sir!"

We hope never to see that floating paragraph again about the woman who had no trade, no profession, no way of making a living for her fatherless little children. And we hope to see the day when so many modern households will be planned on a different basis—the man will be the proud head, and his chosen wife will stand by his side, not bearing the burden of toil and overwork and gently forced into putting her shoulder to the wheel—but his partner, his friend, counselor, sweet adviser—not a drudge estimated by the amount of cool cash she is able to earn. This will come in the time when parents recognize that the care of a family is the noblest and finest work—the most stringent duty that God gives into the hands of human beings.

In all cases, nearly, where women go outside the bounds in taking upon themselves burdens too heavy to bear, they are women of superior powers and energy. The surplus energy must find an outlet. What wonderful gifts of endurance, patience, love, grand ideas of duty, heroism, bravery, unselfishness and sweet charity make up the character of such good, and grand, and glorious women!

Admiringly,

CHATTY BROOKS.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 56.

FAR away over leagues of land and sea, across the broad Atlantic, and beyond the vineyards of sunny France and Spain, in the lands of the Orient, a spirit awakes and comes forth to bless the earth. It moves with noiseless wing over the isles of Greece and smiling Italy, and ruffles the waves of the Mediterranean, as it pursues its westward way. Its soft breath is felt in every clime through which it passes, and grass springs up, and leaf-buds swell, and flowers make ready to appear. It is the spirit of the spring, which is coming to visit us once more. Oh, how gladly will it be welcomed! Already soft breezes have heralded it, and the icy breath of winter has grown mild; the brooks and rivulets flow again with their old murmurous sound, in sunny spots, grass is showing green and the world is full of bird-songs. Crocuses and hyacinths put up their heads from the brown mould, and soon the "burning bush" will be aflame with scarlet blossoms.

What pleasure it will be to see them again, after the long-continued cold, that has killed nearly all the house, and many of the pit flowers. Never were blossoms more scarce or more precious. Even my little violets have been frozen so often, that for a long time they could do nothing but keep their green leaves.

As a substitute for real flowers, I made a card-rack of walnut splints, and filled it with the pretty Christmas and New Year cards which I received this season, gay with bright buds and blossoms. It hangs near the foot of my lounge, where I can see them constantly, and be reminded thus of the givers. One bears two regal white lilies and a cluster of scarlet geraniums. Another, coming from New Hampshire's frozen hills, suggests a glow of summer warmth, with its rich-tinted moss-buds, set in green foliage and ferns; and peeping out at one side of it is a small, gray-tinted card, with one deep crimson rose in a setting of green leaves and a verse of loving words above it. A cluster of blue violets—the wild darlings of the woods—bears a tender message from New Jersey. What memories they awake of olden days, combined with sweet thoughts of the dear one who sent them. One more, tucked in the right hand corner, with its bright rose on which a butterfly is resting, bears the quaint line, "I send a rose at Christmas, with my love." This, I think the sweetest, most graceful motto, I have seen.

Another pleasing gift, which Christmas brought me, was a box of all manner of pretty things in the way of pressed leaves and flowers, mosses, lichens, ferns and berries, with a few shells added; which came from a perfect stranger, yet a friend, it seems, who all unknown to me, had been thinking of me during the changing seasons of the year, while she gradually collected the treasures for my gratification. You can imagine how I appreciate them. And it has given me a new thought, which may be a good one. Cannot many of us who have not means to make gifts which involve any expense, make such collections, and send them to some "shut-in" friends, who can see but little of the out-door beauty? It would surely please, even though some of the specimens might be the same as the ones they were used to

ONE of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth, for the sake of apparent good.

at home. In my box, there were lichens of a kind I have never seen, though I include three varieties in my circle of acquaintance. Then there were some of the very seed I wanted much, of a flower I have not seen for years—the bright nasturtium. I do not know that there are any of them in this whole town, now; so you see, through such little things, one might, unknowingly, give a pleasure which would spread and last for years.

I have just read a short sketch of the life of Frances Ridley Havergal—that sweet spirit whose memoirs have recently come to us, and whose poems and leaflets have found their way to many of the sick and afflicted, sinking into their hearts, bringing soothing comfort, or courage and trust. What a life was hers during those last years—devoted so entirely to the service of the Master and His friends. Yet not set apart from others or from innocent enjoyment, I judge, as long as she was able to engage in them; for she is described as having a bright, joyous nature. I do not know just when she died, for I have not seen the book of memoirs, but think it must have been during the last two or three years. Greatly would she be missed, I judge, by those among whom she lived, for such a spirit would have a wide influence for good. Wherever I turn now, I see some poem or scrap of prose from her pen, filled with the tender or sacred thoughts of her devotional mind. She was doing good for others as long as hand and brain were able to do at all—mental work which exhausted her frame, and, I fear, hastened her earthly journey to its early close. Such souls are usually held by very frail, mortal fetters, which are easily broken.

With almost each succeeding month, I learn anew of more lives consigned to suffering and invalidism. Two within our "Home Circle," have thus laid a claim this season to my sympathy and love, and one and another of the dear "shut-in" band have come, bringing that password which straightway admits them into my heart. All are learning lessons of patience and trust—all, perhaps, are finding evidence of the Father's nearness and love, more fully than they ever realized it in health. Such are the compensations which suffering and imprisonment usually bring. One blessing taken, another one comes to us instead, to make up for that which is lost—to show us that we are not forsaken or treated too hardly. Some of life's problems will be dark ones, hard to work out or to accept submissively, without understanding, when that is beyond our power; but beyond the gray clouds that bound our near horizon, we know the Eternal Sun is shining. Some days we can only see stray gleams of His brightness; on others the fullness of His light and warmth floods our souls, and we seem almost to catch foreshadowings of the blessedness of the life above. But there are occasional days when there is no break in the dark gloom that overspreads our sky, and the tired soul feels as if its burden was too great to bear with fortitude or submission. Yet, when calm thought comes, we know His presence is there, near at hand, only waiting for our minds to be clear enough to see it. And sometimes we can stretch out a hand and clasp His in the darkness, and find some comfort from that, even when we cannot see His face. What relief would there be for the soul, when troubles oppress, if we did not

feel assured that there was this higher power to take care of all these things, if as Jean Ingelow says,

"We sat *unowned*, upon our burial sod,
And knew not whence we came, or whose we be?"

Dreadful thought—but one which we need never entertain, to trouble us. "No matter what comes, with Him to go all the way, knowing that He knows it all, and loves us, and that His love is equalled by His mercy, goodness and power, we can still have much true peace and rest." And then it is only through *this* life that the troubles last. There are two friends who may read this, whom I would fain comfort and encourage by these last thoughts; and for them I copy these following lines:

"I know not why, with hills so high,
He bounds our earthly vision;
I ask not why, beyond the sky,
We wait for our Elysian.
Nor why the stones before me lay,
O'er which my feet are falling,
Nor why so narrow seems the way,
From which His voice is calling.
Let life be rife with woe and strife,
No joy, my joy can equal;
Old Time may close the book of Life,
But Heaven contains the sequel."

LICHEN.

MRS. POTTER AND HER DAUGHTER.

MRS. POTTER was a rather difficult woman to have in the neighborhood, because of the way she had of looking out for slights. She might really be said to lie in wait for them. She seemed "never so happy as when she was miserable," at least you would think so by the pains she took to make herself wretched over somebody's doings. If she was not invited to tea, then she was slighted. If she was invited, then some one else received more attention; somebody looked at her dress and smiled; somebody never spoke to her the whole evening; the minister didn't shake hands with her; the fruit-cake hadn't been passed to her, and "catch her taking a slice even though it set just before her," and so on, all through the visit. Was it worth while to try and please such a worrisome body. Mr. Potter is just the other way, fortunately, and has a most aggravating, happy-go-lucky disposition, so she thinks, but it is a blessing to the children, who are comfortably common-place, all but Sally. She takes after her mother, as she naturally would, hearing nothing but this talk about slights from her babyhood. It is showing itself plainly enough in poor Sally's face. She is growing suspicious-looking in her gray eyes, and she eavesdrops whenever she can, and if she can beg or tease any one into telling "something bad somebody has said about her" she is "made up," she hurries home to her mother, swelling with indignation, and retails the story, with judicious comments as she goes along, until they are both wrought up to a grand pitch of indignation, and have a very good time, such as it is, which will likely keep them in stock until the next new case.

Now we all know that Sally or her mother never do a thing to provoke anybody's ill-will. They never talk about folks, nor ever make an unjust charge against an innocent person. They never

step back, and look sour, and turn sideways so as not to speak to old acquaintances. They never stir up strife among neighbors, and act so disagreeably that it is a great relief to keep out of their society. They never make friends and relations as uncomfortable as if in a thicket of nettles, annoying and distressing them who desire their friendliness, until the very brain is racked in the effort to keep the peace. It is a real wonder why folks do try to plague them so, making them such suffering martyrs, when they are so innocent of any offense themselves. I hope Mrs. Potter does not live in your neighborhood. OLIVE.

OLD AGE.

THE fear of growing old is the sword that hangs suspended by a hair over many a woman's head. Now what is old age? The scriptural term of life is three score and ten, and even that cannot always be termed old age. Old age, strictly speaking, means a loss of the faculties and a decay of the body; and many a man is comparatively strong and healthy at seventy-five or eighty, and yet there seems to be an impression that all strength, warmth and passion that human beings are capable of is centred in the first twenty-five years of their existence. After that, if they do not marry, they are laid on the shelf by their considerate relatives to mould along with the other rubbish. The wine in their cup has been spilled, wasted, and nothing but the dregs remain. It is a bright notion, to say the least. Few men reach a calm, equitable poise before thirty-five, few girls become women before thirty.

I know there is a forcing process—a process that often converts a child of fourteen or fifteen into a pale, spiritless creature, the mother of a child or two, perhaps, before she has lost her taste for coasting down hill and playing ghost in the garret. But that does not alter the matter; she is a premature production, and like all premature productions she will decay early. With her growth retarded, her energies tailed and her nervous system ruined, she cannot develop into a perfect woman, unless her constitution be one in a thousand, and even then there will be little or no room for her mind to expand. Nature never does anything in a hurry. Everything must have room to grow, even the tiniest spear of grass. The great trouble of the day is we live too fast. Many people are broken down at forty—broken down at the meridian of life, when they ought to be in the full enjoyment of every faculty and replete with health and vigor.

I have seen girls of twenty-six or seven betray as much discomfiture over their advanced age as most people would display if they were detected in grand larceny. They have reached the ground where "brook and river meet," but instead of sighing over pleasures forever gone, let them turn with gladness to the future. Gladness? Yes. What spring is to summer, girlhood is to womanhood. One is a season of uncertainty, of little joys and little troubles, of rainbows and east winds; the other is the June that comes to us but once—the June that holds the perfection of the year and the perfection of a woman's life. Yet how many women try to avoid this period with the desperation of despair. There is no artifice

that they will not stoop to to be thought young; and while they are cautiously skirting that dangerous shoal—middle life—other women are luxuriating in the sunshine, growing brighter of face, sweeter of voice and more generous in tone and color, like the fruit upon the wall, and one morning those ancient mariners will awake and find themselves old indeed. They insist on sowing seed, but do not know enough to reap the harvest, and they will go down to their graves bitter, morose and disappointed. Few people who live as they ought to live stand in very great fear of death.

Our thoughts are too apt to linger with the body; we think of the cold, dark grave with a shudder, and look around on this beautiful world and say, I do not want to die. But think of that better country, of that land where there is no strife, no suffering, nothing but perfect peace, and say with thankfulness, as I often do, that instead of growing older we are growing *younger*, that each day brings us one step nearer to eternity.

LYMAN HAWES.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

MY DEAR GIRLS: Many young persons have an idea that it is interesting to look melancholy, that there is a peculiar fascination in the signs of an "incurable woe" seen on a youthful countenance, and they simulate their ideal to the best of their ability—generally through imaginary sorrows; but whether imaginary or real, although we may be drawn toward such persons through our sympathy, still, if when we try to comfort them, to lift them above or out of their trials, and they refuse all recognition of anything else in life, our patience often fails.

It is to the bright, strong, cheerful hearts that we are lastingly drawn; to those who bear bravely, taking the sorrows of life as permitted by a loving Father, but not as being the whole of life; such are frequently those who have suffered most deeply; they have learned through their sorrows to have compassion, charity and love for others; those who are being "made perfect through suffering."

How different are the smiles of different individuals; eyes may be alike, features and forms may resemble one another, but the smile is an individual personality, and belongs only to the one person. We can frequently recognize those whom we have not seen for a long time by the smile, when all else has changed beyond recognition.

Several years after I had become an invalid, a friend whom I had not seen since my illness came to my bedside.

"I should not have known you at all," she said, "except that your smile is just as it used to be; and so is the way you took hold of my hand."

We do not think enough of how our real nature manifests itself outwardly, and how essential it is that it should have something good to say, and something good to be remembered.

Have you ever noticed the effect that a bright, smiling face has upon a moody, quiet company? How the whole atmosphere in a car or other public conveyance, filled with persons whose appearance would indicate every grade of weariness,

surliness or trouble, would be lightened by the entrance of one of these bright, shining faces? Its appearance at the threshold of the door seems to bring with it a sense of invigoration; persons straighten and involuntarily breathe deeper and fuller, their eyes lighten, and you will see answering smiles rippling among them; a light has seemed to break over and through everything, until each one is inclined to wonder where the clouds and the darkness lay—to wonder that the darkness could have seemed so hopelessly dark.

Think what a blessing it would be to each one of you, if you might have such faces that they would have power to give light to those that look upon them.

A smile, an honest smile—never use any others, stereotyped smiles are hideous—has two purposes; "first, to express affectionate good-will; and, second, to express mirth."

It is not always easy to be pleasant when we feel internally troubled and miserable; the smile of mirth may be impossible, but the one of affectionate good-will we should be able to command,

or, rather, we should be so desirous of seeing others comfortable, so conscious of our sympathy and real kindness of feeling for others, that such a smile would come of itself; at all events we can make the effort, and the effort alone will give the weight upon our hearts a little upward lift. There is nothing that will comfort and help us like perfect faith in the Father's love, and the constant effort not to shut ourselves up in our own little trials and tribulations; and nothing that will help others, frequently, so much as the knowledge of their companion's love, and the sunshine of a bright and cheerful spirit.

Enjoy, frankly and heartily, every good thing that comes to you. "Tis a comely fashion to be glad," a fashion we ought to cultivate and follow with a faithfulness and persistence that would outdo our devotion to the other goddess of fashion. Be glad, me merry, look for the bright side, let the smiles of affectionate good-will illuminate your countenances; be, through your geniality, "angels of light."

AUNTIE.

Evenings with the Poets.

OUR FELLOW-WORSHIPERS.

DEEM not that thou and I
Are here the only worshipers to-day,
Beneath this glorious sky,
'Mid the soft airs that o'er the meadows play:
These airs, whose breathing stirs
The fresh grass, are our fellow-worshipers.

See, as they pass, they swing
The censers of a thousand flowers that bend
O'er the young herbs of spring,
And the sweet odors, like a prayer, ascend,
While, passing thence, the breeze
Wakes the grave anthem of the forest trees.

It is as when, of yore,
The Hebrew poet called the mountain steep,
The forest and the shore,
Of ocean and the mighty mid-sea deeps,
And stormy wind, to raise
A universal symphony of praise.

For lo! the hills around
Gay in their early green, give silent thanks,
And, with a joyous sound,
The streamlet's huddling waters kiss their banks;
And, from its sunny nooks,
To Heaven, with grateful smiles, the valley looks.

The blossomed apple-tree,
Among its flowery tufts on every spray,
Offers the wandering bee
A fragrant chapel for her matin lay,
And a soft bass is heard
From the quick pinions of the humming-bird.

Haply—for who can tell?—
Aerial beings, from the world unseen,
Haunting the sunny dell,
Or slowly floating o'er the flowery green,
May join our worship here,
With harmonies too fine for mortal ear.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LA PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS.

DEEP they laid the strong foundations,
High the massive walls upreared,
And the tall and sculptured columns
Marble forest trees appeared.
Out from these the groined arches
Sprang in grace and strength o'erhead;
And a high and vaulted ceiling
Gave the heart a sense of dread,
Stretching dim above the head.

Then they built the lofty altar,
Whence the incense-flame might rise;
Here the holy cross was planted,
For the sinner's tearful eyes.
And they hollowed shadowed niches,
To enshrine the statues rare,
Which, with pale hands ever folded,
Seemed outpouring ceaseless prayer,
Of the hallowed place aware.

Then they sank the tinted window
Far within the massive wall,
That, subdued, the slanting sunbeams
Through the pillared aisles might fall,
And they crowned each arching buttress
With a tall and gilded spire,
To reflect the ruddy morning,
Or the glorious sunset fire,
When glows red day's funeral pyre.

Never lagged the weary workmen,
Who, with pious zeal elate,
Raised to God a holy temple,
To His worship consecrate.
Never lacked they gold or silver,
Never lacked they jewels rare;
And the soft and shining splendor
Was infused into the air,
From the gold and jewels rare.

So they wrought till all was ended,
Save the dome that capped the whole,
When the builders, worn and weary,
Rested from their lengthened toil.
Night dropped down her starry curtain,
Midnight hushed the world to rest,
When, adown the rifted heavens,
Softer than the rosiest west
Came the angels of the blest.

Brighter than the woven moonlight
Were the robes the angels wore;
Brighter than the sun of noonday
Were the implements they bore.
All that night, a murmured music
Rippled out upon the air;
All that night the heavenly builders
Toiled with superhuman care—
Toiled with skill and beauty rare.

Mortal hands could ne'er have framed it,
That unique and gorgeous dome;
Angels only could have planned it,
In their wondrous angel-home.
Toiled they on till dawn of morning,
Noiseless, save their heavenly lay,
When, complete, the dome was furnished
With the sunlight's earliest ray,
And the angels fled the day.

Came once more the pious builders,
With their zeal and strength new-born;
But, behold! the dome, completed,
Had already kissed the morn!
Bright and dazzling was the radiance
From the gilded roof that streamed;
And the cross made dim the sunlight
With the brilliance of its beam!
Was it thus, or did they dream?

On their knees they sank in wonder,
On their knees they sank in prayer;
"Sure," they said, "God's holy angels
In the night have labored here,
Let us call it Angel city,
Where the Holy Ones have wrought;
And let rare and votive offerings
To the sacred place be brought.
Do the angels know our thought?"

Ay, 'tis so. Encamping round us,
Angels list whate'er we say;
And they come and go about us,
In the night-time and the day,
Doubt not, if thy aim be holy,
They will aid thee in thy need;
Doubt not they are watching o'er thee,
When true purpose shapes thy deed—
Trust the angels when they lead.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

The Temperance Cause.

THE ACTION OF ALCOHOL ON MUSCULAR FIBRE AND MENTAL CONDITION.

At a breakfast given by the National Temperance League, in September last, at Exeter, England, to the members of the Sanitary Congress, Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S., speaking on the question of work, said:

"There are two sides which should be put carefully and constantly forward. It is common to say that we give this substance—alcohol—for the work which comes out of it, and we total abstainers say that there is no truth in that, that there is no work to be got out of it at all. I want the men of science who disagree with us to look at the question in regard to work, and consider the other side. And here I will tell you an incident in my own life which shows how men may be biased against what is good, sound common-sense and judgment for many years.

"In the early part of my life I practiced medicine at Mortlake, and I had under my care a famous rower, and that man once consulted me professionally. He was a little below par, and he came to me to ask me what he should do. He was training then for a race, and I recommended him to take so much stimulant in the day. He flatly declined. He said: 'I can't do anything of that sort. I shouldn't win my race if I were to take what you wish.' 'Would half a pint of wine a day make a difference?' 'Certainly,' he said. 'In what way?' 'I will tell you. I once had against me a competent rower—a man as good as

myself. I was not very well on the particular morning. I went to the post feeling that luck was against me. I lost the best side of the river, and I felt that the race was all up with me; but as my opponent was getting into the boat, a friend of his, and a supporter, gave him a nip of spirit, and then, not quite satisfied, gave him another. I said to myself, 'That is equal to the right side of the river for me.' Now I will tell you, in rowing you want these things—you must know precisely where you are going; if anything springs up you must be quite ready for it; you must not take any notice of the cheering going on, for you want to have presence of mind in all that occurs, and you must keep at it.' 'Then,' I said, 'it seems to me that you want precision, decision, presence of mind and endurance.' He said, 'Those are the four things. We went on a little, stroke for stroke, so that it was quite musical. By and by there was a little jingle in his stroke, and I felt, 'That man is not steady. That is a little point for me.' We went on toward Chiswick, and when we got opposite that place there was something floating along which looked like a capsized boat, and it startled us both for a moment. It was a question to know which side to take; but I immediately decided, and gained a good point in that way. As we went along, I found that my opponent was embarrassed by what was taking place around him, while I remained quiet. Finally he began to flag. I didn't flag, but improved, and I won the race by nearly a boat's length. Those two glasses of spirit, I believe, turned the scale against my opponent on that occasion, and for that reason

I will never take any stimulants while I am training."

"I often laughed at this afterward as a superstition, not believing the man for over twenty years; but when I came to my scientific research, and to look into the action of alcohol on muscular fibre and on mental condition, I found that the man was absolutely right; that I had been going on for so long simply in ignorance and prejudice, and that I had been told in plain language the plain truth, if I had the common-sense to receive it from a common-sense man. I want other men of science to consider that side and aspect of the question, and inquire carefully as to precision, decision, endurance and presence of mind under the influence of this agent alcohol and without it.

"Speaking to the general public, I should like them to consider the two sides of the question in a scientific way. I was able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar a little time ago by a simple experiment. I was in his house, and he was extolling wine and singing its praises. He sang:

'Life is chequered o'er with woe;
Bidd the ruddy nectar flow—
Wine's the soul of man below.'

He sang that to me, as he said, to rouse my flagging spirits. I said, 'You sing that song well. Why not begin with wine at breakfast, and give it to your servants?' 'My dear friend,' he replied, 'I couldn't get through the day. I should be as seedy as possible. I couldn't work; and as for my servants—if I gave it to them in the morning, I don't know what would happen.' 'Then when do you take it?' I asked. 'When the cares of the day are over. Then is the time for a few glasses of good wine and a nightcap.' 'Will you,' I said, 'be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?' He did. 'Count it carefully. What does it say?' 'Your pulse says seventy-four.' I then sat down in a chair. 'Will you count it now?' 'Your pulse has gone down. Your pulse is now seventy.'

I then laid myself down flat on the couch, and said, 'Will you take it again? What is it?' 'It is sixty-four. What an extraordinary thing!' 'That is the effect of position on my pulse. When I lie down at night, that is the way nature gives the heart rest. We know nothing about it from what we ordinarily feel, but the beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down my heart is doing ten strokes less per minute. Multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred. Multiply that by any ordinary night's sleep of eight hours, and within two hundred it is five thousand strokes of rest; and as my heart is throwing out six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of propelling during a night.' 'That is a curious fact, but what has it to do with me?' 'This: when I lie down at night without alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets, but when you take your pint of strong wine and grog you do not allow it that rest, for the influence of so much alcohol is to increase the number of strokes; and instead of getting this rest, you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy, as you yourself have said, experiencing the effects of a restless night, and unfit the next day for work until you have taken a little more of the wine, which you sing is "the soul of man below." His wife said, 'That is perfectly true. His nights are attended with a degree of unrest and broken sleep which I can hardly describe, and which gives me very much anxiety.' That had an influence. He began to reckon up those figures and think what it meant—moving an ounce so many thousand times—and in the result he became a total abstainer, with every benefit to his health, and, as he admits, to his happiness. I would like those who speak of alcohol as something to be taken at night in order to get a night's sleep and rest and comfort, to take the opposite side of the question into their consideration, and see how the two positions fit in together."

Art at Home.

THAT all which is novel is by no means pretty, many of us must have found out ourselves; a glance at the shop windows in any large town would settle the question, if it became a question, beyond dispute. Though we may not pretend to aesthetics or high art in capitals, yet we, most of us at least, possess some faint idea of the beautiful, especially if our life has been spent mostly in the country, where we see "nature in her changeful visions" to perfection. In a town life, however, art triumphs over nature, and art in its many forms so bewilders our senses that we walk in a maze, and at last, like the unfledged sparrows in Hans Andersen's tale, we are fain to ask of those who appear wiser than ourselves, "What is the beautiful?" I have written "Art in its many forms" advisedly, for it has many, and in writing of "Pretty Novelties," I take one of its lowest but not always to be despised forms. Our lives, after all, are, as a rule, made up of trifles, and the majority of women certainly find

more pleasure in decorating a small basket than they would take in watching the progress of a picture painted by the hand of the greatest living master. The picture, when completed, would probably rouse some strong feeling which had hitherto lain dormant, an exquisite rush of admiration, a mixture of love, homage and a longing to possess such a thing of beauty, a sort of commingling of pain and pleasure. But possession of such treasures is out of the question except to the favored few; therefore, the picture, or, rather, the remembrance of it, must be laid by in the corner of our heart which is dedicated to past pleasures, while we go on living in our present, and find our intellectual amusement in making pretty knick-knacks, getting as near to our idea of the beautiful as possible with the materials at hand.

We cannot all be great, in the accepted sense of the term; but, failing that, we can all learn to do our small things well: and to beautify our own homes, so that they are pleasant spots to those

depending upon us, is not the least part of our work "in the world's broad field of battle."

To that valuable paper, the *Art Interchange* we are indebted for the following:

NOVELTIES IN DECORATING.

A very unique parasol was made by a lady by covering an old silk one with peacock feathers; it was then lined and finished with peacock fringe.

VIDE POCHEES.—Small trash-baskets, or vide pochees, can be made by putting two of the small peach-baskets together, one upside down and the other above it, making an hour-glass shape. Cover with chintz or crash, with outline design worked on each side, and draw in the centre with a ribbon.

PARLOR SCRAP-BASKETS.—A very pretty and novel idea is to take a bright-colored Japanese umbrella, open it half way, and set it in a very low little socket or tripod; any carpenter will make one, and stain it to imitate ebony. One each side of the fireplace is both pretty and useful.

TOILET-COVER.—A very delicate toilet-cover is made of scrym, with a spray of flowers worked at each end, lined with pale blue saten and edged with wide antique lace. It is made long, so that the worked ends hang on the sides of the bureau.

GARDEN FURNITURE.—Fancy-work, as it was called in the benighted days before art needlework came into vogue, is now applied to garden furniture abroad, with great success. Settees, lounging-chairs, and tables of wicker or bamboo, are fitted up with covers to be tied on, in the design and coloring of which great license is permitted. The material used is coarse linen canvas

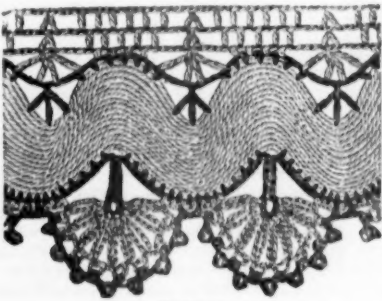
or crash, to be worked in cross stitch with ingrain red or navy-blue cottons; though a pretty striped ticking might even more effectively be used. A table-cover in hemp may be outlined in coarse Holbein work, and edged with a fringe of its own raveling.

A shady nook on the lawn may thus be made to assume a look of hospitable ease. There may the latest books and magazines, the box of Winsor & Newton's colors, the paper and charcoal for sketching, the crewel-basket, be transported for use during a summer morning or afternoon, which 'twere a sin to spend indoors.

WORKED CLOCK PANELS.—We are indebted to the *American Cabinet Maker* for the following pretty idea: "It is now much the fashion to take out the plain wood panel in front of the tall-standing, Dutch clocks, and to insert in its place one of embroidered silk, worked in some artistic and elaborate way. One had a vase of flowers worked in natural colors on a deep red ground, with 'Tempus fugit' in distinct gold letters on the vase. The tendrils from sprays of ivy, gracefully trailed, formed a sort of frame to the design. Another panel was of olive-green, with a bird flying upward from some corn and poppies, and 'Merry larks are plowmen's clocks' worked in gold letters at the top of the panel above the bird. A second bird was seen just rising from between the poppies, grass and corn."

LAMP-SHADES.—Shades can be made of gold paper, with delicate fern fronds or ivy leaves, first pressed and partially dried, and then gummed on and varnished, an edge of light lace added round at the last. Old discolored shades can be recovered, and thus renovated, with advantage.

Fancy Needlework.



EDGING.

EDGING FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES. (Vandyke Braid and Crochet.)—Materials, red and white crochet cotton and white vandyke braid. 1st row, with red cotton: *16 double with 1 chain between each in first scallop of braid (see Illustration), 1 bar and loop as follows: 12 chain, going back along the first 5 stitches, 5 double, repeat from *. 2d row, with white cotton: *7 double, with 1 chain between each in the 7 separate chain stitches, between the centre 8 of the 16 double, 5

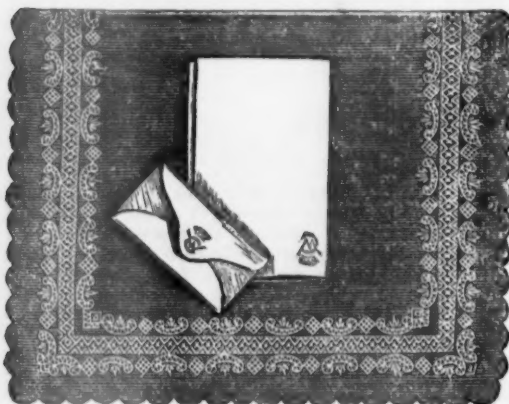
chain, 1 double in first stitch of loops, 4 chain, join to first of preceding 5 chain, †1 purl of 5 chain and 1 double in the first stitch, 6 chain, 1 double in next stitch of loops, 5 chain, join to first of preceding 6 chain, repeat 7 times from †, but in the 3d repetition crochet the double in the same stitch as that in which the double of the 2d repetition was crocheted, and in the last repetition crochet 5 instead of 6 chain, and 4 instead of 5, repeat from *. 3d row, with red cotton: *2 double with 1 chain between in the centre 3 chain of the 7 double, 2 double in next purl, 7 times alternately 1 purl, 2 double in next purl, repeat from *. 4th row, with red cotton along the other side of the braid (see Illustration): *7 double with 1 chain between each in next scallop, 3 chain, 1 long treble half drawn up before next hollow, 1 treble half drawn up in centre of hollow, 1 treble after the hollow, drawn up with the centre stitch of the middle and the upper stitch of the 1st treble, then finish the centre treble, 3 chain, repeat from *. 5th row, with white cotton: *4 double with 1 chain between each, in centre 5 chain of 7 double, 5 chain, 1 long treble not fully drawn up in next chain, 1 long treble not fully drawn up in 3 chain, 1 treble in next 3 chain, drawn up with centre stitch of last long treble, 1 long treble in chain

after next double, draw up with the upper parts of the preceding long trebles together, 5 chain, repeat from *. 6th row: *1 treble in chain between 2 double, 3 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in next chain, then 4 chain, 1 treble not fully drawn up in 5 chain, 1 treble drawn up with the preceding 2 treble in next 5 chain, 4 chain, 1 treble in chain before next double, 1 chain, repeat from *. 7th row: *1 treble in chain between 2 treble, 3 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in next chain, then 3 chain, 1 treble not fully drawn up in 4 chain, 1 treble drawn up with the preceding 2 treble in next 4 chain, 3 chain, 1 treble in chain before next treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 treble in next chain, 1 chain, repeat from *.



BATHING SLIPPER.

BATHING SLIPPER.—Slipper of white elastic cloth, lined with linen, and soled with manilla straw, covered inside with white elastic cloth. The toe is braided with very narrow red worsted braid, sewn on with knotted stitches of black silk. Round the slipper is a border of loops of red braid, meeting in front in a rosette of braid, and a white seashell.



MAT FOR WRITING-MATERIALS.

MAT FOR WRITING-MATERIALS.—Oblong mat of olive green cloth, scalloped round the edge, and lined with the same material. The double lines are worked with fawn-colored silk, in interwoven buttonhole-stitch, and the intervals are filled up with vandykes of fawn-colored silks. The chain-stitches are worked with two shades of fawn-colored silks. The pattern is worked on a ground perforated with small holes; the chain-stitches are worked with several shades of olive. The silk braid in the centre is worked across with three shades of pink and blue silk, so as to form a diamond pattern.



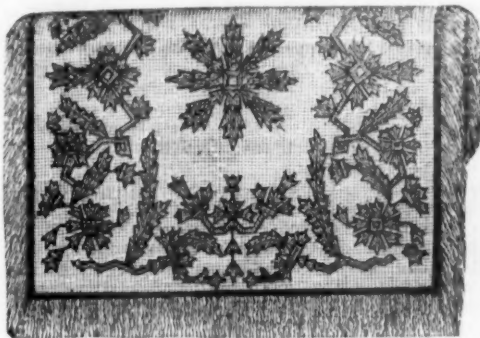
BABY'S BOOT.

Baby's Boot. (Victoria Crochet and Point Russe.)—Have a good pattern cut in lining, and begin from the lower edge along a foundation chain, as follows:—1st pattern row (with white wool): Victoria stitch. In all the following pattern rows the stitches of the return row are taken up, instead of from the vertical part of the stitch, from the horizontal part of the chain-stitch on the wrong side. Widen and narrow according to the

pattern, and when arrived at the top of the boot, crochet for the centre stripe as follows: In the marginal stitches of one side of the work (with blue wool, in a raised pattern). 1st pattern row: Take up one out of each marginal stitch, and in the return row draw up one, * 3 chain; leave the working thread on the the wrong side of the work, put the needle into the stitch last drawn up, and also into the chain-stitch, draw the thread through everything on the needle, draw up the next stitch, repeat from *. 2d pattern row (with white wool): Like the preceding row, except that in the first row the stitches are taken out of the vertical part of the stitches. Then follow three pattern rows, with blue wool in the pattern of the boot, and then 2 pattern rows in the raised design, the 1st crocheted with white wool, and the 2d, which is also

joined to the other side of the boot (with blue wool) by a row of slip-stitches; the centre stripe of blue wool is then worked in point russe with white wool, and the boot itself is worked with white wool in point russe, as shown in the Illustration. The sole is then crocheted in ordinary Victoria-stitch, and joined to the boot with double crochet. At the upper edge of the boot is a narrow border, crocheted with blue wool, through which a blue sarsnet ribbon is threaded. For the border, crochet as follows:—1st round: Double crochet. Every round is closed with a slip-stitch. 2d round: 4 chain, the first 3 to form 1 treble, miss 1, 2 treble, with 1 spot between in the next stitch. For the spot, wind the wool 15 times round the forefinger

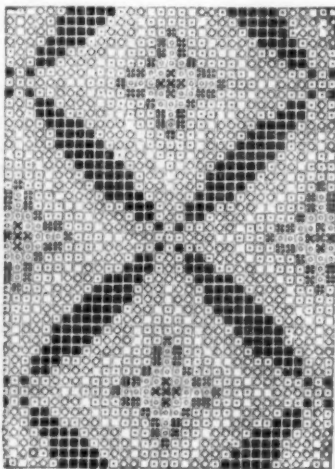
of the right hand, take the loops off the finger, put the needle through them, and also through the stitch on the needle, and draw up the stitch so formed once more; 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, 1 chain, repeat from *. The boot has a lining knitted to and fro with white ice wool, and wooden knitting-needles to fit the boot. It is then sewn together, and sewn inside the boot with fine white cotton.



CHAIR-BACK.

CHAIR-BACK (Overcast Stitch).—Ground of ecru-colored canvas. Trace the design, and work the outlines with gold bronze silk. The veins and

stems are worked with brown silk, as in the narrow border round the outer edge. Outside the border the canvas is unraveled to form the fringe.



SQUARE FOR SLIPPERS, ETC.

SQUARE FOR SLIPPERS, ETC.—To be worked on canvas, in cross-stitch, with three shades of fawn, two shades olive, red and yellow wool.

Wit and Humour.

A CORRESPONDENT at Glen's Falls, New York, writes: "Milk is only two cents a quart here. The water-power in this place is not used for manufacturing purposes."

"PATRICK, you say that Shakespeare was a common reading-book in your school at home; now can you tell me who the melancholy Dane was?" "Dane Shwift, sure!" replied Patrick.

BUSINESS MAN: "You vagabond! You send in word that you would see me on business, and, when I ask what your business is, you beg!" Vagabond: "But you forget, sir, begging is my business!"

A KANSAS schoolmistress has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result, the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

THE following rather amusing and somewhat grim anecdote is told of a certain gentleman who was in the habit of seeking his pleasures away from home. Thinking that this was hardly fair, he resolved to give his wife a pleasant surprise by spending the evening at home. After supper he settled himself down for a cozy time in the bosom of his family. He had no more than comfortably fixed himself, when his wife asked him if his friends didn't want him any longer, and if that was why he had concluded to get acquainted with

his family. Then his mother-in-law asked him if he had exhausted his credit and was obliged to stay at home. The servant asked him if he was ill, and proposed to make some tea. One of the neighbors came in and wanted to know if he had been having any trouble, and was afraid of the law. And he says it all occurred in twenty minutes, for in exactly half an hour he was "down town" again. The moral of the story is quite plain.

EVEN the philosophers sometimes have the laugh turned on them. A little boy said, in the presence of Herbert Spencer: "What an awful lot of crows!" The philosopher corrected the youth by saying: "I have yet to learn, little master, that there is anything to inspire awe in such a bird as the crow." For once the author of first principles met his match. The boy replied: "But I didn't say there was. I didn't say, what a lot of awful crows! but what an awful lot of crows!" Sound, for the boy.

OF course there are some of us who are a trifle bored when compelled to listen a second time to the same sermon. The weariness would be a little alleviated if repeaters would bear in mind the answer of a little girl of twelve years, the daughter of a clergyman, who was asked: "Sadie, does papa ever preach the same sermon twice?" After thinking a moment, Sadie replied: "Yes, I believe he does; but I think he hollers in different places."

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FOR general spring-wear woolen fabrics are shown in every quality and in a variety of new designs and shades. All-wool goods retain their color, will not crease or wrinkle, and never gather up and draw when slightly wet, as mixed goods are apt to do. Cashmere is a staple article and may now be purchased in a nice grade from fifty cents a yard upward. Woolen materials in the handkerchief style, with plaid border trimming, make useful dresses for house and street wear. Other desirable materials for spring and summer wear are pongee and foulard silk, suitable for morning and traveling dresses. Calicoes and chintzes are more beautiful than ever in appearance and design. Pretty Scotch and Madras ginghams, cheese-cloths, and so forth, retain their popularity. Cheviots and flowered and figured satens are also among the favorite cotton goods.

In more expensive materials, we find gay satin brocades, and plain satins, laces, and the like, covered with an embroidery of jet and iridescent beads. Plain and brocaded velvets will still be worn for lower skirts, with cloth, silk or cashmere overdresses.

For spring wraps, the English walking-jacket will divide favor with the richer black silk and satin mantle. The hunting-jacket will also be worn, as well as coat-basques made of velvet and satin de Lyon. Little shoulder capes are made to match costumes. Street suits will also be made with hoods, which may be attached and detached at pleasure.

Spring hats and bonnets will probably be very fancy. The materials are mostly tuscan braid, and black straw, and chip. The favorite shapes are a modified poke and the fanchon. Several shades of the same color are often seen on one bonnet—for instance, the yellow tints on one varied from

pale lemon to deep orange. Wide satin ribbon in new tints will be used for bonnet strings, double-faced being the most popular. Quantities of bright-tinted flowers are shown on spring bonnets, and the present tendency seems to be for flowers in large and medium sizes. Several pretty new colors have appeared. Among these are pistache and dahlia. There is a greenish yellow in every variety of shade that seems destined to be popular. Scarlet and white are the leading shades, but they are so blended that one scarcely knows where the bright tints commence until they are ended in a faint yellow pink.

Expensive passementeries and fringes ornament rich dresses. Gold, silver and steel laces, and embroidered bands of satin are pretty extravagances. Bead trimmings, butterflies, May-bugs and fancy-painted buttons trim even plain costumes. New belts have ornamental hooks-and-eyes to fasten them. A bag attached to a belt is the only pocket now seen.

A great deal of shirring is put in new dresses and wraps. Of these last, sometimes shirring alone forms the shape of neck and sleeves. The newest caprice for dresses and wraps is shirred yokes. Vests and tabliers are worn more than ever, for woolen, silks and satin dresses; sometimes a rich tablier (apron) forms the only trimming.

Stylish *lingerie* at the present time embraces all kinds, from the plain, standing collar to the large fichu, and is shown in lace, mull and net, together with Spanish, Languedoc, Breton, Valenciennes, Vermicelli, or any other soft and pretty edgings.

Bouquets of artificial flowers, principally red and tea-roses, are worn at the neck, in the belt or on one side of the corsage near the shoulder, in more or less dressy toilettes.

Young ladies and little girls will wear sailor hats.

Housekeepers' Department.

RECIPES.

VEAL BALLS.—One-half pound of cold veal, eight tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of mixed dried herbs, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, two eggs. Put six tablespoonfuls of the bread-crumbs into a bowl, and chopping the veal finely mix it therewith. Season this with the pepper and salt, adding the nutmeg, also the parsley and herbs, after which the whole must be thoroughly mixed together. To give this consistency, drop in the yolks of the two eggs, saving the whites separate upon a plate. Roll the mixture now into small balls, using an ounce of flour upon the hands to prevent sticking. Beat the whites of the eggs slightly, roll the balls therein, and placing the remaining bread-crumbs in a paper, roll

them also in it. Throw them into smoking, clarified fat for four minutes, when they should be taken out and put to drain on kitchen paper, after which serve upon a hot napkin.

SAVORY HASH.—Three-quarters of a pound of cold meat, one Spanish onion, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one dessertspoonful of catsup, one dessertspoonful of Harvey's sauce, one-half pint of second stock, one carrot, one turnip. Clean and chop fine both the carrot and turnip, when they must be put to boil in a small saucepan with boiling water until tender, which will take about twenty minutes. While these are cooking, melt the butter in a separate saucepan, brown it in the onion sliced, then cutting into slices cold roast beef, or beefsteak, roll them in the flour, and, placing these slices in the butter with the onion,

brown slightly also. Pour over this the stock, the Harvey's sauce, and catsup, stir gently until the stock boils, and season with pepper and salt. When the meat is thoroughly heated through, arrange them in a flat dish and pour the gravy over. Strain the water from the carrot and turnip, and pile them high on the top of the pieces of meat when ready for serving.

CUSTARD PIE—Three eggs, three gills of milk, one ounce of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Line a pie-tin with pie-crust, and putting the eggs and sugar into a bowl, beat them together until the eggs become very light. Add to this the milk, and pour all into the crust-lined pie-tin; place the whole in a moderate oven, and bake the pie for half an hour. When done, grate over the surface the nutmeg, and serve cold or hot, as the taste may suggest, although custard pie should be cooled at once if desired cold, as the crust soaks and becomes unpalatable with standing.

A SIMPLE SPONGE-CAKE.—Take five eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, break the eggs upon the latter, beat all together for half an hour. Take the weight of two and a half eggs in their shells of flour, and after the time of beating is expired stir in the flour the grated rind of a lemon and as much of the juice as desired, and pour immediately into a tin lined with buttered paper; place at once into a rather cool oven.

FISH CROQUETTES.—Three-quarters of a pound of cold boiled fish, five tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, one and a half ounces of butter, two eggs, one-half of a lemon, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, one saltspoonful of powdered mace. Shred the fish with two forks, and remove from it the bones and skin. Place it, when prepared, into a

bowl, and mix with it the bread-crumbs. Melt the butter, and pour it over this mixture; add thereto the pepper, salt, mace and nutmeg, beat all together, and squeeze over it the lemon-juice. Add to this the anchovy sauce and the two eggs; stir all together, and form into croquettes of equal size, about three inches in length. Drop, one by one, into hot, clarified fat or lard, fry for two minutes, then remove them from the pan, drain them, and serve in a napkin folded to form a basket.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

COPPER utensils or brass articles may be as thoroughly cleaned and look as bright by washing them with a solution of salt and vinegar as by using oxalic acid, with the advantage of running no risk of poisoning either children or careless persons. Use as much salt as the vinegar will dissolve, and apply with a woolen rag, rubbing vigorously, then polish with pulverized chalk, and the article will look like new, with little labor, as the acid of the vinegar is very efficient in removing all stains from either copper or brass.

THE following is the Scotch method of washing woolen shawls: Scrape one pound of soap, and boil it down in water. When cooling beat it with the hand; it will become a sort of jelly. Add three tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine and one of spirits of hartshorn. Wash the article thoroughly in it, then rinse in cold water until all the soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to lie together. Mangle and iron with a very cool iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Use the salt only where there are delicate colors that may strike.

Notes and Comments.

Wearing Jewelry.

AN article by Miss M. R. Oakley in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, gives some very sensible hints on good taste in dress and ornaments. Speaking of jewelry, she says:

"The wearing of jewels is not often well understood. One does not see many handsome jewels worn in America, with the exception of diamonds. It is said that the value of the diamond fluctuates less than that of any other precious stone, and that they therefore recommend themselves to the practical masculine mind as an investment, and that this is the real reason that our women wear diamonds so exclusively. This is to be regretted, as the diamond, from its excessive brilliancy and hardness of light, is not becoming to many women. To the blue-eyed, the sapphire or even the inexpensive turquoise, is often far more harmonious and decorative. A little, pale woman in flashing diamonds is absurd; the silent pearl, the dull, soft turquoise, the evasive, mysterious opal, even the little moon-stone, a green chalcedony, the topaz, an amethyst with a velvet surface for finish (what the French call *déface*), even amber or pale ten-

colored coral—all these as ornaments are becoming to ninety-nine women, where the diamond is becoming to the one-hundredth. Let us emancipate ourselves from imagining a thing beautiful because it is costly, or beautiful as an ornament because it is beautiful in itself, or ornamental in the dress of one person because it is so in the dress of another.

"We knew once a charming little lady who, being in very moderate circumstances, dressed in such simple materials as she could easily procure—in winter often in soft, gray woollens, in summer in light-colored muslins, with a white scarf, a straw bonnet, with the plainest, pale ribbon neatly tying it down. Her complexion was like a wild rose, and with her soft, fair hair and blue eyes, her figure delicate even to the point of fragility, no dress could have been more coquettish and exquisitely appropriate. Later her husband came into a fortune. She eagerly adopted heavy velvets, beneath whose weight she seemed to totter, diamonds of great size and brilliancy. They made her at once a plain woman; and as her freshness began to fade, we wondered how we could ever have thought her exquisitely pretty; and it seemed to us that with soft lace and the tender dullness of

pearls, with crapes of gray or white as material for her gowns, even faded she would have been charming.

Food Reform.

THE high price of meat in England has turned public attention to the food-value of many articles of diet not heretofore largely used in that country. More vegetables are eaten. The "Food Reform Society" has been active in extending among the people a knowledge of the simpler and more accessible articles of food, and in pointing out the nutritiveness of many articles heretofore overlooked or set aside as of little value. The use of "whole meal" bread, instead of that made from fine flour, is extending rapidly in London; "and," says *Chambers's Journal*, "its concomitant as a cheap and healthy food—the porridge of Scotland—is now forming a portion of the daily diet of very many Londoners. For those in the great metropolis who desire to have a more mixed diet than may have been customary with them, opportunity is now afforded by the opening of various establishments in which, as a rule, the food is exclusively vegetable."

About two years ago the "Food Reform Restaurant" was started in London, and now averages four hundred dinners per day. The number of these houses, wholly or partially vegetarian, has increased, until there are the "Food of Health Restaurant," Farringdon Road, with five hundred diners a day; "The Garden," 23 Jewin Street, with three hundred and fifty diners; the "Reform," 228 Kingsland Road, with one hundred; the "People's Café," Gracechurch Street, with about one hundred and fifty; and the "Food of Health Café," Fleet Street, where the diet is vegetarian, with the addition of fish for those who prefer it. The same company are arranging to open other houses shortly.

Any food reform that tends to decrease the use of meats, and increase that of vegetables, is in the right direction, and may well be extended to this country.

Population of the World.

THE latest estimate of the population of the world places it at fourteen hundred and fifty-six million, showing an increase of nearly seventeen million in nineteen months. "It seems rather startling at first sight," remarks the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, "to find that the population of the earth is increasing at the rate of nearly a million persons per month; but a little consideration shows that this is quite possible, since the rate of increase of population in most countries, of which we have trustworthy statistics, exceeds one per cent. per annum. Asia is said to contain considerably more than half the population of the globe, or eight hundred and thirty-five millions; Europe, three hundred and sixteen millions; Africa, two hundred and six millions; America, ninety-five millions; Australia and Polynesia, four millions. Bearing in mind the different areas of the continents, we can see that America will long be able to absorb, to the advantage of itself and of all other nations, the surplus population of the rest of the world, even if it should exceed twelve millions per annum."

Publishers' Department.

BRONCHITIS.

A lady in Carmel, New York, after using the Compound Oxygen Treatment for about four weeks, writes as follows in regard to the result:

"Four years ago I had an attack of *Acute Bronchitis*. It was two or three months before I got over it, and then I had lost my voice. I could not sing. The next winter I had two attacks, and in the spring I had chronic inflammation of the throat. I was treated for it from March till June. Then my husband took me to Brooklyn for medical treatment. I got very much better; but as soon as the weather became cold I took cold and had to stay in the house for most of the time, with an inflamed throat. When I sent for the Oxygen I had just had the worst attack from which I had ever suffered. I feared that I was going to lose my voice entirely, it hurt me so to talk. Last year, every time I had a cold it left me with a pain in the lower part of my left lung. This summer the doctor sounded my lung, and said all the trouble was in the larger air-passage.

"The first time I inhaled the Oxygen, that pain left me in half an hour, and have not felt it since. For two days my lungs felt real good; then the inhaling made it feel sore, and every time I coughed it seemed to come from that place where the pain had been, and what I passed had a very bad taste, but did not look bad.

"I have taken a great many different things, but never in my life took anything like the Oxygen. I feel so strong and well, and I have such a good, healthy appetite."

For full information in regard to this new treatment for chronic diseases, address, Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia, Pa.

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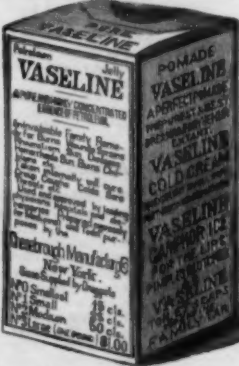


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APR 21 1881

No.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Jaundice, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

Brilliant Results.

There cannot be found, in the journals of any school of medicine, an account of such brilliant cures as have been made, during the past ten years, in a wide range of chronic diseases, by the new Compound Oxygen Treatment. In a single number of our quarterly journal, *Health and Life*, will be found a record of cures, some of which would make the reputation of any medical practitioner. Not a day in which our large correspondence with patients does not bring us new reports of cures, or ameliorations of distressing symptoms, or expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for relief from pains which have tortured for years, and for which no treatment had hitherto availed anything.

"Thank God for Compound Oxygen!"

This is the grateful utterance of the wife of a clergyman. Her letter, dated New City, Rockland County, New York, June 14th, 1880, thus states the condition of her husband when he began the Oxygen Treatment:

"Rev. A. J. Conklin, Pastor New City and Centennial Churches, Newark Conference, was run down with overwork; voice injured, memory impaired, eyes very badly impaired, so that he could scarcely follow up general reading, much less study; throat affected, and the whole system in a bad state. He would have had to stop preaching had he not found help. I asked him this morning what I should say in reporting progress to you for him. 'Oh,' he says, 'tell them I can well. Never felt better in my life!' This on the minister's 'Blue Monday' after preaching three times on a very hot day, administering the sacrament and baptismal service, and walking three miles afterwards! And now he is at work in his garden. Thank God for Compound Oxygen!"

A Physician's Report.

Many physicians are using Compound Oxygen in their practice, and with remarkable success. One of them writes:

"My patient has now been under treatment about four weeks. His condition at the time of beginning the Treatment was very unfavorable indeed; he was very feeble, severe cough, expectorating pus in considerable quantity; he suffered with night sweats; all of his friends considered his case as hopeless. Every symptom has improved; his cough is very much better; his strength and general appearance has improved a hundred per cent., in fact he has the appearance of a new man."

A Blessing to Humanity.

A lady residing in Georgia, whose son was threatened with consumption, wrote to one of our old patients, Mrs. M. T. Piersol, of No. 1636 Wallace Street, Philadelphia, asking if a testimonial in favor of Compound Oxygen, to which she saw her name attached, was genuine, and received the following reply:

"Yours just received. It is my privilege to say, in reply to your inquiry about the Compound Oxygen Treatment, that it is all it claims to be, and in some cases has exceeded its promise. My testimonial is genuine, and I am always glad of the opportunity to give my voice in favor of so great a blessing to humanity. As to your son's case, I would say, Persevere by all means. I think he has everything to expect; of course I cannot judge intelligently for him; but he can rely with all confidence upon Dr. Starkey's word. I have known him for years. He is an intelligent and faithful physician and a true man. I would advise you to keep him posted, and follow his directions strictly."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

1109 and 1111 Girard St., (Between Chestnut & Market) Phila., Pa.

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph.B., M.D.

"Wonderful, Wonderful Medicine!"

So exclaims a patient, Rev. J. S. Fesperman, of Statesville, North Carolina. Writing June 2d, 1880, he says:

"In the Providence of God I owe my present state of health to your Oxygen. I was near the gate of the grave, and, as I believe, close to the great portals of eternal life, when I commenced taking what I now consider the greatest of all healing agents, Compound Oxygen. I cannot refrain from saying, 'Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful medicine!' Physicians and friends had believed that I could not live any length of time, and I am here yet, with my large family of children, and able to walk from three to four miles every morning. I cannot speak in terms too high of your remedy."

An Editor's Testimony.

Mr. R. P. Lewis, of East Saginaw, Michigan, writing to the editor of the *Laporte (Ind.) Argus*, says:

"I wish you would allow me to say, over my own signature, a word in behalf of a remarkable curative agent—Compound Oxygen. It is not a medicine but a vitalizer, and its effects are natural, direct and permanent. Its use involves no risk or inconvenience of any kind. I speak both from observation and experience. I was induced to try it by the recommendation of such men as T. S. Arthur and Judge Kelley, and also a personal friend, and have found it more than was promised. This was over six months ago, and the good effects have been permanent. A gain of fourteen pounds in six weeks was the avoirdupois result, but my general spirits were lightened up at least a ton. There are three other men here who have tried the Compound Oxygen with even more striking results, and I am acquainted with the history of each case. One of them lost his voice last winter, and was so run down in general health that little hope was entertained of his recovery. The Oxygen cured him without change of climate or stopping work, and he says he is as well as ever. Another, who had worked for years as paying teller in a bank, and was all used up and not expected to live beyond a month or two, took the Treatment, and is a hundred per cent. better and recovering rapidly. Another who was in the latter stages of Consumption, has tried it, and is greatly improved. He tells me he would have been dead long ago but for this remedy. I have no axe to grind in making this statement, and if you should not publish it I would lose nothing by the refusal, though if you should others might be benefited, which is all the end I have sought to compass."

Arresting the Progress of Consumption.

The action of "COMPOUND OXYGEN" in arresting the progress of pulmonary consumption has been so marked and constant in our administration of this new Treatment, that we are warranted in saying that, if taken in the early stages, eight out of every ten persons affected with this disease might be cured. In this disease, as every one is aware, the only hope of the patient lies in the establishment of a higher vital condition. Now Compound Oxygen is an agent that gives directly this new and higher vitality. But we cannot too earnestly urge the necessity of using this Treatment in the very commencement of pulmonary trouble, and before the disease has made any serious inroads upon the system and reduced its power to contend with so dangerous an enemy. Too many of the cases which come to us are of long standing, and the chances for a radical and permanent cure just so far remote. That Compound Oxygen benefits or cures so large a proportion of these, is often as much a surprise to ourselves as to our patients.

JUNE,

1881.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



VOL. XLIX.

I. S. ARTHUR & SON.
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 6.

Entered at the Post-office at Philadelphia as second-class matter.

Terms, \$2.00 a Year.

Office, 227 South Sixth St. Philadelphia.

CONTENTS—JUNE, 1881.

FRONTISPIECE.

Contentment.	315
Lady June. By Eliza Cook. (Illustrated).....	316
Talking it Over with Sister Gray. By Mrs. S. M. Hartough.....	317
Dying at the Top First. By Elsie.....	318
In my Garden. (Illustrated).....	318
"At the Last." By Sigma.....	319
The Boys' Start in Life. By Edward Garrett.....	322
The Spider. (Illustrated).....	325
What Shall I Answer? By S. J. Jones.....	325
Woman's Work. By Margaret B. Harvey.....	327
The Web of Life. By Faustine.....	328
Deafy. By Madge Carrol.....	329
Innspruck. (Illustrated).....	331
The Silver Silence. By Major Moore.....	337
The Art of Finesse Story-telling.....	339
I ester's Wife. By Isadore Rogers. Chapters I and II.....	344
Heart's-Ease. By Mrs. C. L. Baker.....	344

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER. Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

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SKIN.



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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

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25 CENTS PER BOX.

PILLS

Uncle John's Store. By Rosella Rice.....	345
Be More Ready to Praise than to Blame.....	348
A New Year's Picnic. By H. B.....	349
RELIGIOUS READING.....	352
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.....	354
THE HOME CIRCLE.....	356
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.....	362
YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT.....	363
USEFUL AND CURIOUS.....	366
HUMOROUS.....	367
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.....	368
HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.....	369
RECORD OF CHRISTIAN CHARITIES.....	370
FANCY NEEDLEWORK. (Illustrated).....	371
FASHION DEPARTMENT.....	372
ART AT HOME.....	372
NEW PUBLICATIONS.....	373
NOTES AND COMMENTS.....	374
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.....	374

(Write for particulars; mention this publication.)

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Differs in all essential respects from every other Machine!—Only Machine without a Tension, and Hobbin or Shuttle!—Only really Light-running Machine!—Only Machine with Stitch-regulator!—Easiest to Work!—Fastest!—Makes Strongest Seam!—Absolutely without Danger to Health!

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in this country, and our mail order business is only equaled by the Bon Marche of Paris. We neither misrepresent nor deal in worthless articles.

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OUR NEW CATALOGUE

for Spring and Summer will be more complete than ever. Do not fail to send for one immediately. It will cost you nothing, and may be the means of saving money.

JORDAN, MARSH & CO.,

Washington & Avon Streets,
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

[Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Fashionable Styles of Garments.**FIGURE NO. 1.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 1.—(Consisting of costume No. 7559, again shown in a different material and with other decorations on page 3 of this issue).—This model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide.

**FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 2.—(Consisting of slip No. 7517, again shown, with other decorations but a similar material, on page 4 of this issue).—This handsome slip-model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old, and costs 15 cents. To make the slip for a child of 4 years, needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide.

**7537**

Front View.

**7537**

Back View.

**7529**

Front View.

**7529**

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7537.—This model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. The costume, for a girl of 7 years, needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. The sash calls for $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7529.—This model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. A girl of 6 years needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of checked material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain, each 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of checked goods and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain, each 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

**7520***Front View.*

LADIES'
No. 7520.—This model calls wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches it for a lady of medium size. is navy-blue twilled flannel, and handsome buttons. The from 28 to 46 inches, bust mea-

**7527****LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 7527.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will need $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**7520***Back View.*

COSTUME.
for $14\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, in making a costume like The material here represented trimmed with machine-stitching pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies ure. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7530****LADIES' SHIRRED PLASTRON.**

No. 7530.—For this plastron, the foundation and outside each needs $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide. Its pattern is in one size, and costs 10 cents.

**7519***Front View.***7519***Back View.***CHILD'S JACKET.**

No. 7519.—This model is suitable for any jacket material, and is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the jacket for a child of 5 years, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

**7567***Front View.***7567***Back View.***GIRLS' BASQUE, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.**

No. 7567.—This charming little model is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the basque as illustrated for a girl of 5 years, will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 15 cents.

**7563***Front View.***7533****LADIES' CAPE, WITH HOOD.**

No. 7533.—This stylish costume may be made of silk, satin, net, mull or any preferred variety of goods. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make a cape by it for a lady of medium size, will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**7563***Back View.***7534****LADIES' TRAV-**

No. 7563.—This stylish model is mohair, linen and, indeed, any material cloaks. The engravings represent the a striped satin hood-lining and sleeve-ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make a cape by it for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide.

ELLING WRAP.

available for light qualities of cloth, rial devoted to the construction of wrap as made of soft camel's-hair, with facings. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ure. To make the wrap for a lady of goods 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 36 wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.

**7564***Front View.***7564***Back View.***LADIES' ADJUST-
ABLE COLLAR.**

No. 7534.—This pattern is in one size, and calls for $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 22 inches wide in making a collar like it. Any of the fashionable varieties of lace will trim a collar of this description handsomely, and the collar portion itself may be made of silk, satin, crape, Swiss or velvet. Price, 10 cts.

**7559***Front View.***7559***Back View.***CHILD'S APRON.**

No. 7564.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old, and requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide for a child of 4 years. Price, 15 cts.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 7559.—This model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old. It needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide for a child of 4 years. Price, 20 cents.



7516

Front View.

7541

Front View.

7541

Back View.

7516

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 7541.—This quaint little costume requires 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide, in its construction for a girl of 6 years. The model is appropriate for any material, and is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Price of any size, 20 cents.

MISSES' COSTUME, WITH ADJUSTABLE CAPE.

No. 7516.—This model in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be selected for any suitable material. The added scarf-drapes of the front, as well as the jaunty shoulder-cape, offer ample opportunity for the union of two materials in constructing costumes by this model. To make the costume, without the trimmings illustrated, for a miss of 12 years, will require $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 25 cents.



7552

Front View.

7517

Front View.

7517

Back View.

7552

Back View.

CHILD'S SLIP, WITH POINTED YOKE.

No. 7517.—(Also illustrated with other decorations at Child's figure No. 2 on page 1).—This little dress is made of lawn, and is neatly trimmed with Hamburg edging and insertion. A child of 4 years needs $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. Price of any size, 15 cents.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 7552.—A very charming model for a basque is pictured by these engravings. Camel's-hair, flannel, cloth or any variety of material may be selected for its construction, and machine-stitching or any simple finish chosen as trimming. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide. The model is handsomely fitted, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 25 cents.



7540

Front View.

7568

Front View.

7568

Back View.

7540

Back View.

GIRLS' LONG DRESSING-SACK.

No. 7568.—The pattern to this comfortable little sack is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 6 years, needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

LADIES' JACKET.

No. 7540.—This jaunty model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Cloth of any description used for such jackets may be made up satisfactorily by this model, and stitching, binding or any desired finish chosen for its edges. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7515

Front View.

7518

Front View.

7518

Back View.

7515

Back View.

GIRLS' PLAITED COSTUME.

No. 7518.—One of the prettiest models that has ever been designed for girls' wear, is here pictured. It is in this instance developed in fine navy-blue flannel, with triple rows of machine-stitching as decoration. For a girl of 7 years, it needs $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. It is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and any size costs 20 cents.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 7515.—A pretty costume of lawn, decorated with tiny, lace-edged ruffles of the material, is here shown, and consists of a stylish polonaise and skirt. The latter is in the ordinary four-gored style, while the polonaise is decidedly novel, owing to the introduction of the shirring in the back. It is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. A miss of 12 years needs $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, for the costume. Price of any size, 25 cents.



7569

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE, WITH KNOWN AS THE

No. 7569.—This model is in 46 inches, bust measure, and camel's-hair, cashmere or any machine-stitched edges. To medium size, needs $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide.



7521

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 7521.—The construction of this exceedingly stylish costume for a lady of medium size, will require $12\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 48 inches wide. The model is 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 30 cents.



7569

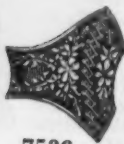
Back View.

ATTACHED PLAITS, (ALSO "HUNTING JACKET").

13 sizes for ladies from 28 to will be chosen for Cheviot, such material, with plain or make the basque for a lady of of material 22 inches wide, Price of any size, 25 cents.



7538

Front View.

7536

Front View.

7536

Back View.

7538

Back View.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 7538.—This model is suitable for any fabric made up into such garments, and is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 25 cents.

LADIES' SPANISH GIRDLK.

No. 7536.—The engravings illustrate a dainty accessory that may be made up in any material. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The girdle, for a lady of medium size, needs $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 5 cents.



7523

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE,
"SHOOTING"

No. 7523.—A novel and be-
here pictured. It is suitable for
and may be worn with contrast-
Machine-stitching is the method
The model is in 13 sizes for ladies
ure. To make it for a lady of
goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard



7549

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 7549.—To make this cos-
tume as shown for a lady of me-
dium size, requires $11\frac{1}{4}$ yards of
suit material 22 inches wide, or
 $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of suit goods 48 inches
wide, together with 2 yards of
brocaded goods 22 inches wide.
The model is in 13 sizes for ladies
from 28 to 46 inches, bust meas-
ure. Price of any size, 30 cents.



7539

Front View.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 7539.—This model may be used for silk,
satin, *Sicilienne*, cashmere or *drap d'été*, and is in
10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust meas-
ure. To make it for a lady of medium size, will
require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$
yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 25 cents.



7523

Back View.

(ALSO KNOWN AS THE
JACKET").

coming style of dress-body is
the construction of any fabric
ing skirts of every description.
of finishing usually adopted.
from 28 to 46 inches, bust meas-
medium size, needs $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of
48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



7561

MISSES' SHOULDER CAPE.

No. 7561.—This jaunty and becoming model is
in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and
is available for any material with suitable deco-
rations. To make it as represented for a miss
of 12 years, will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of any material
22 inches wide. Price of any size, 10 cents.



7539

Back View.



7513

*Front View.***LADIES' JACKET
ADJUSTABLE**

No. 7513.—Gingham, flannel, or any variety of material, with bias oration, may be chosen for blouse. To make it for a quire $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 material 48 inches wide. The from 28 to 46 inches, bust



7513

*Back View.***BLOUSE, WITH
COLLARS.**

nel, camel's-hair, lawn or any bands or braid-binding as decoration. The construction of this pretty lady of medium size, will require inches wide, or 2 yards of model is in 13 sizes for ladies measure. Price, 25 cents.



7553

*Front View.***FIGURE No. 3.—GIRLS' COSTUME.**

FIGURE No. 3.—(Consisting of costume No. 7529, which is also illustrated in two views on page 1, where a combination of materials and trimmings is shown).—This charming costume is illustrated in light silk, with decorations of lace. The drapery or sash-piece may contrast with the body portion of the costume, if desired. The model is appropriate for any material, and will be especially pretty in washable fabrics. A pretty illustration of it is developed in pale blue cashmere, with decorations of Languedoc lace and satin ribbon bows. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old, and costs 20 cents. The costume, for a girl of 6 years, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide.



7553

*Side-Back View.***MISSES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 7553.—A pretty skirt-model with attached drapery is represented by the accompanying engravings. It is developed in plain camel's-hair, with the material and bias bands of plaid goods for trimming. The skirt decoration may be varied in any desired manner, tiny box-plaitings, ruffles and ruchings being stylish methods. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the skirt, without the trimming, for a miss of 13 years, requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any preferred variety of goods 22 inches wide. If material 48 inches wide be selected, then $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be sufficient. Price of any size, 25 cents.

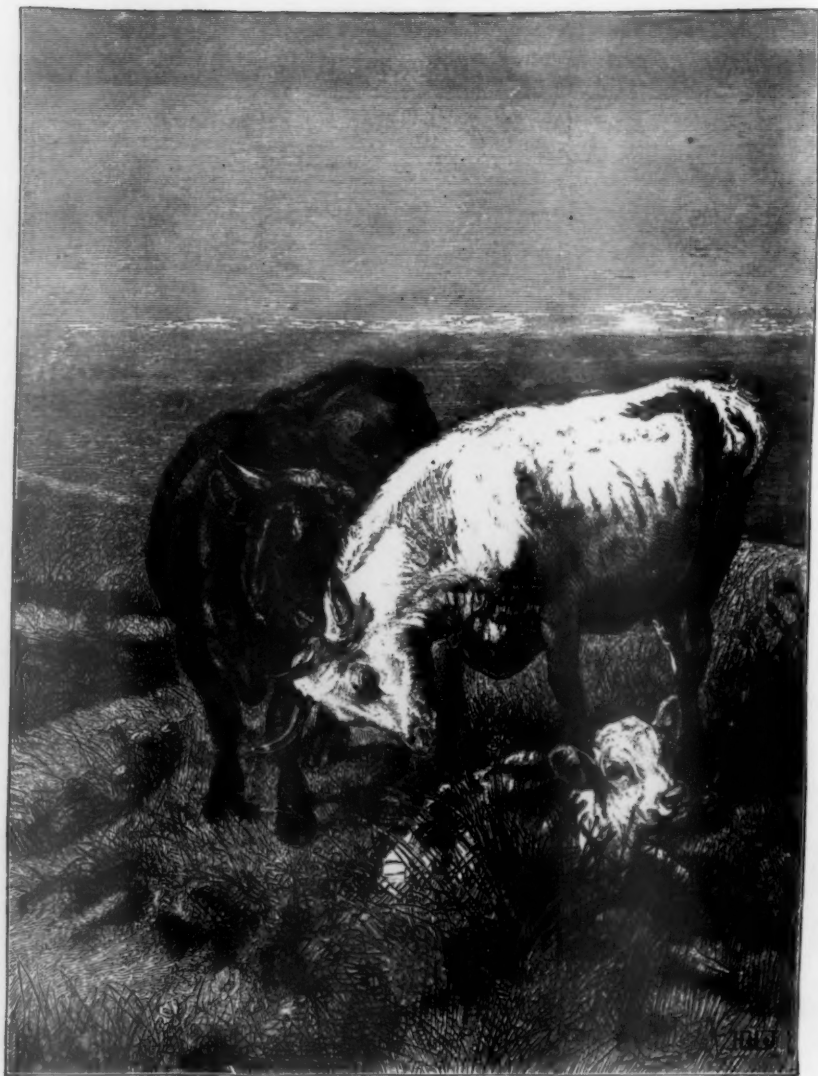
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T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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CONTENTMENT.

(From the *Painting* by H. W. B. Davis, R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877.)

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIX.

JUNE, 1881.

No. 6.



LADY JUNE.

HERE she comes with brodered kirtle; here
she is, the Lady June
Singing, like a ballad minstrel, many a gay
and laughing tune.

See, her robe is richly woven of the greenest forest
leaves,

With full bows of honey-suckle looping up her
flowing sleeves.

See, the fragrant marsh-flag plaited round her
yellow-tassell'd aash,

With the diamond studs upon it, flung there by
the river splash.

See her flounces—widely swelling as the poppy's
wings go past—

Made of roses, with the woodbine's thread to stitch
them fast.

See the fox-glove's bell of crimson, and the poppy's
scarlet bud,

Mid her tresses, bright and vivid as the sunset's
ruby scud.

* * * * *

VOL. XLIX.—22.

Here she comes with fairy footsteps, chanting ever
as she runs,

Ditty words that soothe the mournful, and enchant
the happy ones;

Here she comes, with brodered kirtle, and we list
what Lady June

May be telling out so sweetly, in that merry danc-
ing tune.

SONG OF LADY JUNE.

Oh! come with me, whoever ye be,

Come from the palace, and come from the cot;

The strong and the hale, the poor and the pale—

Ah! sad is the spirit that follows me not.

Oh! come from the town, and let us go down

To the river's mossy and eddy'd brink;

'Till be pleasant to note, as lightly we float,

The swallows at play, and the dappled kine
drink.

Then let us away where the birds are at play,

By the skirts of the woods in the peaceful shade

(315)



CONTENTMENT.

(From the Painting by H. W. B. Davis, R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877.)

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Then let us away where the birds are at play,
By the skirts of the woods in the peaceful shade

(315)

And there we can count the squirrels that mount,
And flocks that browse on the distant glade.

Little ones, come with your chattering hum,
And the bee and the bird will be jealous full soon;

For no music is heard like the echoing word
Of a child, as it treads 'mid the flowers of June.

Ye who are born to be weary and worn
With labor or sorrow, with passion or pain,
Come out for an hour, there's balm in my bower
To lighten and burnish your tear-rested chain.

Oh! come with me, wherever you be,
And beauty and love on your spirits shall fall;
The rich and the hale, the poor and the pale,
For Lady June scatters her joys for all.

ELIZA COOK.

TALKING IT OVER WITH SISTER GRAY.

"I MISSED you from the social last night," said Sister Gray, looking full into my face with her questioning eyes.

"Yes," I returned, "I presume you did, as I was not there."

"It was a very pleasant gathering," she said, quietly. "But not a great many there."

"There never is when they meet at private houses," I replied. "It is too much like a fashionable call. One feels under a restraint, and everything seems stiff and formal. For my part I have given up going altogether when they are held at private homes."

"I presume others do the same," returned Sister Gray, "for they are not nearly so well attended as when held at the church."

"The reason is that people do not feel at home," said I.

"I do not know why they should not feel so. I thought Sister Forster exerted herself last night to please her guests."

"And did she succeed?" I asked.

"I thought so. Everybody seemed happy."

"I presume everybody there was her particular friend," I returned, a little sarcastically, "that is, persons in her own set. Oh, I can name them all! There was Mrs. Cameron, and the Dubois, and the Fletchers, and the Meltons, and all that clan."

"Yes," returned Sister Gray, "all those were there, but I was there, too. I don't belong to their 'set,' nor did I feel one mite out of my sphere."

"It seems to me," said I, after a long pause, "that our church society is growing very proud and clanish anyway. One does not see the same spirit of friendliness shown that once characterized us. The leading members, that is, the older members do not show that kindness and cordiality alike to all that they did in former years. The rich ones flock together and the poor can do the same.

It is not right. More than once I have been almost frozen out of the church."

"Well, perhaps that is too true," returned Sister Gray. "Still there are two sides to every question, and this is no exception. Perhaps we are cold ourselves and feel a chill very readily."

I knew that her "we" ought to have been a "you," for no warmer soul than her own ever glowed in mortal frame; so I said, half-laughing: "Speak in the second person, Sister Gray. Leave yourself out from that accusation."

She smiled intelligently, and said: "I hear a great deal about the pride and selfishness of our rich members. But I must say that, with a few exceptions, the charge is groundless. I have never seen or experienced any of it."

"You do not see it, because you will not," said I, warmly. "Let me relate one instance in particular. You were at our last society meeting."

Sister Gray nodded.

"Several of the new members were there, among them Sister Dart and Sister Morton. Both have lately joined the church and society. The former came in dressed very plainly, and modestly took a seat next to Mrs. Cameron. That lady quite ignored the new-comer. Presently Mrs. Morton came in, dressed as if for a wedding. She only stayed a few minutes, spoke a few words to the minister's wife and retired. Immediately the questions went round, 'Who is she?' 'Has she joined our church? Where does she live?' 'We must call,' and other kindred remarks until it was some moments before the president could restore order. They were wonderfully interested in the richly-dressed Mrs. Morton, but could not see poor Sister Dart."

"I hope some person noticed her," said Sister Gray, anxiously.

"Yes, but none of that class, except Sister Rives. I saw her speaking with her and inquiring her residence. *Perhaps* she means to call."

"Sister Rives is very good about calling on the members," returned Mrs. Gray. "I did notice the incident you spoke of," she continued, "still it does not alter my previous convictions that there are two sides to this question. You have shown up one side; permit me to glance at the other side."

"Certainly, and I will try to prove as amiable a listener as yourself."

"As I said before, a great deal lies with ourselves as regards the coldness and stiffness of our members. Take a case in point. I saw Sister Cameron approach one of you dissatisfied ones last Sabbath, and she met her kindly advances with a stiff coldness that was positively rude, I thought. Now such a reception could not very well hurt Mrs. Cameron, but it lost the other sister a pleasant friend."

"That is," said I, "an extreme case."

"Possibly; but it showed a bad disposition. There was an insolent pride about it that hurt me to witness. Nothing is ever lost by carrying a gracious manner, no matter whether one is rich or poor.

"Sometimes a gracious manner partakes of the patronizing kind," I remarked. "Few like to submit to that."

"I don't like that word 'patronizing,'" responded Sister Gray. "Perhaps I don't quite understand its meaning, but it always seems to me to imply something disagreeable and indefinite."

"It is something disagreeable, certainly," I replied, "but quite definite in its tone."

"Well, whatever is understood by the word," she went on, "it is certainly no worse than a stiff, cold manner; and I must say that I see more pride amongst our poorer members than among the richer ones."

I opened my eyes in amazement. Sister Gray smiled pleasantly and with a positive manner, and continued: "I mean, of course, not the very poorest amongst us. God knows *they* are humble enough, slipping into the plainest pew and slipping out again, unnoticed and unobserving, as though it were a crime to be seen hungering for the Word. I referred to those a station higher. Those who are comfortable so long as they labor; who are beyond present want, but not beyond work."

"You mean neither the upper ten nor the lower million, but the toiling masses," said I.

"Yes. I have seen this class spurn the rich, and disregard the poor, and envy or despise those in their own station. And then, too, I often see them esteeming all alike, and they alike esteemed by all."

"Still," said I, "this does not explain why the church is so divided, so unsociable."

"I think it does," replied Mrs. Gray. "I think if we all, as individuals, tried to forget self in our desire to promote a friendly spirit, this pride would disappear. You and many others do not go to the socials when held at private houses of the wealthy members. I don't know to what *they* attribute this absence; but if the social was at *your* house, and all that class were conspicuously absent, I know what you would say."

It would have been morally impossible to lose my temper with this dear old lady, even though the rebuke sounded harsh, for her sweet seriousness of manner carried with it the conviction of her honest intentions. So, without a spark of wounded vanity, I replied: "I believe you are about right, Sister Gray. We all see through our own mirrors. If we should take a peep into a strange one sometimes, we would see the seams and wrinkles as they are. I have looked into your mirror this afternoon, and see myself in another light."

"I am glad, dear," she said, in a voice tremu-

lous with emotion, "that you have been so willing to look. If we are disposed to be gracious, we will see that graciousness is reflected in all around us. Would to God we all had more of that sweet charity that thinketh no evil."

And in my heart I said: "Amen."

MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.

DYING AT THE TOP FIRST.

IF there is one period of life which looks dreary in prospect to the busy worker, it is the period of old age, when the powers of mind as well as of body shall begin to fail. Who can but think with a feeling of sadness of Newton in his old age saying, when asked to explain some of his hard problems, "All that I can say is that they were true once." And the old general who had the stories of his battles read to him to beguile his weary, sleepless hours, and who, kindling with martial fire, would ask, "Who commanded?" All the laurels he had won were forgotten, and were no more than withered leaves to him.

I knew a learned man who had spent a long lifetime in ardent study, and who possessed a rare library, which had been more of a delight than the miser's gold to him. But as his mental powers gave way, even this solace to weakness and pain was lost.

"I had thought," he said to me, "that the pleasure I took in my books was one that would last as long as life itself, but even that has left me."

The inexpressible sadness of the profound scholar as he said this was most touching. I have thought there might be a cause found for this "dying of the tree at top first." He was one who sipped the frequent wine-cup.

You will always find that those who have kept their mental powers green and fresh even to the last hours, have been those who lead even, temperate lives, and in general they were fond of outdoor air and exercise, and took plenty of it. They were kindly affectioned toward all around them, and kept their minds in working order by daily using them with vigor. John Adams gave as the secret of his mental vigor in old age, his habit of constantly employing his mind. "An old man's mind," he said, "is like an old horse. If you would get any work out of it, you must work it all the time."

ELSIE.

TO BE true men and women, we must be self-poised, self-directing, self-respecting. We must never hang our opinions upon another's thought or a party's dictum; we must never indolently shift responsibility or sink into mental captivity to a stronger nature. The most modest of us all, however lightly he may hold his own powers, must remember that they are his own, and on that account are of priceless value to him.



IN MY GARDEN.

WE own no widespread lands,
Our store of worldly wealth
A little cottage home that stands
A furlong from the shining sands;
And mine a pair of willing hands,
And youth, and strength, and health.

When daffodils betray
The coming of the spring,
The black-bird pipes his roundelay,
The earth is very fair and gay,
And in my garden half the day
I blithely work and sing.

'Tis such a tiny patch,
But full of simple flowers,
The cherry-blossoms meet the thatch,
And pansies bold the sunbeams catch,
And in this little nook I snatch
My brightest, sweetest hours.

For pleasant thoughts must come
When budding boughs are seen;
Then through the woods I love to roam,
Or wander by the rippling foam;
But in my garden and my home
I'm happy as a queen.

"AT THE LAST."

I FOUND a bank of fairest flowers,
And Pleasure was the name it bore,
It gladdened all the sunny hours;
And life was brighter than before.
"Beware!" a voice assailed my ears;
It told me Evil lurked within,
With glaring eyes and poison tongue,
Relentless as the prince of sin.
I would not heed the warning voice;
I bathed my forehead in the dew;
I pressed the petals with my lips,
The Serpent stung me—then I knew.

SIGMA.

THE BOYS' START IN LIFE.

"Oh, how soon the years pass!" exclaimed Mrs. Bristo to her husband, as they stood at their parlor window and watched their young folks troop off to a little evening party. "How soon the years pass! It seems only the other day since you and I were admiring Dora in her cradle, and now we are beginning to wonder what the boys are to be."

"Yes," said Mr. Bristo, gravely, "that has come to be the family question now. And, in Gilbert's case at least, it must very soon find an answer. Do you ever notice any special inclination in the lads? They will be quite off their guard with you; for I think they have begun to suspect me of putting too much emphasis on their words. I have noticed once or twice, after they have given vent to enthusiastic admiration of certain skills or products, they have looked at me and added, 'But I would not go into such and such a business for the world.'"

"I wish they could go into professions," said Mrs. Bristo, wistfully; "we might have all three in the family—clergyman, lawyer and doctor. But I suppose the cost—" And she hesitated, looking in her husband's face.

He smiled.

"The cost would indeed be a grave consideration," he said. "But I don't think it alone need be a prohibitory one. If a boy has a real gift in any of these directions, that gift finds its way to the goal. The highest eminence in each profession is often reached through a lowly side-door. But I don't know that our boys have shown any special scholarly inclinations. Mind, I do not demand that a healthy boy shall dote on book-learning, in order to prove his fitness for a professional life, but have you ever seen them in their sports lean toward the work of any of the professions?"

The mother reflected.

"I cannot remember anything of the sort," she said; "except that Arthur always likes to bandage the arms and legs of the girls' dolls, and has repeatedly coaxed Mr. Pearce (that's Dr. Welby's young assistant, you know) to take him round the hospital wards."

"Ah, that looks well," returned Mr. Bristo; "we will bear that in mind about Arthur."

"But I'm sure the others could be made into lawyers or anything else, as well as most other boys," said the mother, half-proudly, half-piteously.

"Possibly," answered Mr. Bristo; "but when you have to make a boy into anything, without any special volition of his own, it behooves you carefully to ascertain that you are putting him into work in which he can do most justice to himself and others, without such special volition, and which is least likely to develop in him a latent antagonism to itself. I can imagine no lot in life

more dreadful than the necessity of earning one's bread by doing something thoroughly distasteful to one. I doubt whether the specially-gifted of the world ever fully realize the immense blessing they enjoy in finding a daily and necessary duty in work, which they would do all the same for love, whether or not for money. Therefore, where special gifts do not exist, we do well to guide our children toward callings which do not absolutely demand such to make them endurable. Not that every calling is not carried out best by those who bring to it interest and enthusiasm. But an honest, industrious nature soon finds these as the path of habit grows smooth."

"I cannot say that Gilbert has ever shown any special bent whatever," said his mother, rather sadly. "He has not excelled at school, and yet he has never hankered after active out-door pursuits, as I rather think Alfred does. But yet—I suppose you will think me foolish—I cannot bear the idea of seeing Gilbert in a shop."

"Neither can I," said her husband, taking her hand; "and shall I tell you why? Because I fear Gilbert has nothing in him which is above shop-keeping as it is generally regarded. A weak man may be upheld by his occupation; but only a strong man can raise it; only a wise man can see the uses and dignities which underlie its meaner customs and traditions; and only a firm and self-controlled man can so set these forth that others, too, shall see and own them. We all feel at once that it is a dreadful thing to imagine a clergyman taking his holy office upon him merely for the sake of income and position; we all feel, too, that, whether it is so or not, doctors and lawyers should enter upon their professions not solely to make fortunes or to acquire fame, but to do their duty to those who seek their help, and to steadily promote health and further justice. But very few of us imagine that trade can be entered upon for anything but money-making. I cannot understand why the provider for his fellow-creatures may not be as useful—and therefore as honorable—a servant of society as the healer or the legislator, as many tradesmen really are."

"But a tradesman has only to think of making a profit between buying and selling," said Mrs. Bristo.

"Nay," returned her husband, "it is his duty to study to provide not only what people will buy, but what they ought to buy. He has no right, as a Christian man, to sell what Christian people should be ashamed to buy. He should give every poor working-woman an opportunity of seeing good, substantial clothing and house garniture. Nothing which she spends at his shop should be wasted. She should not be able to buy trumpery there, nor anything which is not exactly what it professes to be."

"Ah," said Mrs. Bristo, "it is truly wonderful

how much poor people miss for lack of a little knowledge. The women of my mothers' meeting had no idea of getting table-cloths for themselves till I showed them some strong, unbleached ones. All they had ever seen had been large and costly, quite beyond their ambition."

"If the tradesman provides food," Mr. Bristo went on, "it should be real food; bread made of honest flour, pure sugar, sound tea, wholesome meat. He should regard himself as base in offering an adulterated article of food or a delusive article of dress. He should not regard the public as a body to be plundered, that he may 'retire' into idleness; but as an employer, who provides him with maintenance in return for his skill and service."

"He would be always a poor man at that rate," said Mrs. Bristo. "He could not make money."

"Why must he do so?" asked her husband. "In these latter days, I fear that, in hideous parody of the Master's eleventh commandment, which included the ten, we have added a twelfth, which undoes them all, and this, 'Thou shalt make money.' And in our very haste to make money we overreach ourselves, for every one else is engaged in the same mad pursuit, so that when we have made our money there is nothing worth buying with it, and we cannot keep it, because everybody is trying to get it away from us. I believe always that the highest morality remains also the best worldly wisdom; and if there be some who act according to the lower principle, there are many, very many who guide themselves by the higher one. Three generations who had carried out the principle 'Thou shalt do thy duty at any cost,' would be found to possess more of the real advantages of this life than three generations who had diligently obeyed the cynical old saw, 'Make money—honestly if you can—but, anyhow, make money.' Now, I fear Gilbert is not above the temptations of money-making; indeed, I think he is not above money at all; and unless one is above money, it has a bad and a dangerous influence on one. Gilbert never kept his personal accounts; you remember we once found him in debt at the confectioner's. I should like Gilbert to find some way of making a living which should bring him as little as possible into relation with money. We must not put him into a bank or any mercantile office. He must learn self-control and moral responsibility in some less dangerous quarter."

"O husband!" cried Mrs. Bristo, "you do not think that our boy—our Gilbert—could ever be dishonest?"

"I hope not," said the father, gently; "but I dare say the parents of every poor scapegrace who is now pining in jail hoped for very different things when they started him in life. Besides, there are dishonest people who are quite safe

from the policeman or the Bankruptcy Court. Everybody is dishonest who wants to make money for himself without inquiring whether anybody else is injured by such fortune-making. Now, I think our Gilbert is apt to yield to whatever influences are brought to bear on him. He has luxurious tastes, too. And if he was in a position to have it within his own power to gratify luxurious tastes by easy money-making, I am not sure that he would inquire too particularly into the rights and wrongs of things. Therefore it becomes our duty to our boy to place him where his daily calling may best inclose him in a protection of wholesome habits—habits of regular work for regular wages, without any of the excitements of problematical loss or gain. I shall not think of putting Gilbert into trade—not because I think trade is not good enough for him, but rather because I think he is not good enough for trade, as trade should be carried on by a Christian. I should not like him to be a scrapping huckster nor a reckless speculator; and amid the temptations and bad influences which surround trade at the present time, I doubt his having soundness of head and strength of character sufficient to keep him an honorable man, who knows that the eye of God is on his ledger as well as on his Bible and hymn-book—in the cash-box as much as in the alms-dish."

"I think little Alfred might make a capital farmer," observed Mrs. Bristo presently. "I always think that may be such a grand life. I never wearied of hearing my father tell of his boyish days on his grandfather's farm in the Highlands, where they ate their own oatmeal, spun their own thread and herded their own flocks, and yet were so well bred and so well taught that all the children were fitted to fill honorable places in society; and one of the sons became a judge, and another would have been a bishop if he had lived a little longer. But nowadays, I fear farming involves either a large investment of capital or a life of hopeless drudgery."

"In this country, perhaps," answered her husband. "But there is still virgin soil to be plowed and primeval forests to be cleared."

The mother's eyes filled with tears. "It seems so hard to be driven into exile to earn one's bread," she said.

"Look at it in the higher light," returned her husband, folding her thin fingers in his warm, strong grasp. "Every boy who carries to a strange land a brave, pure heart, right ideas, and honest, busy hands, trained in a Christian home, is really a missionary, doing the Lord's work in the very best way. If all who go out from us into foreign countries were good Christian folks, we should not need missionary societies. The good news of Jesus Christ would fly over the world as naturally as it is now taught by good mothers to their own

little children. The emigrant is working with God on the face of nature when he turns the wilderness into a fruitful field and makes the waste places to rejoice. Much more is he working with God when, being a Christian himself, it is a Christian home which he plants in the desolation, and a God-fearing social life whose first lines he lays down. What would have been the difference in the world's history if the Pilgrim Fathers of the United States had been a robber horde, fleeing from punishment or greedy for plunder? Why, we are answered by the difference there is between North and South America! Yes, my dear wife, you mothers still have your ancient privilege of 'lending your children to the Lord,' and many a punctual letter and many a pathetically-planned hamper have taken the place of 'the little coat' which Hannah brought to Samuel from year to year, at the yearly sacrifice in the Tabernacle."

They sat in silence for a few moments, and then Mrs. Bristo said softly: "The starting in life of our boys is indeed an anxious question. With their unformed characters and half-developed tastes, it seems almost cruel to fix their lot in life irrevocably."

"Not quite irrevocably," answered Mr. Bristo. "Changes, or at least great modifications, are always possible. But, except in quite exceptional cases, such as the tardy appearance of some unmistakable gift, or the discovery of some physical incapacity, change should be admitted only as the reward of moderate success in the line of life which was first attempted. A lad who has succeeded fairly in anything has given the best pledge that he is forming a habit of success; in short, that he can be trusted with his own destiny. It is a bad omen to leave a failure behind. That we cannot do the work we have, gives no promise that we could do that which we have not yet. A plucked student has no more reason to imagine himself a genius and beyond base mechanical rules, than had the father whom good Roger Ascham tells of, to think that his deformed and crippled son was fit to be a minister, because he was fit for nothing else. I would far sooner admit that one of our children was a failure, than palm him off on the world in some position whose duties he could not rightfully fulfill. If a boy is only fit to be a cobbler, an honest cobbler let him be, and not a cheat of a scholar. A man cannot get into a wrong place without keeping out somebody else for whom it is the right one. Therefore, as Roger Ascham says, 'If youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter.'"

Mr. Bristo paused, but presently resumed: "A little foresight and consideration may do much to smooth a boy's entrance on the business of his life. I would not even neglect what may seem such a trifle as securing that he shall start in his new

work at the actual end of a school term, and not at the end of a month's holiday. All schoolmasters tell us that their scholars give them most trouble and do least work with greatest difficulty during the first week or two after vacation, when they have been somewhat shaken from regular habits, and their minds and hearts are full of interrupted plans and absent faces. Is such a condition favorable for new methods and habits?"

"No, certainly not," said Mrs. Bristo. "And I have often been struck with the injudiciousness, not to say cruelty, with which strangers, and sometimes even the home circle, will emphasize every hard line in the new life with such phrases as, 'What long hours!' 'What a distance you have to walk!' Or, 'Are not the prospects rather poor?' 'Would it not have been better to have begun somewhere else?'"

"Quite true," answered her husband. "Whereas, if they had any sympathy for the young creature, whose foolish young heart is doubtless beating hotly enough against the bars of necessity and monotony (which it presently learns to bless), they would do and say exactly the opposite things. All beginnings should be brightened by pleasant thoughts and cheery words."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bristo; "and then, besides gladdening them while they are still new beginnings, in after years, when memory turns over her stores, those thoughts and words will give forth some of the old sweetness."

"True," returned her husband. "We lay holy Scriptures and golden coins in foundation-stones. It would indeed be a cruel cynicism which would inclose worms and ashes within them. Those who can give their children nothing else, can give them good words and good wishes. Even the sternest truths may be wrapped up in those. And, above all, we can let them know what we expect from them. Let them feel distinctly that our voices are not in the worldly choir which bids them make fortunes and achieve positions at any cost. Let them understand, in the words of Dr. Horace Bushnell, that 'our interest is in their successes, but more in their character; for, success or no success, character stands, a kind of wealth that knows no failure.'"—EDWARD GARRETT, *Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life."*

NEVER tell a child under six years old to conceal anything, even though it were a pleasure you were planning for some one you love. The clear sky of child-like openheartedness must not be covered even by the morning glow of shame; while it should never be forgotten that hidden instructions will soon teach a little one to add secrets of his own to those of his elders. The heroic virtue of silence requires for its practice the powers of ripening reasoning. Reason teaches us to be silent, the heart teaches us to speak.

THE SPIDER.*

THE spider greatly surpasses all other solitary-living insects. It not only possesses its nest, its ambush, its temporary hunting station; it has (or, at least, certain species have) a regular house, a house of a very complex description, a vestibule, and a sleeping-chamber, and a mode of egress in the rear; and, finally, a door which is a very triumph of art, for it closes itself, falling back by its own weight.

The door! It is this which is wanting even in

in such a manner as to shut hermetically. The disc, which is not more than three lines thick, contains, nevertheless, thirty double woofs, and between the woofs intervene the same number of coats or layers of earth—so that the entire door is really composed of sixty doors. Here, in truth, is a miracle of patience; but observe, too, the ingenuity—all these doors of network and earth clamp into one another. The thread-doors at one point are prolonged to the wall, fastening the door to the wall as by a hinge. This door opens outwardly when the spider raises it to go forth, and



the grand cities of the bees and ants; these industrial republics have never hitherto attained to so lofty a climax. But the masterpiece of the genus is seen, especially in Corsica, in the laborious *Mygale*. Its residence is a kind of well, industriously walled round, with smooth and polished sides and a double tapestry—a coarse, strong hanging on the earthward front and a fine, satiny hanging in the interior. The orifice of the well is closed by a door. This door is a disc, much larger at the top than at the bottom, and let into a groove

closes by its own weight. But the enemy might eventually succeed in opening it. This has been anticipated. On the side opposite the hinge some small holes are worked in the door; to these the spider clings, and becomes a living bolt.

What would happen if this astonishing artisan, placed in peculiar and trying circumstances (like the bees under Huber's experiments), were called upon to vary its art and devise a novelty? Could it do so? Has it the intelligence, the resource, and, at need, the power of innovation which the superior insects display under certain conditions? It would be worth while to make the experiment.

*From "THE INSECT" by Jules Michelet.

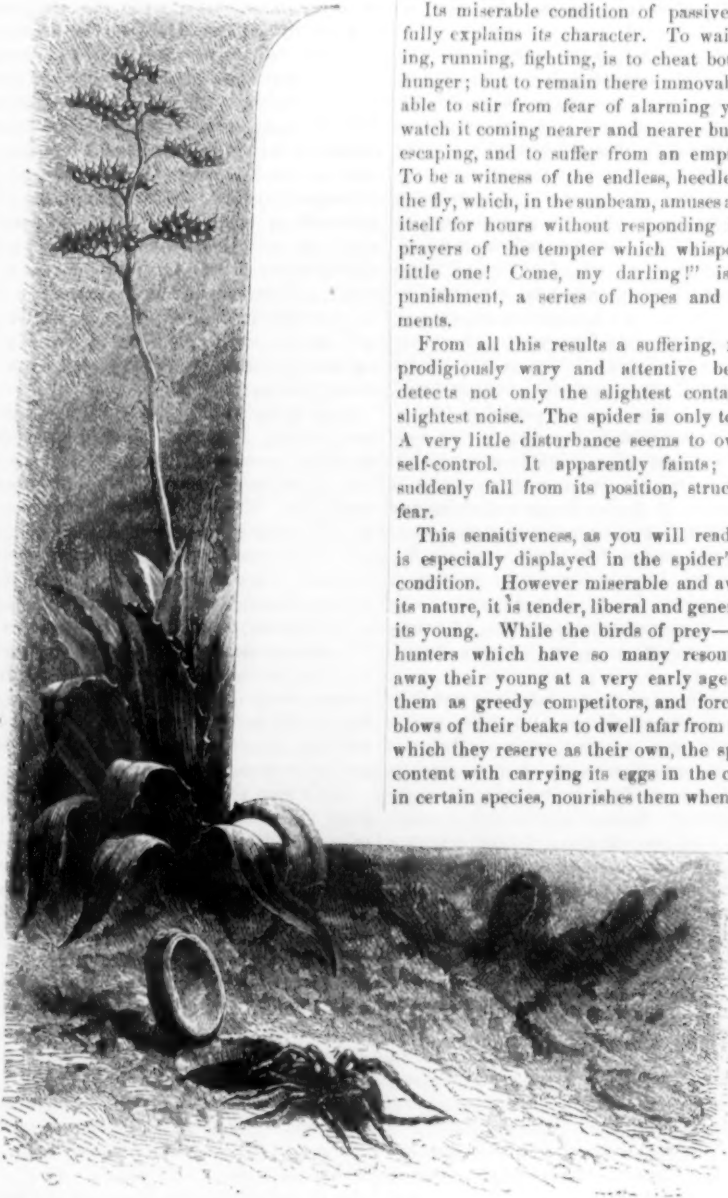
This, at all events, is certain, that the simple *Epeiras* (our garden-spiders) know very well, when deprived of the necessary space for extending their geometrical curtain, how to construct one of

an artist can also paralyze and utterly confound it. Its web alone gives it courage. Out of its web, everything makes it tremble. In captivity, having no web, it actually flees before its prey, and has not the resolution to confront a fly.

Its miserable condition of passive expectancy fully explains its character. To wait, while acting, running, fighting, is to cheat both time and hunger; but to remain there immovable, to be unable to stir from fear of alarming your prey, to watch it coming nearer and nearer but eventually escaping, and to suffer from an empty stomach! To be a witness of the endless, heedless dances of the fly, which, in the sunbeam, amuses and balances itself for hours without responding to the avid prayers of the tempter which whispers, "Come, little one! Come, my darling!" is a terrible punishment, a series of hopes and disappointments.

From all this results a suffering, restless, but prodigiously wary and attentive being, which detects not only the slightest contact, but the slightest noise. The spider is only too sensitive. A very little disturbance seems to overthrow its self-control. It apparently faints; you see it suddenly fall from its position, struck down by fear.

This sensitiveness, as you will readily believe, is especially displayed in the spider's maternal condition. However miserable and avaricious in its nature, it is tender, liberal and generous toward its young. While the birds of prey—the winged hunters which have so many resources—drive away their young at a very early age, look upon them as greedy competitors, and force them by blows of their beaks to dwell afar from the domain which they reserve as their own, the spider is not content with carrying its eggs in the cocoon, but, in certain species, nourishes them when living and



irregular design, decreasing in proportion to the restrictions of their area.

Experiments, moreover, are difficult. The spider is so nervous, that the fear which makes it

greedy, guards them, bears them on its back; or else she makes them walk, holding them by a thread; if danger threatens, she draws in the thread, they leap upon her, and she saves them.

If she cannot do so, she will perish. Some there are which, rather than abandon their offspring, will suffer themselves to be swallowed up in the gulf of the ant-lion. Others, of a slow species, which, when unable to save them, make no effort to escape, but allow themselves to be captured also.

Their nests are frequently masterpieces. At Interlaken, in Switzerland, I have admired their long, soft tubes, warm in the interior, and well-lined—externally, disguised with much skill by an artistic pell-mell of small bits of leaf, tiny twigs, and fragments of gray plaster, so as to melt perfectly into the color of the wall supporting them. But this was nothing in comparison with a work of art which I have here at Fontainebleau.

On the 22d of July, 1857, I discovered in an outhouse a very pretty, round basket, about an inch across, made of all kinds of materials, and, as it had nothing to fear from rain, without any cover. It was very gracefully suspended to a beam by some elegant, silken threads, which I should call little hands, such as are possessed by the climbing plants. Within, brooding on its eggs with a constant incubation, might be seen a spider. It never stirred, except, perhaps, for a moment at night, in quest of food. Never was there any animal so timid. At the gentlest approaches fear made it fly, and almost fall. Once when we disturbed it a little abruptly, it was seized with such an excess of terror that it did not recover for an entire day. It sat for six weeks, and, but for these perturbations, would perhaps have remained much longer.

An admirable mother—an ingenious and delicate artist—before all things a female—a female nervous and timid to the highest degree, this strange, sensitive creature explained to me perfectly the very opposite sentiments with which the spider inspires us—those of repulsion and attraction. We start away from it, and yet we draw near to it. It is so coarse, and yet, at the same time, so prodigiously sensitive! It breathes as we do. And the delicate tubercle which secretes its silk, like a milky cloud (as the microscope shows us), is the most feminine organ which exists, perhaps, in nature.

Alas, it is alone! Except a few species (mygalæ) in which the father renders some assistance to the mother, it expects no help. The male becomes, indeed, an enemy. Cruel consequences of misery! It perceives that its children are capable of furnishing it with food. But the mother, who is bigger than he, makes a similar reflection—thinks that the eater is eatable—and frequently crunches her spouse.

These atrocious events never happen, I am confident, in climates where ease and abundance do not deprave their natural disposition. But in our well-peopled countries, with game very rare, and

competition of extreme violence, these unfortunates act toward one another like the wretched castaways on the raft of the *Medusa*.

A cruel tyrant, the stomach, dominates over all nature, and vanquishes even love. Passion, in an anxious and restless being like the spider, is very mistrustful. At the height of his devotion, the lean and feeble male dares only approach the majestic lady with a timid reverence and the utmost reserve. He advances, he retires, he watches; he seems to ask himself if he has at all succeeded in subduing the haughty creature. He resorts to the timid methods of a slow magnetism, and especially to an extreme patience. He puts little faith in the first signs, and does not willingly yield his confidence. And, finally, when the adored object shows herself sensible of his sincerity, and grows ardent in her expansion of soul, he does not so wholly trust in her but what he will escape, and fly with all his speed, at some sudden impulse, and under the influence of an indescribable panic.

Such is the terrible idyl of the dusky lovers of our ceilings. Among our garden-spiders less suspicion seems to exist. Nature softens hearts, and rugged industrialism itself grows smoother in rustic life. We see some upon our trees which behave tolerably well to their husbands, and do not often remember that they are competitors in the case. They permit them to reside in the same locality, although a little apart, and keeping them at a distance. A light partition separates them. The princess consents that he may live under her roof, and on the ground-floor, while she lives on the first story—keeping him below and in subjection, so that he may not presume to think himself the king, but only the *prince consort*, and the *husband of the queen*.

Have they any sympathies beyond their own race? So some authorities have asserted, and I believe it. They are isolated from us far less than the true insects. They live in our houses, have an interest in knowing us, and seem to observe us. They pay great attention to voices and sounds, and have a marvelous perception of them. If they have not the insect organs of hearing (which would seem to be the antennæ), it is because they are *all antennæ*. Their excessive vigilance, and the nervous irradiation which makes itself felt everywhere among them, endow them with the keenest receptivity.

Much has been said about the musical spider of Pellisson. Another and less-known anecdote is not less striking. One of those little victims which are trained into virtuosi before they are ripe of age—Berthome, illustrious in 1800—owed his astonishing successes to the savage confinement in which he was forced to work. At eight he astounded and stupefied his hearers by his mastery of the violin. In his perpetual solitude

he had a comrade which no one suspected—a spider. It was lodged at first in a quiet corner, but it gave itself license to advance from the corner to the music-stand, from the music-stand to the child, even climbing upon the mobile arm which held the bow. There, a palpitating and breathless amateur, it paused and listened. It was an audience in itself. The artist needed nothing more to fill him with inspiration and double his energy.

Unfortunately the child had a step-mother, who, one day, introducing an amateur into the sanctuary, saw the sensible animal at its post. A blow from her slipper annihilated the auditory. The child fell swooning to the ground, was ill for three months, and died—heartbroken!

WHAT SHALL I ANSWER?

WHAT shall you answer, blushing one?
Those downcast eyes control.

Look into mine with your clearest sight,
And listen with all your soul.

Does he walk erect with a freedom grand,

And an honor firm and high,
That need not blush though the world look on,
Nor shrink from Heaven's own eye?

Are his hands so clean they may rightly clasp

With those that are pure and fair?
When his lips meet yours, will they leave behind
No breath of the wine-cup there?

Ah! ponder it long, and ponder it well;

If a shadow lurks below,
Then ease your heart in its armor true,
And answer forever, *No!*

Is he a king with a royal right,

Uncumbered by pride or pelf,
Seeking to live for the common weal,
Or aloft on the throne of self?

Is he a king with a right to reign

O'er the kingdom he dares to woo,
Towering high in his regal worth,
And Heaven-annointed, too?

Does he call you his idol? Ah, beware

Of homage to mortals given!
That heart is truest to earthly trust
That is true to its God in Heaven.

Then ponder it long, and ponder it well,

While you bid your heart be still;
Then ask your soul as I ask you now,
And answer him—as you will.

S. J. JONES.

WOMAN'S WORK.

THERE is a paragraph going the rounds concerning a woman who had "seen better days," and who, in her adversity, was too proud to work. She occupied a spacious room in a fashionable neighborhood, and paid her rent regularly. All that outsiders could see was a pair of handsome lace curtains at her windows. But at length she was found dead—ashamed to let her wants be known, she had actually died of starvation. Her room was bare of furniture of all kinds, her lace curtains acting as a screen between herself and the too curious world. Little by little she had sold all her effects, and lived upon the proceeds, until at last the battle was too much for her, and she died in despair.

How pitiful! one is constrained to exclaim. Half the effort to keep up appearances, had it been spent in useful employment, would have supported the poor woman in comfort, and made her of some real service to the world. But false pride forbade.

Whence came this false pride originally? we are often constrained to ask. Is it such a great honor for a woman to be a drone in the world's great hive? Is it such a disgrace for her to add a little to the sum of human endeavor, provided she receives in consequence pecuniary remuneration?

To such questions, the answer most probably would be, We are afraid our social position would suffer if we worked for our living.

Indeed! Well, then, the question of social position is an exceedingly difficult one to settle in this country. We hear a great deal of talk about grades and ranks in society, but not so much about what actually constitutes them, for, whatever our theories upon the subject may be, we will not find them borne out in real life. For instance, ministers and doctors are supposed to "stand high," and, as a general thing, they are true gentlemen. But then here is the pastor of a well-to-do congregation whose son is a mechanic; would the father consider himself his son's social superior? And here is a successful physician, who gained his education through the exertions of his sisters, who went out sewing—is he any better than they? It is so everywhere. Here are two brothers, one of whom is a college president, the other a shoemaker; two sisters, one a wealthy lady of fashion, the other a factory-girl. Scarce ten families, I venture to say, throughout the length and breadth of the land, but can claim some near relatives who soil their hands by daily toil. Is it not, then, absurd to talk of strict social distinctions, when, carried out into practice, they would divide members of the same family?

Philadelphia is, by general admission, the most aristocratic city in the United States. But, among its conservative circles, a person's daily avocation

has nothing whatever to do with his or her position—birth principally; next, education; money least of all, determine his or her place. As a consequence, well-born Philadelphia ladies (we are speaking principally to women) do very much as they please, feeling a strength unknown to those who depend for their recognition upon what they wear, or what people think of them. To illustrate, I will quote right here what a Quaker gentleman said to his daughter: "It don't matter what you *do*—everybody knows who you *are*." I know of young ladies who scarcely own a dollar at a time, yet who are welcome among the most exclusive for themselves alone. I could give the name of a feminine representative of one of Philadelphia's oldest families, who, on the death of her father, opened and carried on a dressmaking establishment; of another who studied medicine, and hung out her sign at a time when women doctors were far, far less popular than they are now; and of still another who papered and painted her own handsome house to suit herself, declaring that she was ashamed of nothing but sin.

Then, my friends, if you simply wish to be worldly-wise, why not copy Philadelphia fashions? That is, the fashions of the *real* aristocrats—the Quakers and the revolutionary families—not those of the shoddy people. For, you may depend upon it, those who are ashamed of any legitimate way to make money either are very ignorant or got it very suddenly. But to be worldly-wise alone is not enough. Do right because it is honorable and honest to do so.

If you are a true lady, will any useful employment make you any less so? If you are not, will putting on fine lady airs make you any more so? No, no! Be true to yourself; *be* yourself; humbly learn all you can, and *then* expect constant improvement. The princess in disguise is still the princess; if you *are* the princess, who dares say you are not? Do you not see that fearing to labor, and so lose caste, you thereby confess your innate weakness, and your dependence upon mere externals? It is an old saying, and a true one, that the world is like a nettle—if we handle it timidly it will sting us; if we grasp it firmly we can crush it. You will, in the long run, be respected for what you are, no matter if you do earn your living by the work of your hands.

Yes, women who work very often *do* marry well, as every day shows. Men, in some things, especially in matters relating to business, have more good sense than women. In fact, it may be set down as an axiom of political economy, that, other things being equal, the happiest woman is she who carries her own pocket-book.

So much for the aspects of the question as a matter of pride and dignity. But these are not the only ones to be considered.

I am not among those who believe that every

woman, right or wrong, must actually go out into the world and earn money. I believe that, as there are many women who really ought to work for wages and do not, so there are those who ought not and do. In this last category come women who earn finery, thereby spending valuable time which nearer duties claim; women who compete with others more needy than themselves, so helping to close avenues of employment to the deserving; women who are undermining their health by their daily labor; and women who are forced to toil, as sacrifices to the selfishness of others.

So, it will be seen that, no matter how honorable work may be considered, it is not in itself its own object and reward. It is merely a means to a higher end, and is utterly useless if engaged in without a strong motive. The need of earning a living is always a praiseworthy one. So is the desire of eking out slender resources, or the attainment of some special good end. So, too, the cultivation of some particular talent. It is a grand thing for a young girl to relieve her hard-working father of the burden of her support, to supply her home with comforts and refinements, to educate a younger brother, or to become known in the world of art. But is a sad, a pitiful sight to see a mother neglect her children for the sake of a few paltry dollars; a daughter, blessed with a good home, spending her waking hours out of it all the week, merely that she may array herself in silks on Sundays; any woman of means who teaches for extra pin-money, and so crowds out one who must actually toil for bread. And sadder, and far more pitiful, because not their own fault, the spectacle of weary suffering women who realize despairingly that every day's effort increases for them the physical ills and disabilities to which women are liable; and helpless toilers, victims to abused authority and a mistaken sense of duty.

To women of the first three classes mentioned, to which objection is made, I would say, Desist; you will find enough to do in other directions, and so accomplish more good yourselves, and give more opportunity to those more needy. To the last I can say nothing, only, Heaven help you! My censure is for your parents and guardians, who ever allowed you to see such evil days—who ever permitted daughters to come into the world, and grow up to young womanhood without means or ability to support themselves in a proper, suitable manner.

Every woman, without exception, ought to be fully prepared to earn her living, whether she should actually do so or not, for no one can tell what a day may bring forth. She should not wait till the last possible moment, before thinking of such a thing. But care should be taken, well beforehand, that her chosen profession should be perfectly congenial, for otherwise, the force of circumstances may give her many needless trials

and difficulties to contend with, if they do not indeed overwhelm her. Many women, I solemnly believe, have despaired, sickened and died, who, with proper forethought, might have lived to become happy, useful members of society.

Every woman, without exception, also, should be well educated. Education improves and refines the mind, and makes a woman more of what she ought to be, an earthly angel. It will give her something good to work for, a high ideal above her daily toil, to which she may elevate her soul, the *real* woman within her. Moreover, it will teach her how to make the best of her circumstances if she be poor; how to use her means wisely if she be rich; and in both cases, how to respect herself.

Much of the gist of these paragraphs is intended for this present, transition age. But I think, in the "good time coming," all these things will regulate themselves. Then, no woman will be compelled to work, unless she so desires—for, I do not believe, in the first place, that women were ever intended to toil like men; their delicate formation and feeble physical strength tell us this plainly enough. Their mission is far higher than the everyday needs of this world—it is one of spirit rather than of body, to elevate, teach and inspire. And, as the better class of men acknowledge it now, so, some day, will all the human race. Woman will not be burdened toiler, but crowned queen.

And now we come back to our starting-point—the question, Why are women ashamed to work? It is because of a certain chivalrous instinct among all true men, that they should not. Women dimly, but surely feel it—for it does exist—and their timid disinclination to step down, as it were, from the pedestal of princess to the common level of slave, is its reaction. And I am not the one to blame any woman for it, though I do say, that this century is not the time to give way to any such feeling. Under the present condition of things, it amounts to nothing more than false pride. It is as though you wanted a ripe apple in June instead of waiting till September; and, because you could not obtain it, still would eat the green one, though you knew you were better without any. But I am glad of this unchangeable instinct, after all: it gives grand hope for the future. Never will true men grow used to the sight of wearied, overburdened women—and their generous, protective feelings roused, they will, sooner or later, bring out things as they ought to be. Every woman, then, will have the care and shelter which her nature requires; every effort that she makes will be by her own free will, and for an adequate reward.

How shall this glad day be hastened? In the same manner as everything good, by teaching those who need to learn. We read a great deal

about the necessity of woman's working, and the need of impressing women that they ought to prepare themselves for remunerative labor; but, inasmuch as things are not yet as they should be, and some people ought to be influenced and taught, it is just as easy to preach to those who are really responsible for woman's present ills, and not to women themselves—men and fathers. Let every father see that his daughter's future is secured, in some way or other; let him feel this as much a duty as providing her bread during her childhood; let him feel that with this charge, he cannot indulge in so many cigars and other needless luxuries—and, before another generation, there will be a change for the better in the condition of women, in health, mind and morals, as well as material prosperity. This is the true way to begin the work of reform—the axe should be laid at the root of the tree.

Meanwhile, the women of this generation, who work must also wait. Let them work in hope, never failing. And, perhaps, by and by, their daughters may profit by their experience.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

WE stand at the wheel of life and spin,
And we draw the life-threads to and fro;
And the dark and light go blending in,
As the daylights come and the daylights go.

And our feet grow tired of the weary tread,
And our hands grow tired with the endless toil;
But each human soul must spin its thread,
And wind and color it coil on coil.

We stand at the loom of life and weave
The garb that our souls must ever wear,
And look at the faded web and greave
At the broken ends and the seams of care.

For we cannot see, as the days go by,
And the wheel whirls on in its dull routine,
That we let the fibres run all awry,
And that in the web they will all be seen.

But all must stand at the wheel and spin,
And whether the woof be good or ill,
The robe that we meet our Maker in
Is woven here at the weaver's will!

To the spirit guiding its work with care
A wiser than he will the web unroll,
And under the shuttle of patient prayer
Will the garment shine as a perfect whole!

FAUSTINE.

DEAFY.

VERY, very low down in the social scale is Deafy. (Pronounced to rhyme with leafy).

Only a maid-of-all-work in Blockley Almshouse, yet when the Lord comes to make up His jewels I think she stands as good a chance of being one of them as many of the rest of us. Should I endeavor to paint her picture here, the thoughtless would laugh and say I'd got her out of a comic almanac or from Charles Dickens's pages. So I'll draw a veil over the poor, mutilated face and limping figure, leaving for inspection only the raven hair which, once seeing, many an elderly belle would covet. Yes, excepting these ebony locks Deafy's good looks are all inside. So very far in her features never give the slightest glimpse of them, yet, somewhere, there's a sweetness, a brightness, that flashes out at times like sunshine through a riven cloud. If any one wants to see this let them do her ever so trifling a kindness, and the dull, plain face grows radiant. Yes, a warm heart beats under the poor-house check folded over Deafy's breast. We only took her a few papers now and then, Lou and I, and once Lou gave her a small chromo—the cross, with the gold and crimson glitter of autumn leaves at its foot—yet the poor creature's gratitude has been deep and lasting, and lingers with us even after many days fragrant as the breath of summer roses.

I don't know how long she waited for her hour, any way, it came at last. We were sitting in Mrs. W—a "cubby," Lou and I, when she entered, laid a ruby red apple before each, and fluttered out again like the poor, crippled, human bird she is. Lou and I were in the same place on another occasion when she entered and, as before, seemed to flutter out again. This time affection's offering was a bunch of grapes. Knowing, as we do, all about almshouse fare we understood perfectly the sacrifice she made in depriving herself of delicacies so rare. Considering all the circumstances this act of self-denial was simply heroic. To have refused these gifts would have been to inflict a sore wound in a very tender spot. There was nothing to do then but keep the fruit, and pray the Lord to make it up to the giver an hundred fold.

And now a word for Mrs. W—. She's worthy a chapter. I may yet give her one, but not at present. If any one wants to see Christian patience personified, go to this woman's "little chamber on the wall." Snow drifting into it could scarcely make curtain, counterpane or floor whiter. There sits "Lizzie," quite an old lady, I judge, yet with hair as brown as a sparrow's wing, and a countenance like some pictured saint's.

While I think of it I want to put in a plea for bonnets and shawls for such of the old ladies as

attend religious service in Blockley Chapel. I started a begging expedition on this line myself once, which proved abundantly unsuccessful. The majority are not exposed to the weather in their walk to and from church, consequently do not really need out-door wraps—even the matron goes with her lovely blonde hair uncovered—still it would seem more go-to-meeting-ie to have them.

One dear old soul, and I'm sure there are others—has a real feminine longing for a bonnet. It makes me feel like prying and reaching into multitudinous closets and bandboxes and carrying off—with the owner's consent, of course—every old-fashioned thing in that line I could find. The few possessing bonnets wear them with a vast deal of complacency, and I notice no new styles, none that can be compared, as last fall and winter fashions have been, to "a ripe tomato mashed against a fence."

Very little skill would transform the most ancient pieces of headgear into plain, neat bonnets that could not fail to give satisfaction, and render church-going far more churchy.

The burden of the world's woe is not to be flung aside through one gigantic effort, but is to be lifted little by little. Yes, little by little. The weakest hand may help, the timidest touch form a lever that, in God's good time, shall tell upon the centuries, shall have their share in lifting this groaning creation into the light of the pure and perfect day.

Nor is it only the burden of the world's woe that is to be lifted. There is also a weight of sin to be removed. In the repairing of the temple, not only were workers in gold and silver employed; we read how it took "masons, carpenters, and such as wrought in iron and brass," persons of varied attainments—some of them very humble, too—to mend the house of the Lord. So with humanity's desolated shrines. Their ruins are all around us. Shattered walls, broken columns, desecrated altars. The work of rebuilding rests not alone upon "princes and people," nor upon the skilled laborer. Any child who can fetch and carry may forward it, may have a part in the cleansing of the temples of the living God.

Lou and I often visit Blockley. It isn't much we can do. Only a smile, a word here and there, a pamphlet, paper or tract placed in the hand or laid beside the pillow; yet if any one is curious to know how much warmth and brightness these small things lend to chilled hearts and dragging hours, let them try it and see.

The last time I was over, Deafy was not in the chapel. Knowing that attendance on the means of grace was an especial delight, although it is but little she hears, I wondered at her absence.

It was Thursday afternoon. I suppose she couldn't be spared, because by and by I saw her

limping along outside with a broom in her hand. After service I met her at the door. She gave her soapy hand a hasty wipe across shoulders and breast before presenting it, never dreaming there was no need. To see that smile break over the scarred face, and feel that warm heart-pressure, was to forget sudsy fingers and alms-house check, and remember only, recognize only, a common womanhood, laboring and suffering together here, but that shall, please God, rest and enjoy hereafter.

Her absorption in the Word of Life would seem a marvel to spiritually-blinded minds. Many a Sabbath afternoon I've seen her in her favorite corner intent upon language her human ignorance could probably scarce understand or appreciate, but which, illumined by the Spirit, shine as the near, large stars before her mental vision.

Once in a household sorrowing over an approaching death, a wee boy proposed going down-stairs and reading the Bible. Being reminded of the fact that he couldn't read very well, he replied: "No, but I can spell the little words and God will know the big ones."

That's about all poor Deafy can do, spell the little words and God, knowing the big ones, helps her to find out, and, in her weak way, shape her life to their meaning.

Ah, yes, when the Lord makes up His jewels, when all who "love His appearing," the lame, halt, blind, ugly, shall grow beautiful, shall be like Him, seeing Him as He is, among that glorified throng we may look for the poor girl about whom I have written, may look and find Deafy.

MADGE CARROL.

TEMPLE BAR tells a pleasant story of Frederika Bremer's introduction to Hans Christian Andersen. On his first visit to Sweden, as Andersen was standing on the deck of the steamer in the Göta Canal, he remarked to the captain that his dearest hope in coming to Sweden was to see Frederika Bremer. He was told that he would do well to resign this hope at once, for the lady was on the Continent. At the next town at which the steamer stopped, however, a little, shy personage got in, and the captain, hurrying to Andersen, said: "You're in luck, for that's Miss Bremer, who has just come on board." Andersen lost no time in presenting himself to her, but, unfortunately, she had never heard of him, and was only stiffly civil. Upon this Andersen produced one of his own volumes, and presented it to her. She disappeared, and, after an hour or two, came up on deck again with a very beaming face, and said, "I know you now!" The acquaintance thus oddly made ripened into a lifelong friendship.

INNSPRUCK.

INNSPRUCK, the capital of the Tyrol, is beautifully situated on the Inn, at the height of about one thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea. It is entirely surrounded by mountains, from six thousand to eight thousand feet high, and is in the midst of a charming valley. The name Innsbruck or Innsbruck, means Inn's Bridge, and is derived from a wooden bridge which crosses the river; it is the equivalent of the name given by the Romans, Enipontum. There are now several bridges, but the oldest one is especially famous as the scene of a bloody action, in 1809, during the War of Independence, in which the peasants, under Hofer, completely routed the French.

Innsbruck consists of an old and a new town, and of several suburbs. The city, especially in the new part, is mostly well-built. The houses are generally in the Italian style, with flat roofs, and ornamented with frescoes; the lower stories are arcaded, and occupied by shops. The finest street is the Neustätterstrasse, in which are the buildings where the Tyrolese estates hold their sittings, the post-office and a triumphal arch erected by Maria Theresa. The principal public buildings are eleven churches, the most notable of which are the Franciscan, Capuchin and St. James Churches; the Ferdinandeum or museum; the university; the Fürstenburg, the former residence of the counts of the Tyrol; and the palace of Maria Theresa.

The Franciscan church is famous as containing, among other fine works of art, the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I, one of the most splendid monuments of the kind in Europe. He himself ordered its construction, but his remains are buried in Newstadt, near Vienna. It is ornamented with twenty-four bas-reliefs, representing the principal actions of his life, and surrounded by twenty-eight colossal bronze statues of eminent men, including the most distinguished members of the House of Austria. The artist was Alexander Colin, of Mechlin. In the same church is the Silver Lady Chapel, so called after a silver statue of the Virgin Mary, containing the mausoleums of the Archduke Ferdinand and of his wife, Philippine, which are also attributed to the genius of Colin, whose own tomb, the work of his own hands, is in the cemetery of Innsbruck. This chapel also contains the tomb and a statue of Andreas Hofer, the patriot. In this church, Christina, of Sweden, made her public renunciation of Lutheranism.

The Capuchin Church contains the penitential cell of Maximilian II. The St. James's Church is famous for its rich decorations.

The Ferdinandeum is the museum containing the productions of the Tyrol, in art, literature and

natural history. The principal educational establishment is the Roman Catholic University, volumes. It includes departments of medicine, theology and science, and instruction is entirely



INNSBRUCK.

founded in 1672 by the Emperor Leopold I. In 1873 it had forty-six professors, six hundred and sixty-three students, and a library of fifty thousand gratuitous. The former residence of the counts, now a private dwelling, is a large edifice in the city square; projecting from it is the famous oriel

medicine,
entirely

window, with its "Golden Roof," built in the 15th century, at a cost of thirty thousand ducats. The palace built for Maria Theresa, in 1770, is an extensive building, with beautiful gardens stretching along the River Inn. In the court-yard is an equestrian statue of Archduke Leopold V.

In 1234, Innsbruck was clothed with the privileges of a town, by Otho I, Duke of Meran. It subsequently became the residence of the Austrian archdukes, and its most prosperous period was in the early part of the 17th century, when Ferdinand II held his brilliant court there. It was taken by the Bavarians in 1703, but was soon recovered by the Austrians. In 1809, it suffered much during the war in Tyrol. After the second revolutionary outbreak in Vienna in 1848, the Emperor Ferdinand fled to Innsbruck, and resided there several months.

The principal manufactures of Innsbruck are silks, ribbons, gloves, calico, woolen goods, leather, cutlery and glass. It has considerable trade. The population is about twenty thousand.

THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN.—The authoress of "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" says that she has never seen people take so much delight in their children as the Japanese. They are to be seen, she writes, "carrying them about or holding their hands in walking, watching and entering into their games, supplying them constantly with new toys, taking them to picnics and festivals, never being content to be without them, and treating other people's children also with a suitable measure of affection and attention. Both fathers and mothers take a pride in their children. It is most amusing about six every morning to see twelve or fourteen men sitting on a low wall, each with a child under two in his arms, fondling and playing with it, and showing off its physique and intelligence. To judge from appearances, the children form the chief topic at this morning gathering. At night, after the houses are shut up, looking through the long fringe of rope or rattan which conceals the sliding door, you see the father, in the bosom of his family, bending his ugly, kindly face over a gentle-looking baby, and the mother enfolding two children destitute of clothing in her arms." In spite of this homage, Japanese children are not "spoilt." They are trained to perfect obedience and ceremonious politeness, and are, in fact, more like little men and women than children.

A LAUGH raised at the expense of a well-meaning person is highly injudicious, and in many cases rarely forgotten. The ridiculing of another person's words and ideas is a most uncharitable and hurtful practice, for when long forgotten by the speaker, his remarks rankle in the mind of the victim.

VOL. XLIX.—23.

THE SILVER SILENCE.

"IRA-A-A-A!" or, as Mrs. Brock pronounced it, "Iry-y-y-y!"

The young girl, who stood under the big maple at the foot of the garden, pinning up a huge rent in her dress, started at the sound, seized her pail of currants, and hastened toward the house. Its mistress met her at the door, and snatched the pail from her hand impatiently.

"How long you've ben! I thought you was goin' to stay all day. What ye ben doin'?"

"I tore my dress, and stopped to pin it up," answered the girl, glancing down at the gaping rent which the pins failed to hold in place.

"Tore your dress! You heedless, good-for-nothing thing! Who's goin' to keep you in clo'es at this rate, I'd like to know?"

"I couldn't help it—rotten old thing!" said Ira, scornfully, holding up the faded breadth.

"None o' yer sass! Take that pan, and go down sullen an' git it full of potatoes—full, now, mind ye—an' then see if you can get 'em pared some time to-day!" departing to the kitchen, muttering something about "troublesome young uns" as she went, while Ira vanished in the direction of the cellar, saying under her breath:

"Hateful old potatoes! I wish they were in the bottom of the Red Sea!"

Mrs. Brock was a hard mistress; so said everybody that ever had the misfortune to work for her. Work was the sum and substance of her faith and practice, and summer and winter, day and night, I had nearly said, she could always find enough for any one to do. She had a peculiar faculty of giving to Ira the work which was most disagreeable to her, saying, grimly, if she ventured to object: "Folks has to learn to do what they don't like to!"

On the rare occasions when she went out to spend the afternoon, she always left a "stent" to be done when the dishes were washed and the kitchen tidied up—a long, over-and-over seam, or so many rounds on the long, blue stocking, both of which tasks were the girl's detestation.

Ira had to pick all the summer fruits; but this was no hardship, since it kept her out of doors with the bees and butterflies, in the whispering winds and laughing sunshine. But from the time the first apple fell till the last was gathered, she was obliged to pick up apples and pare them to dry, a work which she disliked most of anything, and which kept her in a state of chronic rebellion during the whole time.

Mr. Brock was a quiet man, who seldom opposed his wife's wishes, and who took less notice of Ira than he did of his calves and colts.

The girl had her faults, too—not altogether light ones, either—but they were such as a wise, tender mother, who knew how to be firm as well

counts,
in the
is oriel

as kind, would not have found it hard to correct. She was hasty like her mistress, and not always quite respectful. She was also rather heedless, as girls of fifteen are apt to be, and somewhat careless as to what might be in her way when she was in a hurry. The result was now and then a broken dish, or, as we have, a torn dress, for which she was never forgiven. Mrs. Brock had a way of recurring to past transgressions in a manner that exasperated Ira almost beyond endurance.

"It's too mean to have your faults always thrown in your face!" she said once, when she was angry enough to be bold, for which she received a box on the ear, and the injunction to "mind her own business and take care of her tongue."

It had been a hard thing for the shrinking, twelve-year-old girl, with her dead mother's good-bye kiss hardly cold on her lips, to come into such a house as this; but the memory of her gentle mother, and a native refinement, kept her from growing coarse in the midst of coarseness. In spite of her hard work, she grew stout and rosy; the thin face had filled out, and though the slender hands were rough and brown, they had learned deft ways of household work. Mrs. Brock was aware of this, and in spite of all her fault-finding would have missed the girl sorely had she been suddenly deprived of her; but it was a maxim of hers never to praise any one, and she faithfully lived up to it.

Ira brought up the potatoes, and sat down in the wide wood-shed door to peel them.

It was one of those dreamy summer days, when the drowsy earth seemed steeped in sunshine, the broad fields, yellow with harvest, smiling up to the smiling sky, and the winds playing softly with the shining tassels like caressing fingers. At intervals on the air came the plaintive note of a bird, or the rapid whet of the reaper's cradlescythe.

Ira had risen before the sun that morning, and worked unusually hard; she was tired, and a gentle drowsiness stole over her. The sweet-williams out in the yard blended into patches of color before her eyes; the tall maple gave her friendly little nods and tender whispers; her knife fell from her hand, and the weary child slept as if there were no hard mistresses in the world. And, sleeping, she dreamed. Her mother was bending over her, the love-light in her eyes that the girl remembered so well, and with gentle touch she smoothed the soft hair as she so often used to do.

"Patience, my child, patience," murmured the dear lips, and then the form grew indistinct, and faded away like a white cloud in the summer sky.

"O mother, stay with me!" she cried, imploringly, stretching out her hands, and woke suddenly to find it only a dream, and to hear Mrs. Brock's heavy footsteps on the walk, while the potatoes were nearly untouched. A sense of utter

desolation choked the young heart, and with tear-filled eyes she bent over the pan, hardly able to see the potatoes she was cutting.

"Wal, now I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Brock, as she came up. "So that's the way you hurry, is it? Here it's ben full fifteen minutes sence I sent you after them potatoes, and ye ain't pared half a dozen. I declare, it's enough to provoke a saint! I bet you're ben inter the sass in them crocks!"

"I ha'n't, either!" was the indignant denial, all the sweet, gentle feelings gone, and a fiery indignation overmastering all else. "What do you suppose I care for your old sauce? Not enough to steal it!"

"So you say," said Mrs. Brock, in a tone meant to be withering. "I'm goin' strait down sullen and see. I c'n tell whether it's ben teched or not. And if you're ben meddlin' I'll skin ye."

"No doubt you'd like to," said Ira, under her breath, looking darkly after the woman whose steps sounded on the stairs.

A look into every jar convinced her that they were untouched, and in no very mollified mood she returned to the charge. Unconsciously she would have been better satisfied had her suspicions proved true, for she hated to find herself mistaken in anything. It was not her way, however, to confess to any misjudgment.

"I can't see what you hev' ben doin', but I know you've ben lazin' 'round about sunthin'."

Ira ventured no explanation of her conduct, for she knew her mistress too well to expect any leniency. However, a sullen gloom darkened the face which was lately so sunny, and a hot bitterness brooded in the young heart over the wrongs which had no redress.

Mrs. Brock kept her busy all the long afternoon, devoting the hour before supper to knitting a "stent" up to a knot which she had tied in the yarn after unwinding half the ball, it seemed to Ira.

The girl's face had settled down to a hopeless look, so hard to see on the faces of the young. Just now she was past the dumb questioning of her fate, past the blind rebellion against her pain; she simply endured. Nothing was of any use any more. God, her mother's God, had surely forgotten her.

"Iry," said Mrs. Brock, coming out where Ira, having thrown out the dish-water, stood wiping the pan, with her eyes fixed on the shifting glory of the western sky, "don't stand there a-gaupin'; it's time to git the cows, and then you'll hev to milk; the men-folks air so druv with work."

Ira hung up the pan and took down her sun-bonnet. It was a long walk away over in the back wood-lot, but anything was pleasant that took her out of the house.

Her thoughts went over the past three years—their hard work, petty fault-finding, and oftentimes

coarse, unjust suspicions. There seemed to her no redeeming feature, no bright lining to the dark cloud that daily overshadowed her.

"O mother! mother!" wringing her hands helplessly.

There was no one to hear her but the katy-dids and the whip-poor-wills. The cows were waiting at the bars—Brindle, Bet, Lineback and Spot—with their large, calm eyes and fragrant breath. She followed on behind, almost envying them their peaceful lives. For them no cross words, no bitter taunts; and when she sat down to milk she leaned her head against Brindle's sleek side, and the hot tears, so heavy with bitterness that they might have sunk to the bottom of the pail, fell and mingled with the foaming streams drawn by her deft fingers.

Mrs. Brock chided her when she went in for being so long.

"When I was a gal of your age," she said, striding along ahead with the pans as Ira carried the pails into the cellar, "I could milk six cows as quick as the quickest on 'em, and ask no odds of anybody."

Ira's hard bed under the roof was a real refuge to her that night. Mrs. Brock's scolding tongue could not follow her there. Again with sleep came another vision of the mother whom her desolate heart craved.

"Bear on, my child," said the loving tones again, "there is sunshine beyond."

"O mother! do you know how hard it is?" she sobbed in her waking loneliness.

It seemed to Ira that she had hardly slept ten minutes when Mrs. Brock's shrill voice sounded up the stairs, and the reddening beams of dawn shone through the one low window upon her bed. But she was young and strong, and nature supplied plentifully the rest she needed, so that she sprang up, refreshed and strengthened for another day.

After the dinner-work was "done up," Mrs. Brock said: "I see them apples over in the swale are ripe. You go an' pick a basketful and take to Miss Dorcas. I want her to spin some for me this fall."

Now Miss Dorcas was the dearest little old lady, and lived in a nest of a cottage down by the stone bridge. She was seventy years old, and the hair that showed beneath the edge of her cap was snowy white, but her form was unbent, and her step spry as a girl's. Withal she had the tenderest heart, and the nicest ways of doing little kindnesses, especially to little folks, so that she was the delight of every child for miles around. Ira had been there before with a few plums, a plate of butter, a basket of peaches, for which Mrs. Brock expected a return in the shape of stocking-yarn, for Miss Dorcas could spin the truest, softest yarn, having lived in the days when spinning was the

accomplishment of every girl. Therefore Ira hastened to get the apples ready, that she might have a few minutes to stay.

"Mind you're back by four o'clock," called Mrs. Brock, as Ira shut the gate.

"Yes'm," answered Ira, skipping gleefully on till she rounded the corner and was out of sight.

The day was clear and warm, with a little south wind that played hide and seek among the broad leaves of the corn. The golden-rod was just beginning to open its yellow stars along the fences, and dainty little wild asters of every shade of blue and purple lifted their pretty heads in the sunshine. Out of the woods came little wafts of moist fragrance, with a scent of mosses and ferns and breaths of the old pines.

"Oh, it was beautiful to be alive in such a lovely world!" Ira thought, forgetting for the time, her troubles and hardships, and entering with her whole soul into the glory of the day.

Miss Dorcas was always at home, except on the great occasions when she went to make a few weeks' stay with a grand-niece in the city. Ira passed around to the little side door, which looked out on a narrow board walk, bordered with "ladies' slippers," verbenas and petunias, while on each side, over a rustic support, climbed graceful morning-glories.

The door was open, and Miss Dorcas sat in a low sewing-chair knitting, while a huge tortoiseshell cat drowsed in the sunshine by the sill.

"Why, how d'do, child?" she said, hastening to take Ira's basket, and giving her a warm kiss; for though her lips were withered, her heart was not. "Take your bunnit right off, and here's another chair for you just like mine."

Ira sat down and looked around. How quiet and pleasant it was here! The old-fashioned chairs with their chintz cushions sat primly against the wall, the little stove shone like a mirror, the ancient claw-footed table sat back in its corner with a venerable air, only outdone by the tall old clock in the opposite corner, whose long pendulum counted out the seconds till they sounded like the steps of time. A single plant sat on the window-sill, which could easily have held half a dozen.

Miss Dorcas, following Ira's eyes, answered their unspoken question: "You see I can't be bothered with many of those things; but Mrs. Hamilton gave me that, and said it had a pretty flower. Beats all how much company 'tis. I can watch it grow, and I sort o' fancy it seems as proud of every new leaf as a mother of her baby. Dinah and I know, don't we, Pussy?" to the cat, who lifted her head and winked sleepily.

"O Miss Dorcas! I wish I could stay here forever! I never was so rested before."

Miss Dorcas smiled a little.

"You are young to be tired," she said, gently.

"But I am, in my heart, you know," the tears sounding in her voice. "Sometimes I think if I could only die and go where mother is! No one loves me here!" the pitiful cry of a hungry heart wailing along the words.

"Your mistress is kind to you, I hope?" said Miss Dorcas, after a moment, winking hard to keep back her own tears.

"No, she isn't," said Ira, bitterly. "She never gives me a kind word, and always finds fault with everything I do; and then she suspects me of such mean things," her eyes blazing at the recollection.

"Ah," said Miss Dorcas, reflectively, "trouble does not always soften the heart. I mind me of the time when Mrs. Brock was a rosy-cheeked girl, the sunshine of the neighborhood. Lucy Kennedy she was then."

Ira opened her eyes wide. She could hardly fancy Mrs. Brock as being young and pretty. It seemed as if she must always have been hard-featured, harsh and stern.

"What was it?" she asked, timidly.

"Well, she's had a heap o' trouble first and last. First, there was a fellow from the city—a smart, nice-looking kind of chap—waited on her a long time. Folks mostly thought 'twould make a match, but he went away and never come back."

"How dreadful!" breathed Ira, out of her vivid imagination picturing what it might be.

"Yes, child, and it changed her dreadfully. She wa'n't never the same girl after it. The same year she married Nathan Brock. I don't say but he's a good enough man in his way, but he wa'n't the man for Lucy," shaking her head sorrowfully.

"What else?" asked Ira, who was living it all in her eager pity.

"Well, then, Lucy was always ambitious, and she set her heart on getting a home and having things nice. They had bought a farm, and just built a new house, when it took fire and burned up."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Ira. "I should think they would have been discouraged."

"Not Lucy. But it soured her. She got to thinking everything was agin her, and she sort o' settled down to a tussel with circumstances, bound to come out ahead. It's made her hard, and graspin', and selfish."

"I hope she had a nice time at last," said Ira, hardly thinking it was Mrs. Brock of whom she was speaking, she seemed so like another person.

"Then she lost her beautiful boy baby before he was a year old. She's lost three of 'em. Didn't you never see their little stones over in the graveyard?"

Ira put her face in her hands and sobbed. She had thought her own trouble was all there was in the world.

"But her last trouble was worst of all," went on Miss Dorcas, taking off her glasses and wiping

them. "'Twould 'a' been better if Hattie had died with the rest. She was the sweetest baby, and she grew into a beautiful girl; but she was kind o' wild and flighty-like in her ways, and her mother didn't take the right way with her. She worshipped her, though, Lucy Brock did. Hattie always had her own way till she was quite grown, and then, when her mother saw what a way it was, she took to breakin' her of it; but 'twas too late. Hattie ran away from her home one night and went to the city. She has never come back."

Every word fell like hot drops on Ira's sensitive heart.

"Oh, how could she bear it?" she cried through her tears.

"It broke Lucy's heart," said Miss Dorcas, solemnly; "but she's a proud woman, and would take no pity from any. She never speaks Hattie's name, and the years have made her harder and colder, but I know she carries a living heartache under it all."

Miss Dorcas's own lips were quivering, and she took off her glasses and laid them in her lap; they were too dim to see through. Dinah got up and came to her mistress, rubbing affectionately against her knee, as if she understood; while Miss Dorcas, unable to keep still, smoothed her own hair, straightened her cap, wiped her eyes, cleared her glasses and carefully readjusted them.

"I have thought," she said, looking kindly at the tearful young face, "that mebber you would come in time to fill Hattie's place, and Lucy Brock would have something to love in her old age."

"Oh, if I only could!" cried Ira. "But how can I?" sorrowfully. "I believe she hates me. She won't let me love her."

"Can't you think how her troubles have made her hard and cross, and pity her till you love her in spite of herself? If you could, you might win her. Love conquers all things."

Ira shook her head doubtfully.

"She makes me so mad that I talk back to her. And I s'pose I say saucy things. She says so; and then she gets madder than ever."

"But if you loved her, you know," said Miss Dorcas, gently, "you wouldn't do so; you would think how sore her heart must be for the lost Hattie, and pity her, till you couldn't be angry."

"But I am quick, and she is so unjust," said Ira, frankly.

"I hardly think she means to be," said Miss Dorcas, thoughtfully. "She spoiled Hattie by indulgence, and perhaps she takes a different way, lest you should be spoiled, too."

"It seems easy enough to do here," said Ira; "but I know it won't be when I get home."

"I will tell you a good way to begin," said Miss Dorcas, cheerily; "just keep still."

"What? When?" asked Ira, bewildered.

"Whenever she is cross or harsh, and says hard

things, keep still. Don't answer a word, even if you know you are right. She won't scold a great while if you don't provoke her."

"I don't believe I can," answered Ira, honestly.

"I think you can if you try; and I am sure you will be willing to do that. Silence is worth more than silver many a time."

"I will try," said Ira, slowly and earnestly; "it can't be any worse."

"It may be that God—your mother's God—has put you there for this good work," said Miss Dorcas, reverently. "His ways are past finding out."

"That would be working for Him, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, child, doing a good work, too."

Absorbed in their talk, Ira had not noticed the time. She sprang up now.

"Oh, dear! it is half past three, and I never can get there in half an hour. She told me to be home by four," she added, in explanation.

"Of course she will be angry, but remember and not say a word."

"Wouldn't you explain?"

"She would not understand. No, try your 'silver silence,' and see how it works."

Ira put on her bonnet and took up her basket.

"May I kiss you good-bye?" she asked, timidly.

"Sure! sure, child!" said Miss Dorcas, kissing her heartily. "Make haste home, and be sure and remember."

Ira hurried homeward; but when she turned the corner and saw Mrs. Brock standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking down the road, she knew she was late.

Mrs. Brock watched her with grim satisfaction. Now she had legitimate cause for scolding.

"This is a pretty go!" she exclaimed, as soon as Ira came within sound of her voice. "Here it's a quarter after four, if it is a minnit! What do you mean by not gettin' back when I tell you to?" seizing her by the arm and shaking her slightly.

Mindful of Miss Dorcas, Ira did not speak.

"Why don't you answer me?" said Mrs. Brock, shaking her again.

"I didn't mean to be late; I am sorry," said Ira, humbly.

Mrs. Brock was astonished. She had not known the girl to say that since she first came. It had not taken Ira long to discover that to say "sorry" to Mrs. Brock only made matters worse, and she had early learned wisdom. The words dropped now out of the fullness of her heart before she thought.

"Humph! 'sorry' and 'didn't mean to' are poor sticks to lean on," said Mrs. Brock, sarcastically, and as Ira did not answer, wonderfully enough she said no more.

Ira did her work to-night with an entirely different spirit than usual, and when she saw her

mistress come in at nightfall, for the first time she fancied that her step was slower, and there was a weary look on the hard face.

Ira was an impulsive child, in spite of the iron rule under which she lived, and springing forward she set the rocking-chair by the door, saying: "Sit down and rest, won't you? I'll strain the milk," as she heard it carried into the cellar.

Strange to say Mrs. Brock sat down, pressing her hand to her side after Ira was gone. The sharp pain, which had troubled her for a few days, was there again. "Could it be possible that the iron constitution was breaking up at last?" the thought drifting idly through her mind. "At least she would work while she lived," her face settling down grimly.

A splash, and a little shriek from the cellar startled her.

"I wonder what that careless child has done now!" her heavy steps going swiftly down the stairs.

There was a deluge of milk on the cellar bottom, and Ira with an empty pan in her hand.

"Oh, dear! I might 'a' known! A whole pan of milk gone! You air the carlessest young 'un! Clear out now, and don't offer to do anything for me agin."

An angry retort was on Ira's lips, but thoughts of the "silver silence" enabled her to keep them resolutely shut. She turned away and went quietly up-stairs.

One good result of her self-restraint was that she felt no anger against her mistress. A strange pity possessed her, and a yearning to brighten life, if possible, for that dark, hard heart.

Mrs. Brock came up and set the pails down in the sink with a jar, looking curiously at the girl. The frank, young face wore no sullenness now, and as she deftly washed the pails, something—was it the turn of the head or the stray, curly lock that had escaped from behind the ear and hung over her forehead?—smote upon the woman's heart like an open grave.

As the weeks went on Ira learned to love silence for its own sake, and though hasty words were often on her lips and sometimes even passed them, she found it quite possible to avoid the old clashing. If she had looked for a speedy reward she must have been disappointed, for the same hard words and harsh tones fell on her ear, and Mrs. Brock seemed proof even against gentleness. But Ira did not despair. Even as Miss Dorcas had said, continual forbearance and pity were working out love, and she grew to watching the stern face, and wishing it would soften once toward her, so that she might dare to say all that was in her heart.

The woman could not help noticing the girl's changed ways, but she only said to herself, contemptuously, "Queer notion she's got; but 'twon't last long."

The weeks slipped into months, and summer's shorn harvest-fields and brown pastures were growing green beneath October's sun and rain. Mrs. Brock had kept steadily at her work all this time, giving no sign of weakness, though the pain in her side still continued to prove troublesome, and sometimes almost caught away her breath with its knife-like sharpness. She came in one day from one of her investigating tours around the farm and orchard, and Ira, who was ironing at the woodshed table, saw that her feet faltered on the sill and she staggered against the door-post. She dropped her iron and sprang forward, just in time to save her from falling, and drew her into a chair. The stern face was white and set now, and she gasped fearfully for breath, clutching Ira with such a grip that the fingers left their mark on the young girl's arm. Sorely frightened, but still self-possessed, Ira stood beside her, holding her head and bearing as much of her weight as she could. The paroxysm only lasted a moment, but weak and helpless she still clung to the slight form beside her.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Ira, when the woman could speak; "can't I help you? I love you, please let me be like a daughter to you?"

"Who told you that?" cried Mrs. Brock, fiercely. "Don't you never say such a thing again."

And then the proud, hard nature gave way, her head went down on the girl's shoulder and she sobbed like a child. Heavy sobs they were, too, that shook the stout frame like a reed, and all the while Ira was smoothing the iron-gray hair and softly touching her lips to the seamed brow. At last the woman set up, trembling and exhausted. Ira shook up the pillow on the lounge and came back.

"Won't you come and lie down a little?" she asked, winningly.

Mrs. Brock passively suffered herself to be lead to the lounge, and gladly lay down, too weak to stand. Ira dropped on her knees beside her, laid her cheek to hers in a swift little caress, and went back to her work.

The stricken woman made no attempt to get up. For the first time in years the work went on without her. Nathan Brock was really shocked and startled when he came in to dinner, to find his wife lying down.

"Are you sick, Lucy?" he asked, almost tenderly.

The woman's eyes moistened. Something in his voice reminded her of the long ago.

"Only a pain," she said, briefly, almost coldly.

The tears were too near.

After dinner he came again.

"Sha'n't I send for the doctor?" he asked.

"No, Nathan," the words slipping out softly before she was aware.

Ira brought her dinner on the large tray. She

had taken pains to make it nice and tempting, but the woman could not eat. Thought and memory were busy, and food choked her.

"You needn't 'a' brought it," she said, as Ira took it away almost untouched. "I'm goin' to git up."

"Oh, please don't! Lie still this afternoon and maybe you'll feel better. I can do all the work," urged Ira, eagerly.

But habit was too strong, and presently she was up, going about her work apparently as hard and stern as ever. But there was a tone in her voice when she spoke to Ira that had never been there before.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Brock went to the doctor's. The shrewd, kindly, blunt old man told the woman some very decided truths about herself and the body she had abused so long that it would bear no more.

"Moderation and quiet, ma'am; no excitement of any kind, if you expect to get well. That kind of pain is an ugly customer—hard to get rid of," he said, going to the door with her.

But Lucy Brock found to her sorrow that it is easier to ruin than to restore, and not all the years that were left to her could make her well and strong again.

From this time, however, the change in her feelings toward Ira became more and more apparent. Not that any confessions or explanations were ever made, or that she herself was at all demonstrative. Her feelings had been so long kept down with a rigid hand, that they were slow to come to the surface, but Ira felt the atmosphere about her to be entirely changed, and soon acquired loving little ways and words, which were like plowshares to that hardened heart, and destined to break it up completely.

Once only Mrs. Brock said: "Work's ben a good deal to me. I should 'a' gone crazy once if it hadn't been for that."

And Ira remembered, pitifully, that sore trouble had whitened her hair and wrinkled her face.

One day when they had been sitting together silently for some time, Ira looked up suddenly, and asked a question she had been longing, yet fearing to ask, ever since her visit to Miss Dorcas: "Won't you please tell me about Hattie?"

The woman's face darkened.

"Don't speak of her, the wretched, ungrateful girl. She couldn't have loved me much or she wouldn't have left me."

"Perhaps she is sorry by this time," said Ira, pleadingly.

"No, she isn't, or she would have come back long ago."

"Maybe—"

"There, that's enuff. Don't never speak of her agin."

But Ira did not lose hope that some day she

might be able to win a place for Hattie in her mother's heart.

It was wonderful, after this, to see how the hard face began to soften, the lips lost their grim tension, and the very wrinkles seemed to be smoothing. Not that Mrs. Brock was at once transformed into a meek, gentle woman. She was sometimes harsh, even unjust, for the habits of years had bound her with iron fetters, but she always strove afterward to make amends in some way, though without words.

Mr. Brock, too, felt the influence of the genial atmosphere which began to pervade the home, and the cold, taciturn man was betrayed into little jests and bits of pleasantries, which did their share toward making and keeping the sunshine. Finally, when she thought the right time had come, Ira ventured to ask her mistress if she might call her Aunt Lucy.

The woman was strangely moved. She turned her back abruptly, and said nothing for a moment; then she replied, in a curiously choked voice: "Why, yes, child, if you want to; I don't see why you should, though."

And the girl, grown daring in her love, slipped her arm around Mrs. Brock's neck, laid her cheek against hers, and whispered low: "Because I love you so."

Ira went down to the little old house one day and thanked Miss Dorcas for her advice. Silence had indeed been worth more than silver. It was the alchemy which had transmuted the dross of her life into pure gold. MARJORIE MOORE.

A CAPITAL PRESCRIPTION.

A RATHER eccentric yet eminent physician was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady who had imaginary ills. After many wise inquiries about her symptoms and manner of life, he asked for a piece of paper, and wrote down the following prescription: "Do something for somebody."

In the gravest manner he handed it to the patient and left. The doctor heard nothing from the lady for a long time. On Christmas morning he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washer-woman.

"It's not meself, doctor, it's me wrist that's ailing. Ye see, I was after goin' out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when my foot struck this basket. It stood there like a big mercy, as it was, full of soft flannel from Mrs. Walker. She towld me that your medicine cured her, doctor. So if you plaze to put a little of that same on my wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice present."

"It is a powerful remedy," said the doctor, gravely. And more than once in after years he wrote the prescription: "Do something for somebody."

THE ART OF FIRESIDE STORY-TELLING.

MOST small folks begin life under the delusion that big folks are by nature surpassingly clever—that they can do anything by setting their mind to it; that they know all about everything. In consequence of this delusion, it so happens that these little folks, these Lilliputians, often catch some larger mortal, and tie and peg him down, hand, foot and head, with their silken threads, before he well knows where he is. They swarm upon him, and search his intellectual pockets for wonderful curiosities that are commonplace things to himself. They address him in their charming language, which is a very simple one, not too strict about grammatical rules; the outcome of all of which is, that a story might, could and should be told. About the "could," the Lilliputians are always certain; but the captive is very uncertain indeed. Possibly he is one of those people who feel that to spin out a children's tale is equal in embarrassment to making an after-dinner speech, and of the two more likely to collapse in failure. Others, of course, are of opinion that to tell a story to children is the easiest thing in the world; and that sense or nonsense can be strung together to any length, and will please the indiscriminating audience as long as the teller cares to be troubled with them.

Let those who have this opinion put it to the test, and they will find that the audience is anything but indiscriminating; that nonsense cannot be strung together at any length; and that sense—which is less difficult—will prove a failure, too, if it be told above or below the level of the listeners. Moreover, strangers in the Lilliputian realms, unacquainted with the customs and language, make most lamentable and trying failures, even when they have taken the greatest pains to tell an excellent tale. This sort of story-telling is, in fact, an art in itself; and a more difficult art than the recounting of "good stories" across a dining-table to old heads, who can fill up what is sketched in a few words. But whoever loves the little people must at some time or other expect to be, perforce, put to trial in the story-telling art.

A true story always carries a peculiar charm with it, although an untrue story may be more attractive in other ways. Probably a philosopher's reason for the distinction would be, that the foundation of the craving for stories is the children's desire to acquire knowledge of things outside of their own little sphere, in order to satisfy the curiosity which is their natural and necessary gift, and to give scope to that imagination which is the birthright of every child, and which is often left unused and gradually lost in hard-working later years. A true narrative gives the child the desired knowledge of things in the concrete, and the small life touches other lives, and looks into them

with all the zest of its hunger for experience. The tale of imagination develops the child's imagination in a corresponding degree; but it only affords a knowledge of things in the abstract, and there is not felt the electric touch against other lives of its own human kind. As to the class of true narrative, which we have called personal experiences, these depend much more upon the telling than upon the matter told.

Miss Edgeworth's model race of wise and prudent young folks has been superseded by a vast multitude of boys and girls, as fictitious as they, but more humanly faulty. The children like the new race better, because they seem more alive and real, being more like their own imperfect selves. And in this matter children have the very same discriminating instinct which prompts their elders to desiderate some human weakness in their heroines, and some cracks and dints and commonplace rust of the world on the armor of their heroes.

In story-telling it would by no means be a hard task to humbly imitate Hans Andersen, the laureate of the child-world. Three points seem to have been set before his mind—to tell the possible adventures of some simple thing; to speak of scenes and circumstances familiar in the children's experience; to throw across it all the shadow of human tenderness, sorrow and kindness. Out of an old bottle-neck he evolves a beautiful history with plenty of sadness in it, as there is in everything that is meant to keep hearts tender; it would be difficult to tell that story as he told it, but not at all difficult to imagine how such a common thing as the bottle-neck could be mixed up with human joy and grief. Again the daisy is not easily rivaled, but quite easily imitated; and what better teaching could there be than the indirect appeal made by that short, simple story? The opening is a model of story-telling to children; it is carefully laid among things easily imagined. "Now listen. In the country, close to the roadside, stood a pleasant house; you have seen one like it, no doubt, very often. In front lay a garden inclosed by palings, full of blooming flowers. Near the hedge, in the soft, green grass, grew a little daisy." All the rest is as simple. The sod with the daisy in the middle is placed in a bird-cage, and the bird is dying of neglect. "You also will wither here, you poor little flower," cries the bird, thrusting its parched beak into the sod for moisture. "They have given you to me with the little patch of grass, in exchange for the whole world, which was mine out there!" So the bird dies starved—broken-hearted, and the daisy mourns and withers. We venture to believe that more young eyes have dimmed and glistened, and more young hearts have been taught by that tragedy in a bird-cage than by almost any other moral tale in existence. Yet the matter and method of this

miniature masterpiece are suggestive of lesser copies, of variety as great as the world is wide.

As to the manner of story-telling, the three best hints seem to be: Look well at your little audience, and not at one of them alone. Be sure they are all looking at you; though, if your tale is not a failure, they will be hardly conscious of you or themselves after five minutes. Secondly, speak very slowly, and make many pauses; that is, give them the good thing they are relishing in spoonfuls equal to their capacity, instead of pouring it all down fast at once, to choke their memory and imagination. Lastly, give them plenty of variety of tone, and a little action; all of which will be unavoidable if the story-teller is interested in and enjoying the story; and unless that be the case, it is as well not to tell it at all.

The art of story-telling among the little ones is well worth studying; and of all the fireside arts, it is the happiest and the best rewarded. But, like all other good things, it requires a little thought and trouble; and from the absence of the will to give these for what seems but a small object, there has been round firesides, from time immemorial, loud lament from the small folks at the despairing mention of a certain irrepressible Johnny M'Gory.

ANCIENT PERFUMERY.

JULES SIMON traces back the origin of perfumes to the early times of the Chinese Empire, and mentions a curious habit which prevailed amongst the fine ladies of the Celestial Empire of rubbing in their hands a round ball made of a mixture of amber, musk and sweet-scented flowers. The Jews, who were also devoted to sweet scents, used them in their sacrifices, and also to anoint themselves before their repasts. The Scythian women went a step farther, and, after pounding on a stone, cedar, cypress and incense, made up the ingredients thus obtained into a thick paste, with which they smeared their faces and limbs. The composition emitted for a time a pleasant odor, and on the following day gave to the skin a soft and shining appearance. The Greeks carried sachets of scent in their dresses, and filled their dining-rooms with fumes of incense. Even their wines were often impregnated with decoctions of flowers or with sweet-scented flowers themselves, such as roses and violets. There were also appropriate scents for each limb and each feature, and the elegants of Athens resorted to such effeminate refinements of luxury, anointing pigeons with a liquid perfume, and causing them to fly loose about a room, scattering the drops from their feathers over the heads and garments of those who were feasting beneath.

LESTER'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"I WONDER what kind of a person Lester's wife is?"

There was a shade of petulance in the voice that gave utterance to these words, and Mrs. Bond glanced from the embroidery which she held in her hand to her precise and well-behaved daughters, Cynthia and Louisa, who sat with her in the neatly-furnished parlor of a commodious dwelling in one of our western towns.

"Pretty and child-like, wayward and impulsive, like any other school-girl," answered Cynthia, the elder daughter, impatiently.

"She may be very willful and hard to manage, for all that," said Louisa, reflectively.

"It won't prevent her *being* managed, however," replied Mrs. Bond, decisively; "for since she has entered my family without giving me even a chance of being consulted, she is entitled to no particular consideration from me."

"What silly freaks men of Lester's age do take," said Louisa. "One would have supposed that his twenty-seven years would have matured his judgment sufficiently to prevent his falling in love with a girl of sixteen. It's just like a man, though," she added, contemptuously.

"No doubt he could have done better by marrying some one nearer his age, right here in our own town, where we might, at least, have been consulted in a matter which concerns us nearly as much as it does him," said Cynthia.

"It may be just as well for Lester in time to come," said Mrs. Bond, reflectively, "for she will be more subject to our influence, and more easily moulded to a pattern of wifely submission and obedience, than if she were old enough to have fixed habits and opinions of her own."

"If he has taken her to bring up, we can give her a pretty thorough course of training, I fancy; but I do not know how much she will enjoy it," said Louisa.

"Her enjoyment will not be the subject that engages my attention," said the mother; "my object will be accomplished when I have made her submissive and obedient in all that concerns my son's happiness."

"You couldn't teach *me* submission to the will of any man," said Cynthia, decidedly.

"Perhaps I shouldn't want to; but with my son's wife it will be different," replied the mother.

"It is more than Lester deserves; but I suppose that we will go on humoring and petting him just as we always have done, in spite of the ungrateful manner in which he has treated us," said Louisa.

Mrs. Bond was a widow, and had lived, ever since her husband's death, in the town, where, by a fortunate investment when the place was in its infancy, he had secured a comfortable income for

his family. Pride and self-will, with a certain degree of tyranny (which had been to a great extent inherited by her daughters), were her most striking characteristics. She loved her children devotedly, and the rights of others were very trifling considerations, compared with their pleasure or convenience.

Lester was the only son, and the youngest of the family; and as he was the only one who had ventured on the sea of matrimony, the mother and sisters were naturally indignant that he should have remained indifferent to all whom they would have suggested, and married a young girl whose acquaintance he had made while on a visit to his father's brother, who lived in an adjoining State.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the bride and groom, and the innocent cause of so much dissatisfaction was ushered into the presence of those who were waiting to pass judgment upon her. The expression "pretty and child-like" had not been misapplied.

A diminutive form—lithe, slender and graceful—stood in the critical survey of the trio, and a pair of deep blue eyes glanced shyly up to the faces of the mother and sisters, while the rose tint deepened upon her cheek as she replied to their words of quiet, well-bred greeting. The wavy brown hair fell in long, shining tresses over her shoulders, and the single bud and slender spray, fastened among the rich dark ringlets, added to the child-like simplicity of her appearance, which partook more of nature than fashion.

Artless, innocent and unsuspecting, she stood before them, with an expression of perfect trustfulness in the truthful eyes that would have touched a sympathetic beholder's heart with pity when reflecting upon the untried path that lay before her. She looked more as if she might be some child that Lester had brought home to adopt, than the wife of the mature and self-possessed man who stood beside her.

She was the oldest child of a widowed mother, and had seen not even one season in society; her knowledge of the world and its ways was confined to what she could learn at the village school, and of such books as the village library contained; and, for one of her age, she had read many which were useful and instructive. She possessed more than an ordinary share of intelligence, and with her mind undiverted by alluring amusements, she had studied diligently, with the hope of fitting herself for a position in the seminary, where she might earn an honest and independent support.

But Lester Bond had gathered the bud when the flower had scarcely begun to unfold. It had taken months of patient, persistent wooing to win the coy and sensitive maiden, but she had believed and trusted him with the unquestioning faith of a child, and at last been led to idolize Colonel Bond's proud and handsome nephew. And the

mother, learning from the colonel himself that "Lester was a man that any girl might be proud to win," had yielded a reluctant consent.

She was devotedly attached to the younger brothers and sister, and parting from them had been a severe trial; but Lester had assured her that she should visit them often, and that the society of his own mother and sisters would do a great deal toward reconciling her to the separation; and with implicit faith in his promises, she left all the tender associations of home to follow him, expecting to find the new relatives as gentle and affectionate as her own.

Mrs. Bond and her daughters received the young wife civilly, but there was no unnecessary demonstration of affection upon their part; and the stately women were so unlike her own gentle and impulsive mother, that the contrast struck a chill to her heart as she stood in their critical survey.

Her eyes sought her husband's face; and partially reassured by his complacent smile, she endeavored to throw off the restraint which oppressed her; but there was no tender chord of sympathy drawing her toward her mother-in-law, and she did not feel the affection for the sisters which she had expected; but this she attributed to the strangeness of her position. "For," she reasoned, "it could be through no fault of theirs—they must be excellent women, since they were Lester's own kindred;" and she tried to convince herself that she should surely love them when she knew them better; but they seemed so grand and stately, so much above the ladies whom she had been accustomed to meet, that she must get used to them, and then she would understand and appreciate them.

"A very pretty little creature, certainly," was Cynthia's mental comment; but it irritated and annoyed her to see her brother so completely absorbed in the contemplation of the girlish face; it looked silly for a man of his years, to one who had outgrown what little romance might ever have lingered about her; and Cynthia had never been called sentimental.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Bond, like the shrewd, calculating woman that she was, was taking a mental inventory of her daughter-in-law's characteristics, and speculating upon the extent to which she would be able to uproot whatever might displease her, and substitute theories of her own. There was certainly no willfulness expressed in the truthful, girlish face, and Mrs. Bond was not long in discovering that she was a bud of rare promise, one who would develop into a noble and intellectual type of womanhood under the light of favorable circumstances.

But there were some things that did not please her. There was too great a contrast between the fresh, girlish beauty and the somewhat faded charms and angular forms of her own daughters.

And time would bring her added graces, while with Cynthia and Louisa the case was different. But she could be held in check, and "*she would be.*"

"How in the world did you ever happen to fancy an ignorant little girl like me, when your mother and sisters are such superior women?" asked Lelia, the first time that she was alone with her husband.

"Why, I expect you to be a superior woman, too," he replied, smiling at her earnestness.

"I fear that I shall never be able to attain their standard of excellence," she answered, gravely.

"You forget that one of your age cannot expect to have the wisdom which comes only with years," he replied. "We will not begin housekeeping alone for some time to come, and no doubt the experience of mother will be of great use to you in learning the things which it will be desirable for you to know."

"Do you think that I shall really be able to please them?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Why certainly," he replied, reassuringly. "Who could help being pleased with you?"

"If every one is as easily satisfied as you, it will be no great task; but I am afraid that I shall never be like them. I cannot be grand and dignified," she said, with a seriousness that made Lester laugh.

"Don't try; if you will always be like yourself, it will suit me better. I had seen hundreds of stately women before I met you, but it was this very wilddflower style of yours that I so much admired. But there are many things it will be necessary for you to learn, and mother and the girls know how to do everything that it is needful for women to know, and they will willingly teach you if you wish to learn," said Lester.

"Of course I want to learn everything which you wish me to know," she answered, truthfully.

The days went by, and the novelty of having a new member in the family wore away; but Lelia was treated in the light of a child rather than as a sister and an equal. She was made distinctly to understand that her judgment was not sufficiently matured to admit of her having any voice in matters of importance, even when she was the principal person concerned. And assuming that her practical education had been sadly neglected, as she had never crotched a tidy, embroidered worsted dog, nor made a fine shirt, they undertook to supply the deficiency; but she had a very satisfactory knowledge of all the branches usually taught in common schools, could talk with kind old Dr. Allen understandingly of physiology, and once or twice, when Cynthia had attempted to correct a grammatical error in her conversation, she had produced a later author and proved herself correct, which did not tend to soften the severity of that lady's manner toward her.

One evening, while attending a social party with her husband and his sisters, a gentleman asked her if she had read a popular work which he very much admired.

"She is too young to know much of such literature," said Cynthia. "You could scarcely expect one of her years to read anything so deep."

And the elder sister began a discussion of the merits of the book with the gentleman, while Lelia listened, wondering if Lester would be pleased to have her able to express opinions of such authors as understandingly as Cynthia did; and the next day she went out, purchased the work, read and studied it carefully in the privacy of her own room, without informing any one that it was in her possession.

It was not long before she met the same gentleman upon a similar occasion, and, introducing the subject, she displayed a knowledge of the work which astonished the listeners; and although Cynthia was annoyed by what she called "Lelia's forwardness," an appreciative smile from her husband rewarded the young wife for all the trouble she had taken. She saw that a knowledge of such books was placed to her credit, and resolved to devote a portion of each day to their perusal, and with her quick perceptions and retentive memory she could not fail to become well informed.

She had been suddenly removed to a sphere very different from the one to which she had been accustomed, and she earnestly endeavored to acquire such knowledge as would enable her to fill the new position in a manner that would reflect no reproach upon Lester's judgment in choosing her for a wife. She was received with favor in the circle to which she was introduced. Innocent and artless, yet sensible and intelligent, with a total absence of everything resembling affectation, winsome and amiable in her disposition, she won all hearts without suspecting it; but it soon became evident to the argus-eyed sisters that she was enjoying an unequal share of popularity, and their only redress seemed to consist in a system of snubbing and fault-finding at home. Deference to elders was something which she had been always taught; and had they treated her with the affection and tenderness due to a younger sister, she would have repaid them with unquestioning faith and dutiful obedience; but sometimes, when sorely tried, there came flashes of temper, in which she returned cutting and unanswerable replies, which, however exasperating it might be, inspired a certain degree of respect, and warned them not to press her too closely in the presence of others—at least not until she had been subjected to a thorough course of training.

"Lelia, it is time that you had learned to make fine shirts. Lester needs half a dozen now," said Cynthia, one morning after he had gone to his office.

"I can make them, I know I can, with a little advice and instruction from you, and I shall enjoy it, too," replied the young wife. "I will get the material immediately."

"Just like any other child, eager to begin any new work, and just as ready to quit before it is half done," said Cynthia, as Lelia left the room to bring the materials. "I will let her make one without any assistance or advice, and then have her make another under my direction, to let her see how little she really knows."

Lelia soon returned, and obtaining a neatly-fitting pattern, and taking a nicely-made garment to look at, she began her work. Cynthia paid no attention until it was completed, and the young wife laid it down, saying: "One more accomplishment to exhibit to Lester, when he returns."

Then she took it to inspect, not to encourage and commend, but to find fault and to censure.

To her surprise it was remarkably well done, considering that it was a first attempt, but after a careful scrutiny, she exclaimed: "The sleeves are not gathered evenly; you must take off the wristbands and do it over."

"I thought that I had taken all possible pains," replied Lelia, taking the garment from Cynthia's hand with a despondent look, for she had worked steadily, and to undo it, looked like a wearisome task.

"It doesn't matter what you thought," answered Cynthia, decisively, "Lester is not accustomed to having his garments made in that manner, and you may as well learn to do it right in the first place."

"I am sorry that it does not please you, I wanted to have it finished when he came home, to show him what I had learned in his absence," replied Lelia, as she began to cut the stitches.

"Nonsense; what do you suppose that he will care about it? He knows that it is your duty to make his garments, and if you expect to be praised for every little thing that you do, it is very childish indeed," said Cynthia, impatiently.

Lelia did not reply, but as soon as she heard her husband's step in the hall she went to meet him and soon returned, clinging to his arm in her own pretty, childlike fashion.

"What are you doing?" he asked, after she had resumed the task of cutting the stitches.

"Your little girl is undoing her work," said Cynthia, sneeringly, for she did not like Lelia's habit of running to the door whenever she heard his step.

"And your ancient sister is superintending it," said Lelia, jestingly.

An angry flash swept over the sister's face, as she replied: "I will try to remember that you are still in your childhood."

"Thanks for your consideration, I will return it by remembering that you are entering the same

state for the second time," returned Lelia, lightly.

With a withering glance at both husband and wife, Cynthia swept from the room, too deeply insulted to reply.

"You touched a tender chord that time," said Lester, sternly. "I would advise you not to cast reflections upon Cynthia's age, Louisa's either, for that matter, it is a subject upon which they are becoming sensitive."

"But no one reproves them for casting reflections upon my age. I am called a child every day of my life, and no one seems to think it wrong," said Lelia.

"There is no reproach in that, since every year is bringing you its added graces; but with the girls, it is different, and they, as well as mother, think there is some deference due them from one so young," said Lester.

"I will not reply to your mother, when she finds fault with me, and I will try to be duly respectful to your sisters, but does it not seem as if I ought to be allowed to take my own part, when there are so many to criticize my doings?" asked the wife.

"I have no objections to your returning a good-natured retort, providing that you avoid subjects that might hurt their feelings," replied the husband; but it evidently did not occur to him that this young and sensitive creature might have feelings, too.

"Why did you make Lelia undo her work?" asked Louisa, when next they were alone.

"Because I wanted to," was the curt reply. "It will require all our tactics to keep her from being completely spoiled by the way that people are petting her, and she shall not get too good an opinion of her own abilities if I can help it. She deserves to be severely punished for her impudence to me just now, and if she were a young girl that we were bringing up, instead of Lester's wife, she would be. If she were only subject to my authority, the child should be chastized until she was completely conquered. I hope the manner in which I left the room, gave Lester to understand that I would tolerate no further impertinence from her."

CHAPTER II.

THE weeks went by, but somehow, the society of the sisters failed to compensate for the companionship of the loving ones at home.

Ineffaceably engraven upon her memory, was the pleading look and tone of the little four-year-old brother, who stood in the door when she went away, telling her not to stay "only just a little while," and the woman whom she called mother, was so unlike her own affectionate mamma, that in spite of all her resolutions to be brave and womanly, her thoughts turned back to the dear, loving kindred, with all the wretchedness of bitter

homesickness. "What would I do if it were not for Lester?" she used to say to herself as she stood at the window, watching, with tear-dimmed eyes, his retreating form, as he went to his place of business down the street. At the first sound of his step in the hall she always flew to meet him, and returned to the family circle leaning upon his arm, with her features beaming with the inexpressible tenderness of her loving heart; but in the eyes of the mother and sisters this was unbearably childish, and the contemptuous sneer which they made no attempt to conceal, annoyed Lester exceedingly; and one morning, before starting for his office, he told her that he would rather that she would not come to meet him upon his return.

"Not come to meet you?" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I thought you wanted me to come. You told me, over and over again, that it would lighten all the cares of the day to know that I would meet you at the door and bid you welcome home, and I am so glad to see you. Surely you were not deceiving me?"

"No, Lelia, I meant every word that I said, but—"

"But you have grown weary of me, now that I am really your own. I have noticed for some time that your manner toward me was not so affectionate as it used to be; but, Lester, I gave up everything that I had in all this wide world for your sake," and throwing herself upon a sofa, she gave vent to her feelings in a burst of passionate sobbing.

He tried to explain to her that the husband was not expected to be exactly like the lover, that moonshine was generally cast aside after marriage as belonging mostly to the honeymoon, and that all husbands abandoned, more or less, the lover-like attentions after the object of their regard was once secured. But she replied: "Lester, you are cruel; why didn't you tell me this in the first place, instead of making all the promises that you did? If it is worth taking so much trouble to win a heart, is it not worth retaining afterward?"

"Why, you exacting little puss, I am going to retain it. I expect you to love me all your lifetime just as much as you do now; but you will see these matters in the same light that other people do when you are older," he replied.

But Lelia was not comforted. It was impossible for the strong man, in the midst of his kindred and familiar associations, to realize how utterly her life was bound up in him.

She did not go down at dinner-time, and when Lester made some excuse about her not feeling well, his mother replied: "People who are seldom ill, are apt to make a great deal of complaint about trifles."

How hard she tried to please him, and to win back the lover-like attentions and manifestations

of affection which had been her only solace through many a lonely hour, but she was young and inexperienced, and there were many things in her manner and deportment that were pronounced unbecomingly childish for a married woman by the mother and sisters, and catching the spirit of fault-finding from them, Lester, too, became censorious and dictatorial in his manner toward her. If he had been wiser, if he had understood the sensitive and susceptible nature of the child-wife, whose sole happiness depended upon his kindness and appreciation, he might have led her where he would, but it was not according to the Bond fashion to mildly suggest improvements when everything was deemed amiss.

"I wish that Lester wouldn't scold me. I will do anything in my power to please him without any unkind words," she said, one day, speaking more to herself than to the mother-in-law, who happened to be in the room with her.

"Do you think that he has no right to correct you?" asked the elder lady, provokingly. "It is a woman's place to look up to her husband with deference and respect. Do you not remember that serve and obey were in the marriage ceremony? Perhaps you are not always deferential and obedient."

"I'm sure I never thought of marriage in that light," said Lelia, despondently.

"Very likely," responded the elder lady. "It is a state upon which the young and thoughtless are apt to enter without due reflection upon its obligations," and she proceeded to give her daughter-in-law a long lecture upon the duties of a wife.

"Does marriage place no obligations upon a husband that are worth mentioning?" asked Lelia, after waiting patiently for the termination of the lecture.

"You are not a husband; therefore, it is unnecessary for me to teach you a husband's duties," replied the elder lady, decisively.

Poor, sensitive little Lelia! Matrimony was certainly assuming a phase very different from that which Lester had pictured to her in the little parlor in her mother's cottage.

With a feeling of inexpressible wretchedness, she sought her room, and abandoned herself to the only solace left her, the luxury of tears.

It was thus that her husband found her, when he returned, an hour afterward.

"What! crying again, Lelia? I wish you would try and be more womanly, it is very annoying to me, to have mother and the girls continually witnessing your childishness," he said, complainingly.

"O Lester, I do so want to go home, and see mother and the children," she sobbed. "My absence would leave no vacancy here, and they would be so glad to have me with them once more."

"Lelia, do you care more for them than for me?" he asked, sternly, as if he questioned her right to care for any one else, since she was solely and exclusively his.

"There is no need of asking such a question, Lester. You told me that I could visit them often; and if your promises are not utterly worthless, you will surely let me go," she said, with a pleading look in her tearful eyes that made him turn from their gaze.

"And so you would really leave me to go to them?" he questioned, with an injured air.

"Lester, they have loved and cared for me longer than you have;" and more unselfishly, she might have added; but she only said, in tones that sounded almost desperate in their earnestness: "I shall die if I cannot go."

But he had no desire to part, even for a brief period, with the unselfish wife, who had made home happier for him ever since her entrance there, for, notwithstanding his petulance and fault-finding, he felt that he would be lonely enough without her girlish presence; but the wistful eyes, fixed so imploringly upon his face, and the tremulous entreaty of her voice, made him shrink from refusing her request at once, so he said: "Well, since you seem so anxious to go away, if you will conquer this childish habit of crying for every trifle, I will consult mother in regard to the matter."

The idea that Mrs. Bond would not rejoice to be rid of one so full of imperfections as she seemed to find her daughter-in-law, had not occurred to Lelia; and when she found that it was to be left to her, she regarded the matter as already settled, and, cheered with a new hope, she dried her tears, and her face assumed an expectant, almost joyous look that it had not worn for many weeks. Lester talked with her a few moments, and then, at her request, sought his mother to make known Lelia's desire.

"It is all nonsense," was that lady's reply. "If you begin by indulging her in every childish fancy, there will be no end to her whims; and the only proper way is to be firm, and make her understand that you are not to be trifled with. She has not been away from her friends a year, and wanting to go back is only a piece of childishness which it would be folly to indulge."

When he returned, Lelia met him with an expectant look, for she had no doubt of the willingness of both mother and sisters.

"Well?" There was but little anxiety in her tones, for she was only awaiting the confirmation of her own opinion.

"Mother does not think best for you to go, Lelia; and as my own judgment is in accordance with hers, we will drop the subject without further discussion," he said, decisively, with a manner calculated to impress her with the utter uselessness of further appeal.

Every particle of color receded from her face, and a white, despairing look crept over the quivering features, chasing the eager light from her eyes, and blanching cheek and lip to ashen paleness, as, faint from the sudden transition of feeling, she sank into the nearest chair.

If Lester had told her of the true reason for refusing her request, if he had assured her that her presence was so essential to his happiness as to make him unwilling to part with her even for a brief season, he would have robbed the disappointment of half its bitterness; but his mother's admonition to "be firm" was fresh in his mind, and the wild, despairing light that came into her eyes as they were lifted to his face, filled him with an uncomfortable sensation, and, coward-like, he turned away, and left her to bear the burden of disappointment alone.

There was no hysterical burst of sobbing, no storm of bitter, unavailing tears; but a slender, quivering figure sat in the waning light, gazing out upon the lengthening shadows that seemed to fall across her heart, making the world seem very dark and drear to her, who should have been rejoicing in the rosiest hues of life's early morning. Gloomy walls seemed closing round her, shutting out the last gleam of love and light from her despondent heart, and with a deep, quivering sigh, the throbbing head drooped upon the case-ment in darkness and alone.

If Lester could have understood the effect which this stern "discipline," as it was styled, would have upon the sensitive organization, he would not have dared to administer it so unsparingly; but to him the scene was unpleasant, and so he withdrew from it.

ISADORE ROGERS.

(To be continued.)

A BIRD'S WIT.—Some time since, while riding slowly along a dusty macadamized road, I was startled by the hurried flight close by my side of a small bird, which dropped in the road a few paces ahead, and after a flutter in the dust sat perfectly motionless. I drew up my horse to watch events, when a moment later a hawk swooped by, but missed its prey, and went off into an adjoining field. The sparrow remained still in its place, and, all covered with dust, looked for all the world like one of the many loose stones in the road—so much so, that no wonder it should have escaped the sharp sight even of the hawk. But one explanation of such a freak seemed possible; and when we reflect that these birds generally take to the bushes or to the lichen-spotted rail fences, when pursued by hawks, and that dust is not a constant factor of the environment, we stop to admire so bright a spark of intelligence kindled under such trying circumstances.

HEART'S-EASE.

SAYS Leigh Hunt, "The Persians themselves have not a greater number of fond appellations for the rose, than the people of Europe for the heart's-ease." Few flowers have a richer inheritance of titles. From the plain, unfanciful johnny-jump-up to *Flos jovis* from the Latin, "Jove's own flower, that shares the violet's pride."

Three-pretty-faces-under-one-hood, ladies' flower, and by Shakespeare, love-in-idleness,

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;

It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

But the most popular name by which this flower is known is the French derivation—*pansies*.

"There are pansies; that's for thoughts."

The pansy is invariably among the favorite flowers of the florist. There is something indescribably attractive in its quaint individuality of color and contour. Lilies may wave and smile in their stately grace, roses beckon by their flame and fragrance, but this modest little Cinderella of the sisterhood dons the purple almost unaware.

Look over the pages of a floral magazine and you will see that patrons and publisher are loyal subjects of this lowly queen. A correspondent writes from Ohio, "My pansies are the admiration of the neighborhood;" from Illinois, "Pansies are my hobby;" and even from Texas, "Those superb pansies are the admiration of the country. People who are strangers to me come here to see 'them flowers that have faces,' they say." Thus from the humble heart's-ease, or three-colored violet, has sprung one of the most popular flowers known in floriculture. Half a century ago there flourished on a bank of the Thames a lovely garden; the owner of it, seeing the interest his daughter manifested in the work, gave her a share of the grounds for her own. One of the heart-shaped flower-beds this lady of the Thames—Mary Bennet—filled with pansies, wisely selecting the choicest plants from other parts of the garden for her special culture. Soon this little mound of the purple heart began to attract the attention of professional florists, and the pansy, no longer an humble violet, blossomed into royal favor. No flowers are more companionable and life-like, and none perform their part more worthily, in work of floral ministration. "In fact," says an enthusiastic editor, "it requires no very great stretch of the imagination to cause one to believe that they see and move, and acknowledge our admiration in a very pretty and knowing way." Its simple legend, "You occupy my thoughts," is one of the most beautiful testimonials of love or friendship in the language of flowers.

While in Europe, Professor Silliman called on Madame Agassiz, the mother of the great naturalist. His account of the brief interview closes with this touching incident: "She was grieved when she learned that our stay was very brief, and would hardly be denied that we should become guests at her house, or, at least, that the senior of the party should accept her hospitality. The next morning she came, walking alone, a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and parted evidently with deep emotion, and not concealed, for we had brought the image of her favorite son near to her mental vision again. She brought for Mr. Silliman a little bouquet of pansies, and bid us tell her son her *pensees* were all for him." Thus our thoughts go forth in messages of love and gratitude through the heart-reaching dialect of flowers.

Its symbolic titles are not without significance. The pen-name of a pleasant, successful writer; the title-page of a volume of poems—Mrs. Whitney's "Pansies"—and the doubtfully appropriate sobriquet of a Leadville mine.

Mrs. Siddons cultivated the acquaintance of this flower of thought and remembrance, and the author of "Paradise Lost" could leave his quarrel of the angels long enough to admire "the pansy freaked with jet."

Heart's-ease is not so modern an appellation for this flower as is generally supposed. Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," represents the guide as saying to Christiana and her children, of a boy who was singing beside his sheep, "Do you hear him? I will dare say this boy leads a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clothed in silk or purple."

The botanical history and construction of the pansy is full of curious interest; the dainty calyx and imperial corolla, with its radiate-veined petals. Like other favorites of the blossom world, it has been christened by the florists into pompous nomenclature. May no ambitious, nobiling weed ever attempt to crowd out the life of an Emperor William pansy, or ever king of the blacks languish in the desert air of obscurity.

A bed of the Odier or large-eyed pansies, reminds one of little Paul's last recollection of Dr. Blimber's school; it was at night; they were all crowded in the hall to bid him farewell, and it was like a dream full of eyes.

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

Not only does all life have its poetry, but in that very poetry may be found some of the best, the fullest and the sweetest parts of life. He will discover it who is himself true and brave, faithful and patient, earnest and loving; and of such a one it may be truly said, "His life is a poem."

UNCLE JOHN'S STORE.

JANETTE KILBOURN was a clerk in her uncle's store. One day he came in and found her crying, and on inquiry learned only that she was "troubled." He asked a good many questions before he learned what the trouble was, and it was this: "O Uncle John, things are not satisfactory in the store! I don't like to see strangers behind the counters out of sight handling things. I do not know whether pilfering is common or not, but I am afraid it is. So many persons act suspiciously, and even if there are no thefts, the way things are managed people may be tempted and fall, and if they do it is the fault of ourselves. We are the keepers of our brothers;" and the poor girl, half-sick and quite over-worked, put her hands over her face and cried aloud.

Mr. Kilbourn only laughed at her fears, and endeavored to console her by saying: "Nettie, you know nothing of any great value is kept in reach of those who may chance to saunter back of the counters, and all that such people take, will not impoverish me, so don't worry over trifles, child."

"But, uncle, if we put temptation in their way and make it easy for them to steal, we are almost as much to blame as though we had taught them the first lesson and made it as easy as we could, don't you see?"

And the poor girl, feeling a deep sense of responsibility, held her hands tightly together and looked up appealingly into the imperturbable face of her easy-going uncle.

"Do something," she said, "try and invent some plan that will work better than this loose way of managing matters; I cannot stand so much responsibility, and I do not want such a weight of it to rest upon you. You do not want the guilt of weak souls laid to your charge. You do not want any poor creature ever to say to the chaplain in the State's prison that he first learned to be a thief because of the easy temptation which beset him in your store. I cannot endure the thought, that under this roof, almost in our sight, the young are taking the elementary lessons in stealing. It is not right, and I cannot be a party in the business."

"Bless the girl!" said Uncle John, "how I wish I had a dozen clerks as honest as she is," and he laughed as though it was one of the funniest jokes he had ever heard.

Janette was hurt at the laughter; she was so honest and conscientious that she could not make light of the subject. Her uncle, to please her, sent one of the young men from the office to stay in the store a few days and watch those who lounged about and went behind the counters, and seemed to have no special business. At the end of a week, Henry, the young man, said, in a light

way, that the game was not worth the ammunition; that he had only seen a little boy take a bit of red cord surreptitiously and a middle-aged woman slip a little, three-cornered piece of navy blue trimming-silk into her basket.

"Oh, I didn't 'spose things were stolen that were worth minding," said Uncle John, "but it was well enough to humor Nettie, she is so peculiar, you know."

And both men laughed and took cigars, and as the blue smoke circled above their heads the subject was forgotten, and they talked about the luck of Sam and Wilder in the mines at Leadville, and speculated, wondering whether Vaughn's new drill would amount to enough to pay his boarding at Smither's hotel. Just then Janette came hurrying through the office, going home to dinner, putting on her hat as she walked along. Her step was light and springy, and every motion was bird-like, but her face wore an anxious expression. Seeing the men together, she paused, saying: "Uncle, what does Henry say about keeping watch in the store?"

"He has just been telling me that I don't pay; that it is a job not worth the ammunition. In all these days he has detected only two who were inclined to pilfer; one, a little boy, took a bit of red picture-cord which he hustled into his pocket suddenly, and a middle-aged woman who made herself the possessor of the three-cornered piece of the last of the navy blue trimming-silk. You know, Janette, these things are worth nothing; they might have been swept out any morning. Guess we'll not trouble ourselves about such small matters as strings and snips of silk."

"But, Uncle John, it is not the value of these little things that I look at most, it is the principle," said Janette, taking off her hat and twisting the ribbons nervously while she stood up before her uncle; "you know you don't want to be in any way the means of helping a single soul down to ruin; you don't want the temptation to be laid before them; you want to help the weak, to encourage and sustain them, instead of laying easy little steps that will lead down to bad habits and will undermine the character, and finally prove their destruction."

"You are not many degrees from fanaticism, Janette; you magnify these little things, you make mountains out of mole-hills. A boy picked up a string and put it in his pocket, and lo! you see him, a thief, going down by easy steps to perdition, and when he confesses to the chaplain in the penitentiary he dates his first error to the picking up quietly and slyly a bit of red string in John Newman's store, in his childhood! That won't do. An old woman dies on the gallows for murdering her husband, and in her closing speech she tells the story, which sounds very pretty on paper, that her first step downward was pilfering

a little three-cornered bit of blue silk from John Newman's counter! Nonsense my dear, pious little soul, don't you see," and the kind uncle patted her cheek and took her hat out of her hand and put it on with the back part front, laughing, and glad that the only child of his dear sister was such a conscientious and trusty girl.

"Well," she said, "I wish we could see alike. This fear of mine seems trifling to you, but to me it is a matter of importance. Let Adeline take my place next week at the desk, and I will satisfy myself. There are two or three persons who can bear watching, perhaps they are weak only, maybe wicked—we'll see; at least I will do my whole duty."

John Newman turned to the young man, Henry, and said: "Janette is in earnest, dear soul that she is. She reminds me so of her mother. Mary was two years younger than I was, but she always kept me with my toes on the mark. She was so painfully honest. I remember one time we two had been out gathering hazel-nuts, and when we came home past old Longworth's turnip patch I got over the fence and began searching for a turnip of the size that I wanted. She said it was stealing, and begged of me not to take it, but I did, and while I ate it she cried. The next day she went to the old man and told him what I had done, and offered him two cents—all the money she had—in pay for the turnip. When he told her that turnips were free in a neighborhood like ours she was pacified but not quite satisfied."

To satisfy Janette, one of the girls, Adeline, took her place in the store a few days, while she pretended to be putting in order the contents of boxes and drawers, but really it was to satisfy herself that first lessons in wrong and deception were not learned in her uncle's store.

The first afternoon her suspicions were aroused by a middle-aged woman who made a pretense of wanting to purchase a shawl. After looking over all the shawls in the store she wanted to look at the carpets. She purchased nothing, but sauntered about examining whatever came in range of her eye. She was a troublesome customer, and went away without buying anything, saying she would call the next week.

Then a little ten-year-old boy, clinging to his mother's shawl, came and stood around and watched keenly every motion of the busy clerks. A low counter was behind him, on which was stationery, cheap books, pens and pencils. While his mother was untying the corner of her handkerchief to get at her money, the little fellow leaned his elbow on the low counter, and looked with quick glances at the pencils and then at the clerks. Afterwhile his mother went out, and told him to stay right there and watch the basket and umbrella until her return. She had hardly crossed the street, until, with a sweeping glance around among

the clerks, he let his hand rest on the stationery, and then snapped up a cheap pencil, which he flipped into his pocket. Then he sighed indifferently, moved the basket a little, hustled the umbrella, coughed and put on the demurest expression possible. Then he felt in his pocket. Then he walked about. He took off his hat and brushed off the hay-seed, and put it on, looking all the time as if waiting for mothers in stores was dull employment.

With a heartache Janette saw all this. She saw him feel of the stolen treasure often as it lay in the bottom of his trousers' pocket, and she resolved to do her duty. The pencil was only worth a penny, but the deed was stealing; theft was a crime, and it might be that she could save this child, who was taking his first steps in wrong.

She was sitting behind some goods, quite secluded from the sight of others. Nerving herself, she smiled and reached out her hand, and said: "Come here, bub, I want to tell you something."

He looked surprised, but went to her. She made room beside her. She took off his hat and put her arm around him, and said, in a low voice: "I love little boys; and a good boy always makes a good man, but a bad boy makes a bad man. I have no little brother, but I wish I had one. And now, dear, I am going to say something to you, and I don't want you to say a word while I am talking; just listen to me. I am your friend. I liked you as soon as I saw you come into the store. But, my dear boy, I chanced to be looking at you when your little hand took the pencil and slyly put it in this pocket. I was so sorry that you were tempted, and that you yielded to temptation. That is called stealing; and if a boy steals a penny pencil, he will likely steal a horse when he is a man, or break into a store and steal money, or maybe he will commit murder. O my dear child, how glad I am that I saw you! And now I am sure you will never, never take anything again without asking for it. God sees all things. He helps people who are weak and tempted. He will never let you take anything again if you put your trust in Him."

The little crimson face bent lower and lower; the white head crept closer to the friendly bosom, and the tears dripped down on the little brown hands softly.

Janette drew the little figure, clad in gray jeans, closer, as she whispered: "You are my little man; I can trust you, dear."

He wriggled one arm loose, and quickly thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew out the penny pencil.

"There!" he said; "I wish I hadn't taken it. I never had a whole new pencil in my life, and I thought nobody'd care, and nobody'd know of it."

VOL. XLIX.—24.

"I'll never do the like again, 'deed I'll not, Miss. I don't know what made me take it."

"Well, are you not glad that I told you of it?" said Janette, pushing back his hair and kissing his forehead.

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer. "Wouldn't you like one of our watermelons? They grow as big as a half-bushel; and 'cause I weed the patch, father gives me all that grow below the plum-tree. I'll fetch you one of the nicest the next time I come to town."

"Very well, dear; and for pay let me give you one of the best pencils in the store. Here is one with a rubber on the end, and a calendar on it, so you can tell the day of the week;" and Janette gave him the pencil, with some paper and envelopes to match.

The lad was delighted, and when his mother returned and they left the store, Nettie shook hands with him, and told him to remember her, and if he ever wanted anything, or needed the advice of a friend, to come to her. And the boy, with radiant face and elastic step, went out from the presence of the conscientious young girl, saved, perhaps, from a blight that would have ruined his future life, and robbed him of all that a good man holds dear—a character above reproach.

And Janette. She sat down, thankful for what she had done—glad that she had seen the little theft, and put noble thoughts and aims into the heart of the child.

One day a young woman took a glittering ornament for her hat. Janette invited her to walk into another room, and there, in a spirit of kindness and meekness, she told her of her fault, and the girl confessed her guilt and wept in shame. She had been motherless from infancy, and there was much to mitigate the error. Janette assured her she would never divulge the secret, and that if she would trust her she would be her friend.

In less than one year, great good had come out of this strange acquaintance. Through the influence of this conscientious Christian woman, the lone girl, who had thrown herself upon her mercy and charity, had found a good home in a quiet family. She became a member of Janette's class in Sabbath-school, a regular attendant at church, was interested in one of the literary societies of the young city in which they resided, and was a respectable girl, surrounded with associations that were elevating and ennobling.

Poor girl! If Janette was going to the store, and Pauline was out scrubbing the steps, or washing the windows, or wheeling the cab, she always looked up with bright and inquiring face, waiting for the kindly nod or the wave of her benefactress' hand. She knew that the signal meant good-will, and love, and friendship.

But Janette had a different character to deal with when the "troublesome customer" came

again. She was a suspicious character, though she belonged to one of the most respectable families in the vicinity. She was permitted to go alone to look at the carpets and clothing up-stairs. It was easy to watch her. She went whispering to herself, examining everything that came in her reach.

She closed her ramble among the goods in the ready-made clothing department by making up a small parcel, which she secreted in a large pocket in an underskirt. She was called back when about leaving the store, and was examined, and though she protested loudly her innocence, and threatened the law, the package was found in the convenient pocket. With a bold face she proposed paying for the goods, the same as if she had purchased them; but Uncle John, now thoroughly aroused, would accept no half-way measures, and settled the matter only with a peremptory demand for a full confession, and either all the goods she had ever stolen or a recompense for them. She was honest when driven to the last extremity, and produced stolen property and its equivalent in cash which amounted to over one hundred dollars.

But, unlike the youthful transgressors, who felt the enormity of the sin, she clamored loudly for secrecy, insisted that because she had paid for all, the truth must never be divulged; and she insisted that by paying the money and making reparation, her character stood as good as though the "slip," she called it, had never taken place.

Uncle John promised Janette that for her sake nothing should ever be made public concerning this unfortunate transaction.

And so Janette, the true woman, the conscientious Christian, the faithful steward of souls, the scrupulously honest, and strict, and just servitor, works on cheerfully in her place of trust. She is a blessed woman, and her hands and heart find plenty to do. Doubtless, when she goes to her reward, the sweet recompense will be the words of the Master, "She hath done what she could." If the heart be right, good work can be done even in the lowliest calling—even at the old brown desk of the bookkeeper by the east window in Uncle John's store.

ROSELLA RICE.

BLUNDERERS.—Some people seem born to blunder. They are always blundering. It is apparently impossible for them to do anything without making some mistake about it. They are always getting hurt themselves or unintentionally hurting somebody else. People of this class are generally termed unlucky, and hence has arisen the maxim, "Beware of an unlucky person." It would be more correct if it ran, Beware of a blundering person, because you can hardly have anything to do with one to whom the habit of carelessness seems to be innate without suffering some disagreeable consequence.

BE MORE READY TO PRAISE THAN TO BLAME.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE says of her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, that he had in a very high degree the power of expression; by which she means, the power of letting those who had done him a favor know that he was grateful to them for it. Perhaps to this is partly due the fact that most of the children of that remarkable man have also this power.

It is terrible to think what mischief has been wrought among children and young people by this want of the power of expression on the part of parents and teachers. How many a sensitive child has been almost ruined by parents who never saw that he was trying his very utmost to please; or if they saw it, never did as Lyman Beecher did with his children, let them know that he saw and appreciated the act, however slight it might appear to be. A little fellow has been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after racking his brains to think how he, too, can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers, and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody, when evening comes he does it; but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered; and the boy goes up to bed with a choking feeling in his throat, and says his prayer by the bedside, with a sadness very real in his heart.

Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be; the fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored.

A little girl has battled bravely with herself, and got up early on a Sunday morning, done many little things for her mother, hurried over her breakfast, and got to her school in time. There has been her teacher, stiff and cold, with just a nod of recognition for the child and nothing more. Without knowing exactly why, the little scholar has felt very sad. How delighted she would have been if the teacher had, with ungloved hand, kindly drawn her to her side, and said, with a beaming face, how pleased she was to see her at school so early.

If parents and teachers would but cultivate this grace of expression, how good it would be! Many, alas! exercise the grace in a way which makes one wish they were bereft of the power altogether, for they are forever finding fault. They are troubled with a conscientious conviction that they must look for defects in those about them. Of course they find them, and then they are pointed out in

a way that cruelly wounds a highly conscientious and sensitive nature, and incalculable harm is done.

Hearts are always drawn out in love and admiration toward those who possess the gift of saying wise, strong words at the right time. It is said of Mohammed, that once, when he was all unknown to fame, he addressed a little knot of his acquaintances, asking who would join him, and so spoke that a boy of sixteen rushed into his arms, and in fierce, passionate language declared he would.

It is quite remarkable what results have followed from even one simple expression of loving approval.

When John Gibson, the artist, was a little boy, he is said to have sat at the cottage window sketching some geese that were passing. He showed the sketch to his mother. "Well done!" she said; "that's very nice; I should try again if I were you." He tried again, and became the world-renowned sculptor.

Benjamin West, when about five years old, was left one summer day in the garden with a baby cousin. He made a rude sketch of the child. "Why," said the delighted mother, "he has sketched little Sally!" He made other sketches after that, and became the favorite painter of George III, and President of the Royal Academy.

Years ago, a fond aunt said to a boy who had written out a piece of poetry in short-hand: "Why, you'll be a short-hand writer in the House of Commons some day!" And the prediction has been fulfilled.

Pleasant, helpful and never forgotten are all such words of approval. In a large family, there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter, by her skill in teaching, has earned a little extra money, and without a word to any one she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and, with emotion that cannot be concealed, says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: "I don't know what we should do without you, darling."

Music is sweet, and will often heal a wounded heart; but the winsome words of approval uttered by one we love, are sweeter still, for they are as balm when they are spoken; and in after-days—days of darkness and of sorrow, they return upon the soul with healing on their wings.

A HEALTHY body is good; but a soul in right health—it is the thing, says Carlyle, beyond all others to be prayed for, the blindest thing this earth receives of Heaven. Without artificial medicament of philosophy, or tight-lacing of creeds—always very questionable—the healthy soul discerns what is good and retains it; discerns what is bad, and spontaneously casts it off.

A NEW YEAR'S PICNIC.

A NEW YEAR'S picnic! Who ever heard of such a thing! We have heard of New Year's balls, have attended New Year's parties and taken New Year's sleigh-rides, but a picnic on New Year's Day is a novelty. Well, then, before we start I will tell you how possible it is to have a New Year's picnic here in this delightful southern California. January, here, is the counterpart of May, except, perhaps, the nights are cooler. The plain and foot-hills are covered with a most luxurious growth of grass, and flowers bloom in great profusion. The birds sing and the bees hum their hymns of thanksgiving, as they fly honey-laden to the hive.

Having previously arranged to start before the forenoon tide became so high as to prevent our driving on the beach, we were on our way soon after sunrise. Our destination was some rocks several miles up the beach, and our plan was to get some of the sea-moss which at certain seasons grows upon them in plentiful quantities, but at this season it is apt to be very imperfect, so we made our calculations accordingly. The beach was one long, smooth stretch of sand which shone like glass. The land was shut off by the high, precipitous cliffs, but all the rest of the wide horizon was filled with the glorious breadth of sea. Close to our feet the water rose and fell with a rush and music unbroken, except by our exclamations of delight, and the shrill cry of the curlews, as if disputing our right to interrupt their breakfast. These birds frequent the shore during winter, feasting on sand-crabs, but retire to the mountains in the summer, from whence they pay us occasional brief visits. We stopped every now and then, while the juvenile members of our party made vain attempts to catch these restless birds that seemed to challenge them by flying just beyond their reach. Here and there we passed groups of merry-faced children rolling on the sand or paddling bare-foot through the shallow water in search of "little teeny bits" of barnacles, others tugged vigorously at great bunches of rope-like kelp to make a harness for their dog, a great, noble fellow, who seemed to enjoy the fun as well as they. Doesn't it make you shiver to think of being bare-foot the first of January? But the little feet do not suffer here, though the promiscuous heap of shoes up on the dry sand, as well as the delicate color of the feet, bear witness that it is not a usual habit. One sturdy little boy, bolder than the rest, ventured out too far, in his eager desire to procure an extra big clam which the receding water had disclosed to his keen eyes; the incoming wave washed the sand from under his feet, he lost his balance, over he rolled and was lost for a moment in the breaking spray, but ere we could rush to the rescue, he rose to his feet,

shook himself, and with a broad grin and rather crest-fallen appearance he waddled out to the shore, exultingly displaying the coveted clam. His older sister, with loving forethought, had provided for this emergency, and the little, drenched form was reclad in shelter of a convenient nook in the broken cliff. Further on, we passed a Mexican family fishing. A stalwart man, with bare feet and ankles, stood industriously plying his line, yet casting an admiring glance now and then at the pretty young woman on the sand, or a filial look of encouragement to the aged one by his side who was also fishing. We stopped a little to watch their success. The man was a noble-looking specimen of his race, as was also his wife; indeed she was a beauty in spite of a rather dark skin. Her eyes were magnificent, her features lovely, and the rich, full lips parted in a bewitching smile over teeth whose perfection baffled criticism. She seemed a striking contrast to her mother, whose aged face, mapped by countless wrinkles, its native dusk, enhanced by toil and care, was plain in the last degree. It seems time affords their race a doubtful sort of indulgence, demanding all their youth and beauty long before their lives are finished.

Thus after frequent delays, now to watch the antics of some inmate of the briny deep, and again to look at the wonderful play of light and color where the sea-weeds rose and fell among the foamy billows, we at last reached a place where an opening cañon offered a favorable place for a picnic dinner, and a clear brook babbled a hospitable invitation to spread our repast on its grassy banks. But that (the dinner) was to be thought of by and by; the present interest being the sea-moss, supposed to grow on those sombre rocks, that reared their rough, slimy heads, like grim sentinels, on the otherwise smooth, even sand, and gave a wild gloomy sort of grandeur to the scene.

Our search for moss was almost fruitless. The rapidly incoming tide prevented us going out far among the rocks, and the few specimens we secured were very imperfect. During the early summer months we found such quantities, so exquisite both in color and formation. At the base of these dark, uninviting rocks it hung in little pools of water so transparent, that every tiny fiber was clearly defined, every delicate shade exposed; one naturally paused to admire before ruthlessly tearing the dainty, graceful sprays from their support. The memory of our better success on those former occasions, reconciled us to our present disappointment. So we joined in the sport of our juniors, behaving in a very undignified manner—in fact like school children out for a frolic, pelting each other with sand and kelp, shouting and laughing, until the cliff re-echoed our boisterous mirth. Two boys, Frank and Charlie, more practical than we, were industriously fishing from a distant rock,

shouting like young savages at each new specimen, which were about as follows: three sharks, one sting-rag and four beautiful surf-fish, which they displayed with as much pride as was, perhaps, felt by Christopher Hussey when he captured the first sperm-whale. Of course we ladies shuddered at sight of the sting-rag, looked with repugnance at the three sharks, but admired the surf-fish to the full satisfaction of their youthful captors. The fish familiarly known here as the sting-rag, closely resembles the thornback described by Webster. It has a long, prickly tail which contains a stinger with which it inflicts its wrath; it is quite poisonous, and sometimes causes considerable suffering to those who disturb the peace of its possessor.

The salty air is a powerful appetizer, and we all agreed to have an early dinner. When the fire was started and the coffee set to boil, one of the gentlemen approached us with a bag of muscles, which, judging from his exultant face, he considered a great acquisition. We looked at them rather dubiously, but he said the Mexican of whom he bought them had recommended them as *bueno*, and assured us that they were considered a great luxury by epicures, so according to his instructions we proceeded, after washing them, to roast them in the coals without, of course, removing the shells. While thus employed a savory odor greeted our nostrils, and looking about, we spied a rival fire, over which Frank and Charlie were carefully frying their fish in two small spiders. Coming out, Frank had stowed a doubtful-looking coffee-sack under the front seat, and the question being asked what it contained, briefly answered, "Bait." Some one asked what kind of bait was required to catch ocean fish, and he replied, "Spiders," which reply was greeted by a shudder from the ladies and a suppressed giggle from Charlie.

As is usual on picnic excursions we had forgotten the spoons and forks, but a gentleman deftly improvised some from a piece of drift wood, and though unique in pattern, and lacking the glitter of silver and the elegance of monogram, we having also forgotten our critical faculties made them answer very well. Our repast did not lack the usual uninvited guests in the shape of bugs and beetles, but was altogether satisfactory. Everything was delicious, but the muscles, which, at the earnest entreaty of the gentleman who provided them, we tried to eat. Their flavor was really very unpalatable, and no one tried the second mouthful, except our resolute friend, who persevered in eating them until the sand gritting in his teeth warned him to desist. I suppose we did not sufficiently wash them, though it is a puzzle to us how to accomplish that without removing the shells. We wish the epicures would send us a recipe for their palatable preparation.

At intervals, all the forenoon, we had been gaz-

ing, with longing eyes, at a certain mountain whose moderate height and rounded summit favored the possibility of climbing it, and when the "dinner work" was done, we said we only lacked the view from that particular point to complete the day's happiness.

The gentlemen seemed to prefer a quiet *siesta* on the sand, and with many warnings from them in regard to rattlesnakes and California lions, we proceeded without them; first over the gentle grassy slope, then pushing our way through the thick underbrush and among great beds of the common fern, whose damp, growthy smell reminded us of the Ohio hills; and memory wandered back to happy childish days, and lingered fondly over half-forgotten scenes. Ah, a happy childhood, how it tinges and brightens one's whole life!

In our ascent, we climbed over rocky places suggestive of rattlesnakes, which even at this season are sometimes seen, and the fear of them hastened our upward speed, until at last, tired and breathless, we reached the top. Weary as we were, we felt amply repaid by the picture spread before us, and we sat quietly down to enjoy it. The higher mountains formed a splendid background, their rounded peaks piled one above another "like stepping-stones to regions above." As sunlight and shadow chase each other along their rugged sides, the eye can trace the outline of every plant, and the countless flowering shrubs that adorn them waft their spicy fragrance to us on every breeze. Below us winds the cañon, its course marked by sycamores, which are rapidly losing their golden-brown foliage; some of them are venerable with age, and "gnarled, wrinkled and gray;" their sober garb is here and there relieved by the vivid green of the live oak, whose wide-spreading branches invite repose beneath their grateful shade. Across, over numerous treeless hills, spreads the great grassy plain, its quiet greenness only broken by here and there a cluster of sycamores, a flock of sheep or cattle, an old adobe house with its suggestive history, or a tract in process of preparation for barley or wheat. Far away to the south-east hangs a kind of white mist, and we know that beneath it lies the "City of Angeles," though its outlines are lost in the hazy atmosphere. Our eyes sweep the southern horizon, over the Ballona settlement, with its orchards and farms, until they rest lovingly on the little city by the sea, nestled among its eucalyptus and pepper-trees. And then—there is the ocean. For miles and miles away we gaze upon its broad bosom shimmering in the sun, its farthest limits melting into the blue of the sky. Its grandeur baffles description.

Some one has said of the Pacific Ocean, that it presents such a sameness as to become tiresome. It does not seem so to us. There are days when

the wind blows, its blue is so intense as to appear almost black, and the angry waves rush in with a sullen roar that seems to challenge the frailty of all human strength. Again, when the sky is overcast, reflecting the dingy clouds, it seems enough to chill one's very thoughts, so solemn and mournful it looks—iron-gray, with a gleam of stormy white near the shore. But this first day of the new year it wears our favorite aspect—a deep luminous blue, its placid waters seeming motionless as the sky which bends soft and sweet above, and the waves break upon the shore with a low, gentle murmur that seems a whisper of peace.

On the mountain top, surrounded by "nature in her loveliest mood," one forgets all the strife and discord of life, and dreams of ages past and gone,

"When by the fairy-whispering streams
The rapt old Padres pondered deep,
And dreamed their sweet Arcadian dreams
Beneath the moon's soft, mellow beams."

But our reverie was interrupted by shouts from below that the tide had turned, which was the signal for our departure; so with a last admiring gaze we make our way down the irregular mountain-side, and are soon riding swiftly down the shining beach. All our party are in buoyant spirits over the success of our day, and the juveniles are planning a repetition of its pleasures.

H. B.

MARRIAGE.—When a young man wants to marry a girl, he has already made up his mind that she is worthy of him; otherwise he would not wish to marry her. The next thing for him to do is to make a rigid examination and cross-examination of himself, to see whether he is worthy of her. In this he should be unsparing of his own faults and shortcomings. If he comes to the conclusion that the girl is better than he is, let him at once and resolutely set himself to reform his own character and to eradicate its defects. If, on the other hand, he finds that he can conscientiously say that he deserves her hand, he may safely conclude that, if her affections are not preoccupied by another, he can win her by fair and honorable and open means, and without resort to clandestine plans or practices.

BROTHERLY AND SISTERLY LOVE.—Too much pains cannot be taken by parents to cultivate a brotherly and sisterly spirit among their children. From their earliest years children can be drawn to take pleasure in each other's joys and to feel sorrow at each other's pain. They can be encouraged to confide in one another, to help and console one another, to respect each other's rights and to share in each other's interests. They can be trained to practice little acts of self-denial and generosity, and to feel a keen delight in the happiness they thus confer. There is much more in habit about such things than we are accustomed to imagine.

Religious Reading.

"THOU SHALT NOT."

EIGHT of the Ten Commandments begin with these three words. I have selected them because they contain the exact subject I wish to present for your consideration. They express a most important truth, and one which has been much neglected in religious teaching, in every age of the world, with most disastrous results to the spiritual life and progress of man. They teach us the first steps in a genuine spiritual life—steps which must be taken before we can make any progress in regeneration.

It is a remarkable and very significant fact, that eight of the commandments are simply negative. They do not tell us what we must do, but what we must not do. The only things we are commanded to do, are "to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and to "honor our father and mother." Here is a summary of all man's duty, an epitome of all the laws and principles of spiritual life. Here, in a few words, we have the sum of all theologies, a few plain, simple directions pointing out the paths of death we must shun, and of life we must follow to attain the highest good possible for us.

There must be a great spiritual law underlying these prohibitory commandments. There must be a necessity grounded in human nature, and in man's relations to the Lord for this eternal and emphatic "must not." It is the ground and nature of this large and careful restraint which the Lord seeks to exercise over man, to which I especially invite your attention.

The whole order of the creation is arranged by infinite wisdom for the largest and highest development of man's nature. All its forces are directed to subserve human good, to contribute directly or indirectly to human happiness. The Lord made man to bless Him; to bless Him today, and to bless Him to-morrow; to bless Him everywhere, and at all times, and in all ways, and as largely as possible; and He has ordained every spiritual and every material being and thing to be an instrument of service in effecting His purpose. He devotes Himself to man.

In order to accomplish His purpose, He has created man with certain capacities of reception, action and progress, and has arranged everything with infinite wisdom, and adjusted all things and beings with infinite precision and skill to effect it. He has made man a common centre, toward which all influences could flow as rivers to the ocean. He has keyed every nature to accord with every other, and whatever heart is struck, all hearts will awake and vibrate with it. All things and all beings are forms of His life, so ordered that when His life flows into them the effect will be a grand and universal harmony—harmony of movement in things inanimate and unconscious, harmony of thought and feeling in intelligent beings, and fullness of joy according to the nature and capacity of each.

To accomplish this grand purpose of good, it is

necessary that every man should stand in his place, and keep himself attuned to the key-note of the general harmony. In other words, he must keep himself in the currents of the Divine forces, and open to their reception. He must turn his face in the right direction; he must move in the right direction, and in the right path. If he gets out of the way, he becomes a discord; he closes his nature to the inflow of those forces which give him life. The law is the same as that which rules in everything that man does, only the Lord deals with living and voluntary forces, and man with dead mechanical forms. A man makes a watch. His purpose is so to construct and arrange its wheels and springs that they will move in harmony with the revolutions of the planets. The parts must be nicely adjusted to accomplish this purpose, and every wheel and spring must keep its place. To insure this, he fastens them in their positions. Every screw and every contrivance to keep the parts in their places is his way of saying, "Thou shalt not" move out of this place. "Thou shalt not covet the form, or position, or office of thy neighbor. Thou shalt not in any way hinder him in his work. Suppose the parts of the watch had conscious life, and were free to move or to remain at rest; to keep their place or to leave it; to do their own work or strive to usurp the work of others, the essential principle would not be altered in the least. The necessity for caution against leaving their places and neglecting their work would be as great. When man makes a machine, he holds the parts together by mechanical devices, and they are passive under his restraints. But man is not a machine, and the Lord seeks to keep him in his place by intellectual and living forces. He brings the constraining forces of a moral nature to bear upon him, to keep him in such conditions and relations to other men, to material things and to the Lord Himself, that he can receive the most life and be blessed with the most joy.

This is the cause and meaning of all the Lord's prohibitions, and of all the restraints which He imposes upon men. He does not forbid idolatry because He is jealous of man's affection and loves honor and applause. He says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," because He desires to keep us in a reverential and receptive state of mind. He desires to keep our faces turned toward Him, and our hearts open to the inflowing of His life, because in this way He can bless us the most richly. As the gardener puts his plants where the sun will shine directly upon them, and the warmth of its life can reach them and make them blossom and bear fruit, so the Lord seeks to keep our aspect directed toward Him, and every door of access to our natures open to Him, that "He may come in and sup with us, and we with Him." He says, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not covet," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," not only because He wishes to protect others from injury, but because He desires to protect us from the harm which these violations of the laws of our life would bring upon us.

Here, then, is the motive, the intent of these

* A Sermon by Rev. Chauncey Giles.

prohibitions. They are forms of the Divine Love adapted to man's wants, and they solely regard his good. They are restraints to keep him from wandering away from the Source of Life. And they are not only written in the words of the law; they are embodied in man's nature, and proclaimed in a multitude of forms. The Lord whispers this law in our hearts, in our fears. The repugnances which pure and sensitive minds feel to every unclean thought and harmful deed, are the Lord's methods of drawing us away from danger. Conscience is His warning voice, meeting us at every step of our departure from Him, and crying, "Thou shalt not." This is the meaning of all pain and sorrow. Pain of body, pain of mind, in every form and degree, are the eternal changes rung upon these three words, "Thou shalt not."

"Thou shalt not" is written on every gate of entrance to departure from the true path of life. "Thou shalt not" is uttered by every being and thing we meet on the way to death. Even the voices that beguile us, and the influences which lead us astray, have an undertone of warning which awakens fears and creates doubts. When we leave the path of life, we go against the currents of the Divine order; we act against all the forces which were intended by infinite wisdom to lift us up and to help us on to the attainment of every real and permanent good. And the Lord has wisely and lovingly ordained that it should be so.

But notwithstanding all His precautions and restraints, we have wandered from the path of life, and by so doing we have put ourselves out of the Lord's ordained ways and methods of giving us life and happiness. We have put ourselves out of those relations and connections with the Lord by which He could gain easy access to us and largely bless us, and we have shut the door behind us. We have fallen out of the original order of our connections and relations with Heaven and the Lord. For this reason He has been compelled to seek another way of access to us. This He did by assuming our nature and glorifying it. When man had wandered so far away from the Lord that he could not even hear His "Thou shalt not" in any form of its utterance, being blind, and deaf, and spiritually "dead in trespasses and sins," the Lord came in the flesh that He might speak to man's natural senses, and bring His Divine power to bear upon him in a way which would rescue him from death and lead him back to life.

And now the first thing for man to do is to stop sinning. If you have lost your way, the first thing to do when you have discovered your error is to stop. Common sense teaches us that in natural things. Every evil affection we indulge, every false thought we cherish, every sinful act we commit, are steps away from the Lord. If we would return to Him, therefore, the first thing to do is to stop exercising these affections and committing these sins. Stopping is repentance. It is ceasing to do evil; consequently repentance is the first step in spiritual life. And this step must be taken before a second one can be.

Herein lies, I apprehend, the greatest mistake the Christian world has made in its efforts to lead a Christian life. We try to take the second step before we take the first. We try to enter Heaven before we get out of hell. We pray, we sing, we read the Bible, we worship, we try every conceivable

able expedient to gain peace and rest. But we do not stop sinning. The Christian world has, practically, made the terrible mistake, that if men prayed and worshiped a little, and went through certain ritualistic performances, and had some doctrinal belief in the Lord, He would in some miraculous way save them from hell. So some of the worst of men have been the most scrupulous in the performance of religious worship, while they were all the time proud; avaricious, envious and even murderers and adulterers. They kept on praying, and they kept on sinning. They looked one way and rowed another. They talked piously and acted impiously, and they have hoped and expected that these religious acts would in some way avail for their salvation.

I do not say that this is so with all. I know it is not. But I believe the mistake of trying to do good before we cease to do evil is very common, and one which is most fatal to our regeneration. We make no progress while we are attempting it, and we become discouraged. We long for rest and peace; we pray for it, and hope for it, but it does not come. Multitudes have supposed the reason to be that the Lord was not willing to grant it, or that it is not possible to attain it in this life. But it is not so. The Lord is continually seeking to give us all the good, and much more good and a higher good than we can conceive. But He cannot do it, because we will not receive it. He cannot fill the vessels of the mind with good affections, because they are already full of evil affections. He cannot get access to us, because we have put ourselves out of the paths of His order.

The absurdity and impossibility of becoming regenerate and of obtaining the blessings of a spiritual and heavenly life before we cease to do evil, can be seen by many illustrations derived from our own experience. You cannot go to a lovely park and enjoy its culture and beauty without leaving your home. Suppose a man should say to you, "I long to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the country, but I am much discouraged. I am afraid I shall never see it." "Why not?" you ask. "Because I cannot bear to part with the comforts and associations of the city. I want the green fields, and the noble hills, and the winding streams, and the fragrance and beauty of the blossoming orchards here in the city. I want the stillness and peace of the country in Broadway, and its seclusion in Wall Street." You would think he was joking, or had lost his reason. The two states are impossible. We must leave the city to enjoy the country.

You are a farmer, but your land is covered with a dense forest of trees. You desire to raise wheat and corn; to have vineyards and orchards. Will you sow your wheat among the roots of the giant trees? Will you plant your vines under the shadow of the leaves, and in the ground preoccupied by the growth of many years? A man who would do that would be destitute of common sense. He might wait until he was gray, and he would see no harvest. He might scatter his seed with the most liberal hand, but he would never reap. We are guilty of the same folly when we try to gather the fruits of righteousness before we lay the axe to the root of those evil principles which bring forth evil fruit.

You live in a damp, dark, cheerless room. You long for light. You pray to the Lord to send it.

You doubt His goodness, perhaps, because He does not; you bemoan your sad lot to your friends. I want light, the sweet, blessed light of heaven. But the Lord does not send it. You look at the windows of this complaining soul. They are small and narrow. Old hats and bundles of rags fill the place of broken panes. The dust of years has accumulated on those which remain. Spiders have woven their webs and formed a dense veil over them. The light cannot penetrate this mass of obstructions. What would you do? Sit down and weep with your complaining, sorrowful friend? Not unless you were as foolish and stupid as he is. No; "Clean your windows," you would say. "Pull out the old hats; burn or bury the old rags; brush away the cobwebs; wash away the dust; remove the obstructions, and the light will come in. The Lord has sent His light to you, day by day. He has turned His sun on this side and on that, and searched every orifice for entrance. His light has rested upon your windows patiently, and perseveringly struggled to get through the accumulated obstructions. Clear them away, and its rays will come dancing in, brightening every object, and filling the whole space with light." So it is with the mind. Its windows are covered with evils which have spun their sophistries and drawn their veils over them. Sin has broken their panes, and substituted its rags for them. The light of Divine Truth is perverted, suffocated, repelled. The Lord has not withdrawn it. It shines as clearly and brightly as ever. You have excluded it. Wash your windows; make them clean. Put away the evil of your doings, and the light will flow in and flood your soul with the brightness and serene joy of heaven.

It is not necessary to multiply illustrations. They are innumerable, and you can select those which are the most applicable to your own state. Those which I have adduced are sufficient to show you that it is utterly impossible to become good before you shun evil. No matter what you do. You may learn truth until, if it were possible, you exhaust all knowledge, natural, spiritual and Divine. You may devote your whole time to charities; you may give your money to the poor; you may pray until your knees grow to the floor, but your benefactions and your labors and your prayers will be of no more avail than they would in securing a harvest of golden corn in a dense forest,

or the blessed light of Heaven in a dungeon of solid walls. A large part of our efforts to live a Christian life are wasted by our trying to become good before we cease to do evil.

The Lord does not require us to get good, to create truth, and to form a spiritual mind. He gives us peace and joy when we make room for it. He sends us truth as fast as we clear away the obstructions to its coming. The Lord stands ready with His hands full of the most precious gifts, which He offers to us without money and without price. All He asks of us is to remove the obstructions and make room for them.

This is the point to which we should direct our first attention. This is our part in the work of regeneration, and this part we must do. This is the first step. "Wash you; make you clean; cease to do evil." Let us then keep this truth distinctly in mind, "Thou shalt not." It is the first step to every good. It ought to be inscribed on the eye, on the tongue, on the foot, on the brain. It ought to be a shield for the heart. It ought to stand out in distinct characters on every gate of entrance to evil. "Thou shalt not." That is our work, and it is all the work there is in gaining eternal life. There is no labor in being good or in doing good. The labor and the burden and the struggle consists wholly in not doing evil. Prepare the way for the Lord and He will come, and we shall have omnipotent power to help us.

Let us not waste our energies in trying to do the impossible. If any person will examine himself by the light of Divine Truth, with the impartiality with which he scrutinizes the characters of others, and will condemn what he sees to be evil, and begin to shun it as a sin against God, he will be surprised at his own progress. He will soon find himself in possession of a spiritual power beyond his conception; and he will come into states of joy, and light, and peace, which will be a foretaste of Heaven while he is living upon the earth. Try it. Let the young men and young women try it. It is the easiest, it is the only, way to Heaven. Let the middle-aged who are in the thickest of the fight try it; it will bring them certain victory. Let those who have struggled long, and have become weary with the conflict, try it. Just in the degree that any one obeys the commandment "Thou shalt not," he will triumph over evil and gain eternal life.

Walters' Department.

DRESSING.

"I WON'T go to school any more! I won't, never!" cried little Fanny Ray, as she came into her mother's room, and throwing her books upon one end of the lounge and herself on the other, burst into tears.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Ray, in alarm. "What has happened?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Fanny, between her sobs. "The—the girls—picked up the edge of my dress—and saw I had only—a white muslin—petticoat on—and—"

"Fanny!" interposed her mother. "Calm yourself. Now tell me."

"They asked me if you were too poor to buy me a winter petticoat, and if I wasn't cold. Then Lizzie Jones laughed at my cotton stockings, and then they all saw I had laced shoes. After that, they all began—they wanted to know why I didn't wear ribbons in my hair and ruffles on my dresses. And they told how many suits they had, and they all wear merino, and everything."

Mrs. Ray was silent for a few minutes. Then she asked, quietly: "Well?"

"I'll never go to school any more!" declared Fanny.

"Just because a few impertinent girls behaved badly?"

"O mamma! Isn't that enough?"

"Would you be willing to go without an education because you're not dressed like a fashion-plate?"

"No—no! But I can't go back unless I dress better."

"Now, Fanny, that's nonsense. Your father pays for what you wear, and you ought to be glad to get it. Think how many little girls haven't half what you have."

"I don't care!" cried poor Fanny. "I want to look decent."

"Well, don't you? Are not your clothes always clean and whole?"

"Yes, mamma, but they are ugly!"

"Indeed! I'm the judge of that. Whatever I think good enough for you, is good enough for you."

"Oh, oh! mamma!" almost screamed Fanny. "If I go back the way I am, all the girls will make fun of me!"

"Don't mind the girls—attend to your own affairs."

"But, mamma," began Fanny, "I really am cold. The other girls wear merino next their skin, and thick flannel and woolen stockings and rubber overshoes; they have nice, pretty dresses, and coats, and ruffles, and ribbons—and I look awful!"

"Oho! You want to be pampered, do you? You would like to be so coddled and fussed over, that you won't be able to stand a breath of air, and will grow up a selfish, complaining woman."

"No, I wouldn't, mamma. I only want to feel comfortable and look nice."

"Well, Miss Fanny, you're no better than your mother. When I was your age, I hadn't any more than you have. So that settles it. You shall go to school as usual, without any airs about it."

This ended the conversation.

Poor Fanny knew that her mother meant well, but she thought her sadly mistaken. And so think some of the rest of us.

Mrs. Ray did not put herself in her daughter's place. She did not realize that times had changed since she was a little girl—she did not think that the fashion of to-day is not that of twenty years ago, moreover that knowledge on all subjects has vastly increased in that time. Because she herself had worn untrimmed dresses, because she had never had any merino underwear, it by no means followed that Fanny ought to do as she had done.

Fanny continued going to school for several weeks. If Mrs. Ray had happened in the school-room during recess-time, she would, no doubt, have been amazed to see her own little daughter, the personification of shame and shyness, seated by herself in a corner, only too happy if she were not the butt of actual ridicule, the others meanwhile joining in merry games and conversation. And she might have found herself wondering how far the mind extended in its influence over the body, and ere long involved herself in a hopeless maze of hygienic questions.

At the end of a few weeks, Fanny was obliged to stay at home, on account of a very sore throat, brought on by exposure to severe weather, while insufficiently clad. Strange to say, Mrs. Ray did not once think of reproaching herself; so far from wishing she had "pampered" her child, most likely, had she given the matter a thought at all, she would have considered Fanny very ungrateful

for even desiring more clothing than she had. And she really did call her daughter's sickness a visitation of Providence.

So goes the world.

M. B. H.

A HINT FOR MOTHERS.

IT was one of my headache days, for I had been up nearly all night with Baby, who was threatened with croup. I was nervous and tired, and it seemed to me that the children were never so troublesome before. Frankie, my little boy of four years, had been unusually restless all day. He had looked at his picture-books, over and over again, had made lamp-lighters for all of the family and was tired of that. His slate and pencil had lost their charm, and even my box of buttons, usually a rare treat, brought out only on extra occasions, did not seem to satisfy him.

Going out of doors was out of the question, as it was cold and stormy; so it was "Mamma, mamma, can't you find something for me to do?" and "Mamma, please let me cut papers?" or "Mamma, what shall I do to amuse myself?" I had almost lost patience with the little fellow, and was about to set him down in a chair and make him stay there, after the manner of so many worried mothers, when a happy thought struck me, and it worked so like a charm, that I send it for the benefit of other mothers who are troubled to find something to keep their little ones busy and happy at the same time.

I hunted around till I found a pretty newspaper picture, representing a holiday scene, and two little advertising chromos, so common nowadays; these I pasted on an old box-cover, trimmed them off nicely, and then cut each picture into as many pieces as I thought best, and, presto, I had three picture-puzzles, and as happy a little boy as you would want to see. No more trouble from Frankie. His cards kept him busy all the afternoon, and when it was too dark to see, he put each picture into a separate envelope, and these into a little box that I found for him; then sat down in his little rocking-chair, with his treasures, to wait as patiently as he knew how till the lamp was lighted. And then he went to work again till he could make them all by himself.

With seven o'clock came his bed-time, and as I tucked the happy little fellow in his bed, and bent for my good-night kiss, he looked up, and said: "Mamma, I'm ever so glad you thought of the pictures;" and so indeed was I, the darling!

In the morning he was almost the first one up, and as soon as dressed those wonderful pictures were brought out again, and as I sit writing, he is at his papa's desk, busy at work with them again, singing and calling, every now and then, for some of us to come and see. It takes so little to make the children happy, that I wonder we do not oftener tax our ingenuity to think of something new for them to do, instead of impatiently pushing them aside, and making them unhappy and ourselves inwardly ashamed.

Had I followed my first impulse, when my little boy came to me, I should not only have made him unhappy, but would have done much toward estranging him from me, for it is the little troubles, listened to and soothed, that bind the hearts of our children to us more than the great ones. Should this little waif be the means of helping some per-

plexed mother, I shall not count it lost time that I left my work to send this message.

Of course, I do not claim that this idea is entirely original. I took my cue from some little picture cubes that I saw once; but the cubes are not always obtainable, while mine can be made at any time, and answer the same purpose. I do not write this for the benefit of mothers who have plenty of money to buy toys for their children

whenever they feel so disposed. These may, if they will, turn over the leaf and read the next article. But it is for those mothers who, like myself, are often put to their wit's ends to provide playthings, at little or no expense, and as little labor, for the wee ones in their charge. That these may receive the full benefit of my experiment is the wish of

ONE OF THE MAMMAS.

The Home Circle.

FROM AUNT CHATTY.

ONE of the girls was sick for several weeks, and her mother came and stayed here and took care of her. She was a very active woman, one not easily discouraged—a brave, cheerful, middle-aged woman, the mother of six children—one of those helpful, hearty souls whose natures are made of joy and peace, and that kind of happiness that is contagious. We will never forget good Auntie Edwards.

The attendant physician put the invalid into the care of her mother after four or five visits. He said: "You can doctor her just as well, or better, than I can. It is not drugs, and pills, and powders that she needs, but a cheerful companionship and a tender care."

One afternoon Lida had a severe pain in her side. We suggested mustard or wilted horseradish leaves; but the mother asked if we had any hops about the house. We do our own baking, and would no more be out of hops than we would out of flour.

Lida whined and said: "Mother, you know I never could bear a hop poultice made with vinegar and bran, and put on hot and dripping! It feels so sticky, and dirty, and clammy!"

"Never mind; trust your mother, dear," was the answer.

And this was the way she did—a cleanly, nice, new way, so much better than the clumsy old wet poultice that all children hate so profoundly. She laid some hops on a soft old cloth, evenly, laid another cloth over it, and quilted it fast in a few places, quite like a large iron-holder. She put this in the steamer over hot water, let it become thoroughly moistened all through, and when it was steaming and soft she laid it over the seat of the pain, placed a folded towel over it, and tucked the girl nicely in bed. Then she went to work and made another quilted one, and put it into the steamer, so as to be ready to replace the first one when it would be cooled off.

We were very much pleased with this way of making a hop poultice; so much better and cleaner than the old drizzling manner of wetting it up with bran and vinegar. The gluten in the bran made it so obnoxious.

Almost any ache or pain will yield to a hot fomentation of hops, and we commend Auntie Edwards's plan above all others. These poultices can be dried and kept to use for a good many times.

Auntie said she read of it in a paper, and has

practiced it for years, sometimes with an additional aid that in many cases has proved invaluable. She said in one case of sickness in her family she used the quilted hops, and kept them warm all night by laying over them a little bag of warm sand. For years she has had two or three little bags of clean sand saved. They can be laid under the stove and heated, or in the oven, or on the back part; and when once heated through, the sand stays hot for a long time; and the bags are good to put in the bed at one's back when sleeping alone, on the side of the face for earache or cold in the head, or over the hop poultice at night to keep it warm and steaming.

These are little things, but they are well worth heeding, and their use and application at the proper time would save many a doctor's bill and many an hour of suffering.

We were amused at the smaller girls here one day when Lida was able to sit up and look out of the window. She informed them that her mother knew how to "make things." This was all the recommendation that auntie needed. And then followed the questions: did she know how to make this and that? and could she tell them what this was colored with, and what that was covered with? Her hands were full after that.

Among the pretty things she taught the girls to make was an ornament, a moss basket, made from a cheap, coarse straw hat, that did delight the smaller fry immensely. She ripped three or four rows of bra'id from it, and made it stronger around the edges, then fastened the ends on firmly, sewed on it an inch-wide handle of pasteboard, and then lined it with soft pink paper and covered it all over the outside with moss; then laid a thick mat of moss inside, and stuck it full of pressed ferns and everlasting flowers. It was a beautiful ornament. The handle was covered with fine green moss.

She taught us all something new, and left us many things to remember.

While Lida was sick, it gave her great pain to cough or sneeze. Her mother showed her how to prevent the latter by pressing two fingers on the upper jaw on each side of the nose, or between the nose and cheeks. The pressure falls on the nerves of the lip and prevents sneezing; and the same plan will effectually check a desire to cough, especially if one observes restraint.

She was afraid her daughter would lose her beautiful and abundant hair after her sickness, and she stimulated the functions of the scalp, and prevented what would have been a serious detri-

ment, and a loss much to have been regretted. We made an item of the treatment, which auntie assures us is wonderful in good results.

Put a spoonful of olive oil in a pint bottle; then add two ounces of the best spirits of ammonia, and shake well. Then put in three ounces of alcohol, and when thoroughly mixed fill the bottle with soft water. Be careful and put the ingredients together in the order we have stated, or you will have a worthless sort of stuff—no chemical union at all. To apply to the scalp, take a spoonful or two of this with a little water, and rub it in with a soft bit of rag, or with a soft, old toothbrush. Part the hair, and proceed to go over the whole head with it, rubbing it in, and then wash it off with a soft cloth, frequently wrung out of hot water. Then take a dry towel, press it over the hair until all the moisture is absorbed, shake the hair out loosely, brush it, and let it hang until quite dry.

But for this very proper treatment and Lida would have lost her abundant tresses of pale golden-brown.

This mixture is just the thing to put on the heads of babies. It must be diluted, however.

The professor's wife was making a web of rag-carpet for the winter-time kitchen, and was puzzled what to do with so many white rags. She was telling Auntie Edwards about it, and asking her advice. Auntie said, for her own part she was always glad to have lots of white rags when she made common carpet; that she dyed them coppers, and slate, and stone, and blue, and brown, which, with dashes of good red, makes a very pretty rag-carpet. No matter if the groundwork is the color of dead chestnut-leaves, or the sombre gray of bark, or the ashen hue of old fence-rails, an occasional thread of lively red or purple, or substantial black, will relieve it wonderfully, and will prevent it from seeming gloomy, or dull, or cheerless.

We had always thought it a great trouble, and hard on one's hands, to dye coppers, the old way of dipping one's poor, wet, soft hands into lye; but the way auntie told Mrs. McWilliams was so easy and simple that any child could do it.

Her way is to put two pounds of coppers into four pails of water, bring it to a boil, and put in about five pounds of white rags—having them wet first. Let them boil half an hour or longer, then take out, drain, and dry in a good hot sunshine. In coloring anything, very much depends on the weather; it should be fair, and clear, and sunny. Then make a very strong hot soap-suds, and lay the rags into it. Then take out and dry, and if the color is not dark enough, make another soap-suds, and dip and dry again. It is better to dye the rags before they are torn out; if in old garments, they will dry so much sooner and are easier handled.

We were all as glad to learn of this easy way of coloring coppers as was the professor's wife. We were familiar with her other recipes.

We would suggest that if one has not good lye-soap—home-made—they would use instead water in which has been dissolved a lump of lime or of baking-soda. And we have learned, too, in coloring blue with oxalic acid and Prussian blue, that a very fine dark tint can be easily secured by putting in some madder dye. In dyeing blue for carpet-rags, do not forget this item of news. Boil

the madder in a little water until the strength is obtained. Logwood will also answer the same purpose and bring the same result.

Maggie, a little brunette from the pineries of Michigan—one of our lovable little students whom we took under our wing just because her mother was one of our chums in school-girl days—she says: "Aunt Chatty, don't forget to tell the HOME girls what nice filling Auntie Edwards makes for chocolate cake."

We say: "O 'Gie-gie!'"—her baby name—"maybe lots of the girls know better ways than that. You know Carrie Simmons has a good way, and so has Flossy Wintrose." But she insists, and we give it to please her.

Here is the cream: One cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of good butter, one cup of fine white sugar, half a cup of grated sweet chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, the yolks of three eggs, and sufficient flavoring of Royal extract vanilla.

In making it, bring the milk to a boil; stir in the chocolate, the sugar and corn-starch; boil three minutes; take from the fire, and add the yolks, stirring rapidly the while. When the eggs have "set," add the butter, and lastly the vanilla. When quite cool, spread between the layers, and stand the cake in a cold place until needed.

For boiled icing for a large cake that was not to be cut "until Dr. Walworth came," we took three cups of sugar boiled in one of water until clear; beat the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth, and then poured over it the boiling liquid, beating all the time for eight or ten minutes; then put on the frosting while both cake and icing were warm.

We had a good deal of fun fixing for Dr. Walworth. He was the lecturer, and the girls' literary society was the free entertainers. He said some very commendatory things of our little flock, privately, to me. One was, that none of them used cosmetics. He said a physician could tell as soon as he looked at a woman's face whether she was indebted to anything else than good air, plain food, sunshine and plenty of wholesome exercise. He said that women in general were becoming really more intelligent regarding the practical matters pertaining to good health, good sense and good taste. They paid a stricter regard to hygienic rules; they wore good, substantial leather shoes, a woolen shawl, mittens and knit hoods in cold weather, wraps that were sensibly lined; and they knew better how to avoid taking cold; and if they had taken one, they knew better how to treat it.

We remembered a great many things which he said that evening after the girls had retired. We sat and talked an hour or two. He was from the old neighborhood where the Brooks had lived. He was acquainted with George Nelson's uncles and cousins, and was at the silver wedding of Naomi and Northop Brooks long ago. But this does not interest anybody.

Among other things we remember, he said no girl should ever use any cosmetic whatever; that all the acids used to remove tan and freckles, even the simple remedy of sour milk, were delusive agents, and their final results were most disastrous. He said if a woman desired a fine complexion she should studiously avoid wetting her face while the sun shone; that she might wash thoroughly at night with soap, or ammonia, or borax, if she wished, and then use the soothing wash of oat-

meal and warm water, or wheat bran and water. Let the oatmeal or bran be tied up in a soft rag; wet it, and rub the face, neck and hands with it. It is harmless and efficient, soothing, and gives the skin a velvety softness and texture. He commended the rules we had laid down in our system of family government, and said some very flattering and comforting things. He regards early marriages as unfortunate, and thinks that many and many a married pair grow directly away from each other in the first ten years of wedded life.

To please the girls, we asked the doctor to recite Florence Percy's "HER SPHERE" the next morning. It was well done, and we all sat spell-bound, with eyes moist with tears, seeing only the wife, the lone one:

"No outward sign her angelhood revealed,
Save that her eyes were wondrous mild and fair;
The aureole round her forehead was concealed
By the pale glory of her shining hair.

"She had an artist's quick, perceptive eyes
For all the beautiful; a poet's heart
For every changing phase of earth and skies,
And all things fair in nature and in art.

"She looked with all a woman's keen delight
On jewels rich and dainty drapery,
Rare fabrics and soft hues, the happy right
Of those more favored but less fair than she;

"On pallid pearls which glimmer cool and white,
Dimming proud foreheads with their purity;
On silks which gleam and ripple in the light,
And shift and shimmer like the summer sea.

"Yet, near the throng of worldly butterflies,
She dwelt, a chrysalis, in homely brown;
With costliest splendor flaunting in her eyes,
She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

"Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved, alone,
With slender shoulders bowed beneath their load,
She trod the path that Fate had made her own,
Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

"Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last,
When the bruised reed was broken, and her soul
Knew its sad term of earthly bondage past,
And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

"Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,
Which gazed afar beyond all grief and sin,
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise
Unclosed for her feet to enter in.

"Vainly the master she had served so long
Clasped her worn hands, and, with remorseful tears,
Cried: "Stay, oh, stay! Forgive my bitter wrong!
Let me atone for all these dreary years!"

What a story of loneliness, and pain, and sorrow, and patience, did the beautiful poem recited contain! Those sixteen verses entire are a volume. For the sake of our seventeen-year-old Rose, we were glad to have the good old doctor, with his soft, touching, musical voice, full of pathos and pity, recite "Her Sphere."

Little Rose is in danger, and we cannot let her pay for her experience with a life-long hunger of

soul—an abject dependence on an unworthy "master"—to be the "mere convenience of his narrow life;" to give her strength, and youth, and beauty, with all the glowing aspirations that illumine a maiden's soul, for—"nothing but leaves." Our garden of girls is our treasure. We hold them in our bosom, and we would shelter them with a love watchful, and tender, and proud as a mother's love.

CHATTY BROOKS.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 57.

A FEW days after my last chat with the "Home Circle," I went to see my little neighbor who has the rose-garden. Two or three letter-friends have asked me about it since I wrote of her before, so I will give some particulars which may interest others. It was a mistake in the print, which rendered it "rose-gardens," in that former article. It is merely a large front yard to a pretty cottage, and is devoted almost exclusively to monthly roses. Hyacinths, tulips and dwarf phlox, make bright borders in the spring-time, but the shrubbery comprises hardly anything but rose-bushes, which bloom from May to November. Not an annual is allowed, the owners thinking it not worth while to take care of those which bloom but once a year, when they can easily have those which reward them with their beauty through so many months.

Last summer, looking from my east window, this garden was a bright picture, just near enough to distinguish the mixture of gay colors among the green, without being able to see the form. And what a pleasure to walk among them all, and gather the loveliest buds, and try vainly to decide which were the most charming! There was the magnificent crimson George Washington, the delicate-tinted Celine Forester, the lovely rose-colored Hermosa—one of my especial favorites—with various others courted admiration along the front walk.

Off to the left were white cluster roses and a gigantic bush of the pink daily—that good, old-time rose, whose half-blown flower is pretty enough for anything. Crimson Louis Philippe were dotted here and there, and saffron with its exquisite, salmon-colored bud. The coquette of the Alps reigned queen in one part of the garden, and around her gathered buff and pink, pale blush and brilliant red. Last November, when I spent a day there, my friend gave me a bouquet larger than my head, culled from the loveliest of these beauties. But alas for the roses now.

The first time I went, after all the severe cold was past, naught remained to tell of their existence, but dry, dead stalks. Dead to the ground—every one. A sight to make one almost weep. Such a calamity was so unexpected in this climate. A year ago they wore a few green leaves throughout the winter.

Now, indeed, they are all sending up vigorous shoots from the old roots, which, before summer is over, will be good-sized bushes, but there will be no spring roses, and we who have the more hardy annuals, which stand the cold, are the most fortunate ones now.

Our monthlies were also killed, and are sending up their new sprouts, but the large standard rose-

bushes are full of leaves, and will soon be forming buds. Many of the earlier spring flowers have already bloomed, and all things begin to look green and bright again, and sometimes on a cloudy, warm morning, I can walk around the yard a little while, noting the rapid growth of the new leaves and sprouts, and watching for the first peeping forth of plants which have not yet put their heads above the ground. But 'tis seldom I can enjoy this privilege, for the sunlight is too blinding at this season for me to venture out in it without being closely veiled. So I have to keep my eyes in doors most of the time until after sunset, for they have been seriously threatened again. Very little work of any kind would they permit me to do, last month, and some days dragged rather wearily. Not many, however, for friends, far and near, helped me through them. Often during the many hours that I had to sit or lie still, unable to employ myself at anything requiring sight, I have wondered—what would I do for pleasant thoughts to beguile the tedious moments, were it not for the letter-friends who have enriched me so with their love and their thoughts, and whose lives interest me deeply. One writes charming chat of books, pictures, beautiful fancy and art-work, and descriptions of lovely scenery, besides letting me see occasional glimpses of the undercurrent of her life. Another gives scenes of pleasant home-life. Two there are whose words always breathe spiritual comfort and strength, so beautifully expressed that they find their way straight to my heart, admonishing and encouraging me, if desponding. And others tell me of heavy trials, and deep, heart feelings sacred to ourselves.

In those quiet hours of thought, I wrote long letters (in imagination), to them, talking on subjects of mutual interest, replying to questions and thoughts of theirs. It may be that little of them will ever be put down on paper, but they have afforded me pleasure in thinking them over, and imagining I *would* write them thus. I can never write the half I would like to some, who, faint and sinking in body and spirit, crave sympathy, and cheer, and strengthening words from others. And this spring, letters have had to be given up almost entirely—a very hard piece of self-denial to practice.

Such a great enjoyment has come to me since I commenced writing this, and it has made quite a long break in my chat, which I resume ten miles away from my corner, in the pretty, country home of the dear friend whom I visited a few summers ago. I had promised this visit last fall, and all through the winter the thought of it was something bright to look forward to when cold weather should be over. So on one of these mild, spring mornings, I took my seat in the cars, with a sense of delight and exhilaration, and was whirled away for a half hour's ride. Edna accompanied me, going on a visit to Margaret. I stayed two days with them, enjoying myself to the fullest extent. How like old times it seemed, for us to be together again. What gay talk we had about the old days, when they, and Floy, and Rosalie, used to gather about me. And now, to think I was able to go to see them, which in those years, we never expected. The children, who were a new and very different feature in our little group, and Margaret's husband, who spent his evenings with us, only added to our pleasure.

The third day, my friend from the country came for me, saying she could not wait any longer for her share of the visit. Then I had another delightful ride through fresh, green woods. The sky was softly veiled with clouds, and the air had that delicious fragrance—if such it may be called—which only the spring air holds, laden with odors of the fresh earth, broken by springing verdure and the opening leaves and blossoms. Soon we arrived at the dear little home, where I once before spent such pleasant days. Here I have been for a week, drinking in country air and enjoyment, along with fresh milk and cream. To me, it is literally, a land flowing with milk and honey, and Mrs. D. makes me eat oat-meat porridge, which I do not like, but try to eat, because it is to strengthen me.

All the housework is done by the mother and daughters, and being good housekeepers, everything is neat and in order, and all goes on with clock-like regularity. Swift, willing hands and feet make the work light, so, except when there are extra duties, it is soon accomplished after each meal is over, and we gather in the cheerful sitting-room for sewing and talk. It seems strange to see two tall girls in place of the children I petted ten years ago, when they lived in town. They used to spend many hours beside my lounge in those days, and I taught them their first stitches in crotchet work, and cut paper-dolls for them, some of which they still have stored away among their treasures. Now they are companions for their mother, who seems almost as young as they in her disposition. The oldest is so sedate and quiet, I sometimes, laughingly, call her the "old lady."

The flowers are her dearest companions, and every evening I am summoned to admire the beds and pots where they are blooming. Every morning a tiny bouquet is laid beside my plate—geranium-leaves with a few violets or pansies, a sprig of lilies of the valley or mignonette.

The other sister is fonder of books and music, and I enjoy having her read to me. The week which I am yet to remain, will fly all too quickly, with so much to interest.

Mrs. D. and her husband have artistic taste added to their love of flowers, and the grounds, though rather new, show evidence of it. I have walked around the large yard two or three times, looking at the beautiful shrubbery. Stately forest trees have been left here and there among the smaller trees and shrubs which have been introduced. Vines cling around the great trunks, and climb into the lower branches. Small evergreens are dotted here and there. Rose-bushes are abundant, and the earlier ones are beginning to bloom. The woods lie close around us, fast growing green and summer-like, and acres of smooth fields stretch away in front, which will soon be filled with cotton and corn. In doors and out, it is a pretty picture I look upon from the easy chair in which I am sitting by the south window of the little parlor. It is hard to find opportunity for writing, with so much to engage my attention, but this afternoon I have resolutely taken myself away from the other to finish this, and must now say good-bye, for the girls are calling to me, protesting that I have written enough, and must go with them for a short drive before sunset.

LICHEN.

THE GRACE OF HOSPITALITY.

DEAR "HOME CIRCLE:" Will you kindly make a place for me "this once," and let me say a few words to you under this heading? I have borrowed it, as you will perceive, from "Oakland," who wrote on this subject in the HOME MAGAZINE for March. She seems to me to have had severe trials, and to have borne them with more patience and good-nature than most of us could bring to our aid in such circumstances. No doubt there are hundreds who could relate experiences resembling hers. Even I might do a little in that way, but it was not with that intention that I began this letter. I wish to speak of a class of housekeepers who are, I should say, of a very different order from those who usually write to the HOME MAGAZINE; and among whom such a tax—to use no harsher word—on hospitality as that suffered by "Oakland" would never have occurred.

It has been my fortune to see a great deal of certain people who when entertaining not only do not allow themselves to be over-burdened by the cares of hospitality, but seem to make a point of utilizing their guest as far as possible. Now this, within certain limits, is all very well. Guests, however cordially invited and warmly welcomed, have no right to allow themselves to make unnecessary trouble in the household; neither should the hostess allow it. And if, without injustice to themselves, they can afford a little acceptable help, here and there, it is only right that they should do so. Still we cannot entertain guests, however considerate, without some sacrifice of time, convenience and often of money. If we try to do it, we make them feel unwelcome and uncomfortable, and that is not the effect a truly hospitable person wishes to produce.

I have visited in houses where everything was kept so prim and precise that there seemed to be no place for me. I scarcely dared to sit, stand or move lest I should, by chance, disarrange something, and be brought to a realizing sense of my misdemeanor by seeing it ostentatiously set to rights almost before I had stirred from the place. And I have visited in houses where, although I was even then little better than an invalid, my services were so constantly demanded either by hint or out-spoken request that I really worked harder than I was accustomed to do at home; and when my visit came to an end, I was usually so tired and worn out that I was unfit for any kind of work, and for a long time could do nothing but rest. Some of my friends used to think that I possessed some skill in dressing hair, arranging costume, etc.; and when I was able to give them my services in these matters were always freely and gladly offered. These friends often invited me to visit them when something was at hand which made tasteful dress seem especially desirable, ostensibly with the generous purpose of letting me share in the coming festivities, but really, as I sometimes discovered, that I might help to prepare them for it. After fulfilling their requirements I usually had neither time nor strength to do more for myself than to make a hasty and careless toilet, and then was too tired and disheartened to have even a passing enjoyment in what might otherwise have been a rare pleasure. I once spent a long morning working

for such a friend. I trimmed a hat, patched up an old fan by making an intricate arrangement of ribbon through the split sticks—a tedious task—I mended gloves, sewed lace on a dress, and did various small things, too numerous and seemingly too trivial to mention, but which kept me very busy, and did not tend to lessen the headache and languor from which I was suffering. Presently some friends called, and my hostess exhibited hat, fan, gloves, etc., together with some work she herself had done, and asked her visitors, in my hearing, if they did not think she had been very smart to do so much work that morning. And yet this young lady had a reputation, not only for fine intelligence and unusual mental attainments, but also for a high sense of honor and all the social and spiritual graces. I have heard the phrase, "A perfect lady" applied to her many a time.

Once, another hostess, after I was dressed even to the last button on my gloves for a concert to which we were both going, asked me to fetch a stick of wood from the wood-house and put it in the stove. As the sticks of wood used in that particular stove were little less than logs, and much too heavy for me to lift, I refused, point blank. But in the majority of cases it is almost impossible for a guest to refuse a request of her hostess which is courteous in form if not in spirit. It is hard, too, for her not to feel that she ought to do what she seems expected to do; and while it is only just that a guest should make his or her hostess as little inconvenience as is consistent with the position of guest, it seems to me that a hostess should use some consideration in her requirements; for she surely has no more right to make a waiting-maid of her guests than the guests have to suppose that the figurative "placing the house at their disposal" gives them a right to turn it topsyturvy, and absorb the time and derange the plans of every one in it. There is one thing, by the way, which I have always noticed; and that is, that the very persons who exact the most of their guests are the ones who care the least about the inconvenience they cause when they themselves are guests. This is contrary to all justice, and it seems very strange that it should be so until we reflect that their conduct in either case must spring directly from a selfish disregard of that Golden Rule which is at the root of all true courtesy as well as of all true, sweet and noble living.

HELEN HERBERT.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

MY DEAR GIRLS: There is a subtle, silent language that is universal. You all make use of it. It finds expression in your actions, movements, attitudes and gestures. It is called manners. It expresses, sometimes, both what you wish it to say, and what you would prefer it should not say. It would seem to be contagious; persons associating together contract, frequently, the same form of expression. How unfortunate it is then when your leaders are rude and ill-mannered; who retain their position, and show their superiority by their egotism and their ability to find faults in others. Instead of impressing their manners upon others, they should be considered examples of what not to do.

You all desire, of course, to have the distinc-

tion which a fine manner confers—to be "well-bred." It would be impossible to be thoroughly well-mannered, without being the kind of person in thought and life, if such a manner would be the natural expression. Nothing that is put on the outside alone fits the wearer well. "If done for effect it is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love." One can be at a masquerade for a while, but the time always comes to unmask; no matter how closely it is fastened, it always must at last slip one side and the real face be seen.

We cannot get away from the Divine principle of love; a true desire to make others comfortable, to do pleasant things in a pleasant way, will be a greater help than all the rules that could be formed. Do not try to conceal anything, rather let there be nothing to conceal; do not try to exhibit yourself, that will make you seem egotistic and ridiculous, where you wish to appear striking and charming. Endeavor not to think of yourselves, but of how to put at ease, to interest, to amuse, to make the world, the house or the hour seem pleasant to another.

Do not be abrupt, say nothing unpleasant unnecessarily. Some think by being abrupt they show candor and frankness; but while an abrupt manner may be preferable to one of deceit, it is only when such manner is natural, and the good feeling of the person is manifested through it; those who cultivate such a manner generally but make it the expression of their own coarseness of feeling and aggressiveness.

You are, of course, familiar with the usual rules of what you must not do; I will only lay a little stress on a few of them, for instance: Do not stare. Do not indulge in sarcasm. Do not talk against others. Do not appear to see the mistakes or mishaps of others; try, rather, to help them; quietly and unnoticeably, cover them from general notice. Endeavor to express in your manner a delicate consideration for and appreciation of others. Keep self out of sight and think of others. Any mannerism that is intended to show your own capacities, to bring yourselves into notice, is death to good manners. Have you hearts right; one who loves his fellows with a gentle forbearance, a charitable love—that is even a faint likeness of the love that gives ceaselessly and forgives as ceaselessly—will have a manner that cannot fail to attract and please all noble and earnest people. Therefore, I say, not "mind your manners," but mind your lives, that there may be something pleasant and charming, even fine and ennobling, for them to express in this language which we all must use.

AUNTIE.

A PEEP IN MY "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

"Pictures, and books, and busts, and flowers,
And a light hearth where one may sit for hours,
And feel the minutes in their rapid flight,
Yet never think to count them as they go,
The mind in converse sweet beguiled so."

THAT is a photograph of our sitting-room, the brightest, cheeriest spot in all the house. Here are the easiest chairs, the coziest corners, the loveliest flowers, the most delightful books, and last, but not least, restful music—not modern thunder, but the sweet, soothing inspira-

tions that touch the heart like bird-songs in spring-time. A touch of red upon the wall, in the curtains, the carpet and the table-spread, gives the room a bright, summer-land look that is very inviting.

"Why, how cheerful it is here!" says a friend, looking in one stormy evening, when the elements had formed a league against comfort. "I don't think I'll go any farther at present." And she sank into the depths of an easy chair, with a keen appreciation of the home-i-ness of her surroundings.

After a short chat, she flies to the easels, where our funny bark pictures are displayed, and captures them to laugh over at her leisure, while she admires our last panel, a pretty autumn scene, with a daisy and bit of golden rod laid carelessly across a corner, and a butterfly fluttering overhead.

"To the making of pictures there is no end," she declared, laughingly. "And what a source of pleasure it must be to you."

"Yes, it is like perpetual summer, and gives one a world of their own; just the resource we need on the down-hill side of life," I said, "to keep us from growing old."

"Oh, there's no danger of mamma stagnating," laughed Grace. "Were you ever in her den, Louise?"

"I never have had that pleasure, *ma chère*, but really would like nothing better."

"Then I must introduce you some day. But prepare yourself for surprises. Her table is a curiosity-shop, and the whole room is a wilderness of scrap-books, birch-bark, paints, brushes, easels, minerals, mosses, and everything that is found upon the earth or gathered from the sea."

"Pray don't be alarmed, Louise, at Grace's stirring picture. My 'den,' as she styles it, is a very respectable place, notwithstanding. Everything is where I can find it. The time was when she rather enjoyed 'putting it to rights,' as she called it; but really it was one of my wrongs, and meant chaos and confusion. It took weeks to get things in running order again after one of her incursions, and so at last I had to put my foot down, and now am happy."

"Order is Heaven's first law," cried Grace.

"Yes, but people differ in their ideas of order. You have a great propensity for tucking things away in unthought-of places—the rag-bag, for instance. And it's not comforting to find the last pet child of one's brain in the waste-basket before its time."

"Now, Grace," laughed Louise, "don't get as uncomfortably nice as our Hattie; she never lets me have my brushes out long enough to finish beautifying; and, really, we're not allowed to have a bureau drawer open five minutes at a time. And as for 'clearin' up' and 'getting clear of things,' as she calls it, why she is equal to two moves and a fire every year of her life."

"That's her hobby, very likely," cried Grace. "But mamma has been fitting up her own room more to my taste, you must see that. You remember it is large, with one wee closet. Well, with the aid of a screen, she has improvised a dressing-room, and a few boards have blossomed out into a wardrobe; this has Canton flannel curtains, trimmed with bands of red at the top and bottom, and put up with rod and rings, in a way that is orna-

mental as well as useful. For the screen she resurrected from the lumber-room a skeleton clothes-horse, treated it to a coat of black paint, then covered with chocolate cambric, put a pretty border all around, and finished with bouquets of *cretonne* flowers in the centre of each panel. The wall-paper reminds you of spring sunshine. There is matting on the floor, and rugs made of burlaps worked in rich stripes, with fringe across the ends."

"And the curtains?" interrogated Louise, as Grace paused to take breath.

"They are white, dotted muslin, with broad ruffles and lambrequins of *cretonne*. The cold marble of the bureau is turned into a bed of pansies, with some lovely embroidered mats that Alice made; and there's a large cushion of cardinal satin, painted with trailing arbutus, half hidden among folds of creamy Languedoc lace. The hair and hair-pin receivers match, and there's a brush-holder and comb-case, and the dear knows what beside. Time and breath would fail me to tell of the contents of the table and bric-a-brac shelf over it. There's one of those pretty moss pictures, a plaque, a tile, fancy cards, and other wonders of her own creating."

"Why, you are equal to the fairy god-mothers of old! Please lend me your wand to wave over my domicile," cried Louise. "This making much of little is not my forte, and most of the directions in books are for long purses."

"Yes," said Grace, "it is rather exasperating to read about fifty-dollar rugs when a fifty-cent burlap comes nearer the range of our possibilities; and most of the screens are embroidered satin. And they tell us about lovely antique vases at fabulous prices, when I manufactured a pair from (tell it not in Gath) some large stone ink-bottles. We first gave them a coat of black paint, and then mamma painted a small landscape on one and some wild flowers on the other. Of course they are not gems of art, but they are really quite pretty."

"Oh, there's everything in making the most of what we have, and I am coming in some day to take lessons; so prepare yourself," laughed Louise.

"Come when you like," responded Grace; "our improvements are not patented."

Just then a bright face appeared at the door, asking if mamma was ready to go, and Louise vanished.

EULA LEE.

Evenings with the Poets.

JUNE.

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And let his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell:

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

* * * * *
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE, sweet wonder in the baby face,
And look of mingled dignity and grace,
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes,
That higher than the stained-glass window rise,
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.

The people round her sing, "Above the sky
There's rest for little children when they die"—
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals: she must not look around,
Although with wonderment her pulses bound—
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows—as "mother" does—her golden head;
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,
Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there, too, by and by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that home for which you pray,
Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day!

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

RUB OR RUST.

IDLER, why lie down to die?
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
"Die when die thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—
"Better rub than rust.
Death perhaps is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work, shall want;
Nought for nought is just—
Won't do, must do, when he can't
"Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust."

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

THE grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet.
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the whole world sweet.
LUCY LARCOM.

Young Ladies' Department.

TO THE GIRLS.

WERE I gifted with eloquence of speech, and could go forth as a lecturer, I would like a different audience from those that usually assemble. I would like one vast audience of young girls, with faces upturned to my view; and I would consider the greatest amount of eloquence and earnestness not in vain if it but led some of that number to serious thoughts of themselves and of what their future is to be. But having neither the gift of eloquence nor the audience, my imaginary lecture vanishes, and I hope in its place to give an earnest talk to the girl readers of this magazine.

To the girls bordering on womanhood, and who are so soon to take their places on the stage of active life, I would ask this question: To what degree are you capable of assuming the responsibilities of the future that is about to open before you? For, whether surrounded by wealth or in humble circumstances, responsibilities will be sure to come. To a few, cares may come lightly, while to the large majority life will prove a serious conflict. And in order to successfully overcome these difficulties that arise in your way, and become nobler and stronger as the years advance, there is a preparation needed just as much as the intellectual improvement acquired during your school days, or the accomplishments with which you are fitting yourselves for your entrance into society.

Girls are so prone to regard their future life as one long-continued holiday, as something so bright and free from care. And when the various responsibilities crowd upon them, they discover too

late that a knowledge of the common domestic affairs of life acquired when a girl would be of inestimable value to them.

Most of the girls who read this will some day have homes of their own, and they will want to preside with ease and gracefulness in those homes. Perhaps you think now it will be easy and natural for you to do so; but I tell you, girls, you will find yourselves sadly mistaken, unless you prepare yourselves for your work beforehand. What would you think of a man who had never studied military tactics volunteering to become the general of an army? And if he were placed in such a position, what would be the result? His ignorance would not only bring failure and defeat to himself, but disaster to all under his charge. And for the same reason there are to-day over our land thousands of disordered homes presided over by women who spent their girlhood in gayety and reading trashy stories, waiting for the realization of a happy romance that would end by placing them in positions of unalloyed pleasure and freedom from care.

And now, dear girls, let me entreat you to stop this day-dreaming and be sensible, and whatever position you fill in life be worthy of it. Don't say it is time to think of care when it comes, but arm yourselves with knowledge and forethought, that you may give yourselves easier and happier lives. In presenting this very important question for you to consider, I do not ask you to become grave, sober girls; be as full of life and gay in spirit as you like, for there is nothing more beautiful than bright, happy girls, when their actions are seasoned with prudence.

While writing, a friend just looked over my shoulder and said: "It will do no good for you to write that way to girls; they are so giddy and thoughtless, that nothing but their own experience will ever teach them." But I replied, there are so many girls with true, noble qualities, who spend most of their time in flirting, dressing and reading love stories—just the employment to kill their true womanliness, if they continue in it—and if any advice I can give will cause any to consider, my writing will not be in vain.

No matter what the social position or the financial circumstances may be, every young woman, before entering on the duties of housekeeping, should have not a theoretical, cook-book knowledge simply, but an experimental knowledge of all the details of housekeeping. And you, young girls, while in the freshness and strength of youth, with little care to prevent, could so easily become skillful in the much-varied and complicated work of the household. Commence by helping your mothers more; enter with a heart into the homework. Take the responsibility of chief housekeeper for a few days, thereby relieving mother of so much burden, and at the same time benefiting yourselves.

Girls have a great amount of youthful vitality, and it is but natural for them to want to be continually engaged in some occupation; and one can safely judge what the woman will be by the way in which the girl employs her time. If her ambition is to keep up with the fashion, flirt and promenade the streets, it will not take a close observer to penetrate the future, and see the girl develop into a weak-minded, frivolous woman.

To enforce my remarks, I will give you a true incident from life, being well acquainted with all the parties. One of the girls of my school days, whose parents were in moderate circumstances, received a liberal text-book education, and neither time nor money were spared in making her an intelligent, accomplished young lady. But aside from this knowledge she was almost as ignorant as a babe, for neither she nor her parents had ever entertained the thought that there was more necessary for her to learn. After leaving school, her life was one continuous round of gayety, and being very pretty and attractive, she had plenty of admirers. But the one who won her was a fascinating widower with five children. At the time they were married, most of the children lived from home, and as he was reported to be very wealthy, she thought she would not be burdened with the care of his little ones. But his fortune changed, and his losses brought care and responsibility to her. All the children came home to live, and after a few months she found herself face to face with the duty of caring for a family of seven. With all her years of study and cultivation, she was as pitiable an object as any one would care to see. And do you wonder that at the end of three years, instead of the pretty, fresh girl who went to preside over that home, there was a pale, faded, broken-down woman?

I would not have you girls neglect your studies or accomplishments. Be as highly cultivated as you can make yourselves, but remember that all of your time cannot be spent in talking and entertaining.

I cannot leave the subject of domestic life without mentioning one moral characteristic which I

would urge my girl readers to assiduously cultivate, that of self-control. I cannot summon language strong enough to tell the difference it will make in your lives and those around you, if you learn to control yourselves while you are young. It is an old subject, but one that contains so much truth it can never be worn out. By the continual use of angry words, many a woman has driven away the love of husband, children and friends.

In a place where I formerly lived, I used often to see an old woman wandering around, with a countenance so horrible that any one could easily imagine her to be possessed of an evil spirit. Once she had been the reigning belle in the State in which she lived. Her beauty and attractiveness were far-famed. But she had a terrible temper, and by allowing it to master her through life, it produced the most disastrous results in the lives of all her family. She alone was left, and with a conscience filled with remorse and bitter regrets, she wandered around, a terror to herself and every one else.

Another instance of ungoverned temper comes so vividly to my mind, I cannot forbear telling you of it. In a Western town where I was stopping awhile, I use to see an old, shriveled-up woman driving by in a little, old cart with only two wheels, drawn by a most antiquated little donkey. As I had never seen a sight both so ludicrous and pitiable, I became much interested in her, and, upon inquiry, learned her history, which was as follows: She had been the daughter of a wealthy Eastern manufacturer, and while young had married a promising musician, who, being poor in this world's goods, went to the West to better their fortune. Like many indulged girls, she had never practiced self-control, and a change from her luxurious home to her rough surroundings in the West was a source of continual irritation to her. By degrees her temper became so bad, that there was no peace nor pleasure in her home. Her husband sought companionship outside, formed bad associates, and in time commenced drinking. They had several children, and as soon as the boys were old enough, they, too, formed evil acquaintances, and stayed from home all they could. At the time I heard of them, her husband was an old gray-haired man, who spent every cent he could get for whisky. He could lie in some out-of-the-way place for days completely stupefied by drinking. One son was in prison for murder, and the others were notorious for their wickedness.

I will bring my imagination to work on this scene, and show what might have been the result had this woman learned to control herself when young, and had exercised a pure, loving influence in her family. She was intelligent, and her husband a fine musician, two of the most requisite acquirements to make a home pleasant. Their children would have had a happy home, and under the guidance of loving parents would have become useful men and women. And in the long years that were given to that aged couple, what a life-work could have been theirs, and what pleasures, too. The enjoyment of their happy home circle, the companionship of pleasant friends, and, above all, as the sunset of life approached they would not feel that the result of their lives was "Nothing but Leaves."

NELLIE BURNS.

Useful and Curious.

TO CULTIVATE WATER-LILIES.—So many ladies are desirous to obtain water-lilies when boating, that a few directions as to their cultivation near home will doubtless be acceptable. The pond-lily (*Nymphaea odorata*) is easily cultivated. Take a good-sized barrel and sink it into the ground, place in it some soil of the lake, or pond, or river in which you have observed the lilies flourishing, put in the lily roots you have obtained, and fill the barrel with water. At the proper time the buds will appear, and in August the surface of the water will be a beautiful sight. The growing surface can, of course, be enlarged, and if a little manure be added in the autumn and the tank or barrel covered over, the lilies will be much improved the following year.

NAPHTHA FOR MOTHS.—A correspondent of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* inquires if the action of benzine or naphtha upon carpets or other woolen fabrics is injurious in any way. In the use of these agents the design is to destroy moths, and the remedy is generally effective; but they are dangerous substances to use in families. Inflammable as gunpowder, the vapor is liable to ignite from a match or spark, and when ignited, mixed with air, an explosion occurs as destructive as that from gunpowder. The liquids should always be used with great caution, and only in an out-building away from fires. A perfectly pure naphtha does not injure woolen fabrics, but if it contains resinous or bituminous substances it makes carpets hard and sometimes sticky. The article sold as *gasoline* is the lightest and purest of the naphthas, and can usually be procured of druggists. It flies into vapor quickly, at even low temperatures, and should be used in a closed vessel if possible.

MARRIAGE IN ALBANIA.—Albanian marriage arrangements are very peculiar. When a damsel arrives at marriageable age, her parents publish the fact among their friends and acquaintances. Should no suitor come forward, it rests with her brothers to find one. A brother thus circumstanced will sometimes come up to a male friend in the street and make the complimentary proposal then and there. "You are just the man I wanted to see"—thus goes the abrupt formula on these occasions—"my sister is now fourteen years old; you must marry her." As etiquette forbids a plump refusal, the gentleman thus honored gives a sort of half-acquiescence, and then hurries off to instruct some old lady to act as go-between. Should he be satisfied with the report made, after due inquiry, by this adviser, the wedding is arranged; but not until the very last moment is the expectant bridegroom allowed to see his future spouse, and then it would be contrary to the prescriptions of society for him to draw back, however unprepossessing she might prove to be. After the performance of the ceremony, a very curious piece of etiquette comes into play. Among Asiatics and uncivilized people generally, it is the rule for the bride-elect to feign coyness; but among the Arnauts the bridegroom has to make this

pretense. After the marriage-feast is over, and the newly-made wife has withdrawn, her husband lingers behind; and not until he has been subjected to a variety of rough usage by her relatives are the prescriptions of etiquette considered to be sufficiently complied with to admit of his following the lady.

A VALUABLE GLUE.—Householders and others will be glad to hear of a very permanent glue—a chrome-glue which is made by an admixture with common glue of one part of acid chromate of lime in solution to five parts of gelatine. The glue made in this manner, after exposure, is insoluble in water, and can be used for mending glass objects likely to be exposed to hot water. It can also be made available for waterproofing articles, such as sails or awnings, but for flexible fabrics it is not suitable. A few immersions will be found sufficient to render the article impervious to wet. It is necessary that fractured objects should be exposed to the light after being mended, and then warm water will have no effect on them, the chromate of lime being better than the more generally used bichromate of potash.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, Professor Bentley called attention to the peculiar properties of the so-called Rose of Jericho, pointing out that during the dry season it becomes coiled up into a ball, and is blown about the dry, sandy deserts of Egypt and Syria for many months; but at the first shower of rain its leaves expand, and it becomes apparently revived as if its life were renewed. If placed in water or in moist sand or earth, it opens out in a similar manner; and it is so sensitive to moisture that it indicates by similar changes in its leaves the presence or absence of moisture in the atmosphere, and thus acts as a natural vegetable hygrometer, in the same way as a bunch of seaweed will become hard and dry in fine weather, and soft and leathery in damp or rainy weather. In this case it is the salt which is present in the leaves that is acted on; and it is quite possible that a similar explanation of the phenomenon in the case of the rose of Jericho might be found if the plant were subjected to careful analysis. As the first rose of Jericho was brought to England as long ago as 1597, it is time that the cause of its curious properties was discovered. The rose has been called a vegetable barometer; but this is evidently incorrect, as it is influenced by the hygrometric and not the barometric state of the atmosphere.

NUTMEGS.—Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe, it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons.

Humorous.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

IT was the night of the first of April. Bill and I had tried to honor the day and gain a half hour more of it by turning the clock back; but father's watch set that all right, and by nine o'clock we were in bed.

That was cruel business sending us to bed so early, when we expected Dick home from college at ten o'clock. But mother assured us he would keep over night, and look all the better in the morning.

But we had some revenge in not going to sleep. Besides, we had chanced that afternoon to be in Dick's room, and had drawn the slats from the bed, and now felt it our duty to keep awake on Dick's account.

True to time, we heard brother's ringing step on the stairs; but there came a ponderous tread behind him, and presently we knew that he had brought President Crowley—on his way to the city—home to spend the night. Bill and I had never seen President Crowley—had feared, indeed, we never should be quite great and good enough—but then we had heard of him ever so much. So we held our breath whilst he talked, until his greatness so worked on Bill that he whisperingly inquired if any accident to Dick might not disturb the doctor.

I had my fears, for Dick's bed was a tolerably old one; but in those days I took sinful pleasure in putting Bill on a false trail, and assured him that college presidents were so absent-minded, asleep or awake, that they never knew what was going on about them.

"Well," concluded Bill, philosophically, "if Dick can stand it he ought to."

But just then we both stopped, and I could feel Bill's hand trembling against my shoulder, and I knew my hair was getting all ready to turn white; *father had shown President Crowley into Dick's room*, telling him it had been well ventilated, and wishing him a good night's rest.

There was a long minute by way of interlude, and then the faintest gasp from Bill.

"Bill!" said I.

"Jack!" said he.

"Just like's not he'll get in there and go through!"

"Goodness me! do you think so, Jack?" and Bill's voice was all broken down. "Won't he have some way of knowing?"

Now my faith in the doctor's wisdom was hardly strong enough to answer Bill in the affirmative, so, as a sort of substitute, "I wonder how much he weighs?" I said.

"We shall know presently," breathed Bill, with a slight squinting toward the ridiculousness of the doctor's shipwreck.

"But he will kill himself, and we shall be hung for murder, and have black cloth all over the scaffold!" said I, determined that Bill should stay as frightened as I was.

"Goodness, gracious me! Do you think so, Jack, for sure?"

"I know it!" said I, throwing his arm away from me.

Then Bill began to simper.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed I, in a tragical whisper. "That ain't going to save his life!"

"Well, what is?" asked Bill, with a trifle of peevishness in his excitement.

"We must warn him of his danger."

"What, tell him he's going through!"

By that time I had gotten out of bed, and was stumbling through the dark, and Bill after me, anxious to wash his hands clean of the blood of a murder. Somehow I found the candle and struck a match; but the wick wouldn't light. Then another match, and another; and not until morning did we learn that sister had made us a candle out of a Long John potato.

How much might have turned on a mean little trick like that of sister's! But it was no time to moralize.

"O Bill!" and we were trembling in one another's arms, as there came a snapping of cordage and a tearing of sheets, followed by a dull, helpless-like concussion, that seemed to shake our little home from centre to circumference.

"He's dead!" gasped Bill; "and we'll both be hanged!"

"Hush! hush!" I cautioned; "I think I hear him breathing, or saying something. Keep perfectly still!"

Then lights appeared from father's and Dick's room. Bill and I had crept back to bed and under the covers.

"Anything the matter, doctor?" cried Dick, knocking at the door.

"Only with the almanac!" came the cheering answer—the sweetest music I ever heard—along with a little hard breathing. "At this late hour I am reminded that it must be on or about the first of April!"

"The young rascals!" exclaimed father, and Bill and I got further under the bed-covers.

But before I ducked my head I heard brother Dick snicker; and when the doctor joined in, Bill and I drew a long breath, but we were very still in doing it.

JOHN WINSLOW.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, in a lecture on the effect of alcohol upon the human system, remarked that in his opinion it was "very much like sitting down on a hornet's nest—stimulating, but not nourishing."

IF a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

NOWADAYS it is impossible to listen to the conversation of half a dozen young "society" people without feeling that the language should be more appropriately called the slanguage.

A WRITER on poultry-raising says: "Fowls must have ample range to do well." And yet it does not take such a very ample range to do a fowl well. Whether it is done brown or not, depends altogether upon the cook's knowledge of the nature of the baste.

Health Department.

SOME USEFUL HINTS ON SURGERY.

WHEN I was a little boy at my first school the Bible was one of our text-books. It was the first history ever I had read, and I was naturally much interested in its heroes and heroines. David, I know, seemed to my mind just the beau-ideal of all a boy should be, and when I read of the brave and undaunted manner in which he attacked and slew Goliath, I determined to emulate him, at least, so far as the sling and the stone went, and I succeeded so well that in three weeks after I first commenced practice, I smashed my poor sister's arm. Of course, I was not aiming at Nellie, and the greater the pity, because I never did hit anything that I aimed at. On this particular occasion I was aiming at a farmer's ox in a distant field; this was very wicked, but when I saw Nellie drop down and faint with the pain, I thought she was dead, and wrung my hands and wept aloud and danced frantically around her. This probably relieved my own feelings, but it could not have done Nellie much good, and had I known then only a very little of what I know now, I would have acted differently. But what I did then is just precisely what nine out of every ten young people do daily, when an accident occurs to a brother, sister or playmate. To render assistance promptly hardly ever occurs to them.

"Oh! but," some of my readers may exclaim, "we don't know what to do in cases of emergency."

You are quite right; and therefore I am going to tell you in this paper what is the best and safest way to deal with little accidents, and I am quite sure you will listen to what I have to say with pleasure and derive some profit therefrom as well.

Now the most alarming of all little accidents, in the eyes of young folks, are those that are accompanied by the effusion of blood, so I will take them first. The simplest of these is bleeding at the nose. Sometimes, in the case of stout, rosy-faced children, this is salutary, but it proves that they are making blood too quickly, that they are in reality not strong, so the general health should be seen to, and plenty of exercise taken. When bleeding at the nose occurs from a blow, or if it be excessive from what ever cause, means must be taken to stop it. The sufferer must not remain in a warm room; going out into the cool, fresh air will often of itself suffice to stop the bleeding. If it does not, then the nose and brow ought to be bathed in the coldest water procurable. The upright position should be maintained, the head thrown well back, the arms raised, and either ice or a cold piece of iron or steel applied to the spine.

Cuts or wounds, as a rule, require very simple treatment. First and foremost, do not be alarmed at the sight of a little blood; there is no danger, unless it be of a very bright red color and spurts out in jets; that would show that an artery had been cut; but even then you must not give way to fear. All you have to do is to apply pressure on the wound by means of your thumbs, and send for

a medical man or surgeon. If a simple cut or wound is torn and lacerated, it must be washed with cold water and a bit of sponge before it is done up, and if any dirt or foreign matter, such as sand or glass, be in it, that must be very carefully removed; then cut two or three pieces of sticking plaster, about as long as your little finger, and no wider, heat them one by one before the fire, and one by one apply them over the wound, just to keep the edges gently together. After you have applied one, you must not put the next close to it; you have to leave room between every piece, for any matter that may form, to afterward find vent. Apply over this a little lint, made by stretching a piece of old, cleanly washed linen tight, and scraping it with a knife; over all a bandage must be put, and you must keep a wound like this clean, but do not disturb the dressing more than is actually required. If it seems angry, a bit of clean surgeon's lint dipped in water, with a piece of oiled silk over it, makes a very soothing dressing. A simple even cut may be bound up with the blood, which, by keeping the air from it, hermetically seals it, and it will heal thus without further trouble.

A bitten tongue often bleeds profusely, and gives great pain. Wash the mouth with the coldest water, in which some powdered alum has been mixed, and continue doing so until the bleeding stops.

When the skin has been torn or grazed off any part of the hands, arms or legs, the bleeding is sometimes difficult to stop. Cold water may be sufficient to do this, if not, tincture of iron should be applied. Scalp-wounds or wounds in the head, require somewhat different treatment. If in the forehead, the usual sticking plaster dressing and a bandage will suffice to mend matters; if in the scalp among the hair, the latter must be cut off all around the wound to admit of the application of the plaster; the bleeding in either case must be stopped by pressure, cold water or ice.

The youngest of my readers should know how to treat simple scalds and burns, for, small though they may be, they are exceedingly painful, and it is a gaining of half the battle if you can give relief. A burn or scald in the hands, or wrist, or fingers, if the skin be not blistered or broken, is relieved in a surprisingly short time by the application of a rag or morsel of lint wetted in turpentine. Soap applied to a slight burn is likewise a good application to remove pain. Water-dressing is also effective, and after the pain has been removed, the place may be dressed with simple ointment, cold cream or glycerine. Another excellent application to a burned surface is what is called "carron oil," it is composed of equal parts of lime-water and olive oil, with a small quantity of turpentine. In all cases of severe burning medical aid should be summoned as soon as possible.

If a child's clothes catch fire, she ought to be thrown down at once, and a hearth-rug, blanket or whatever comes handiest, rolled around her to extinguish the flames. When any one has the misfortune to catch fire, she ought at once to throw herself on the floor and roll about; if this plan

be resorted to, the fire cannot spread upward over the head, and life may be saved, to say nothing of terrible deformity.

Children sometimes swallow boiling water, from a kettle for instance. In a case of this kind all you can do is to keep the sufferer perfectly quiet, and give him ice to suck if you can procure any, and meanwhile send at once for a surgeon.

Bruises are the result of direct violence; in these cases, although no bones are broken and the skin is left intact, the small veins in the flesh are lacerated and blood thrown out under the skin, discoloration being the result. A black-eye is one of the simplest examples of a bruise, and probably one of the commonest; a blow on the forehead from running against something hard is another; and both, simple though I call them, are very disfiguring, especially in a young girl. When, then, any one receives a blow which she is afraid may lead to discoloration of the skin, either arnica lotion or spirit lotion should be applied immediately and constantly for some considerable time. The arnica lotion is easily made; it is simply a tablespoonful of tincture of arnica in a small tumblerful of water; it is a useful application to sprains as well. Vinegar and water is also a very cooling lotion, in the proportion of one part of the former to three of the latter.

A jammed finger is a most painful accident. Steeping the finger in very hot water is the most effectual method of giving relief. I may mention here that an incipient whitlow may sometimes be dispersed in the same way, provided matter has not already formed; but when once this begins to burrow under the tendons, poultices and free lancing will bring the first relief.

A blister of the skin, whether in the foot or

hand, seems a very simple thing indeed. Yet nine persons out of every ten do not know how properly to treat it. It may be caused by friction of any kind—friction from a tight or too loose-fitting shoe, or friction of the hand from rowing, drilling, or using tools of any kind. The first thing to do is to pass a needle with a loose cotton thread through it. Cut off this thread at each side of the blister, and thus allow the water to run or drain out of the bleb; it will afterward heal up nicely, but rest must be given. Now I do not know that any young lady wants to harden her hands, even for the sake of drilling; for a soft hand is certainly a point of beauty in a girl. But if, notwithstanding this, she objects to have hands easily blistered let her bathe them, morning and night, for ten minutes in a quart of soft, spring water, in which a little vinegar and a teaspoonful of alum have been mixed. This bath also does good in cases of clammy hands; but, mind you, I am not putting it forward as a specific, either for clamminess or blisters, but I do happen to know that it often does good.

Blisters or blebs, that contain blood may occur on the legs or arms; they are not due to friction, but, on the other hand, they point to a vitiated state of the blood, and the remedies for them should be internal or constitutional ones. Plenty of milk is almost a certain remedy, but it must be new milk and, if possible, drunk fresh and warm from the cow. Exercise in the open air will provoke an appetite and enable the girl who suffers from these signs of impoverished blood to eat well and heartily, which is exactly what nature displays those blisters to entice her to do. They are to be looked upon as small flags of distress.

MEDICUS.

Housekeepers' Department.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

SURELY all servants are not bad! There must be some good, bad and indifferent; as there are good, bad and indifferent mistresses.

In the choice of her servants, a housekeeper must not be entirely guided by her instinct and the impression she receives at first sight of the person she wishes to engage. A pleasant voice and cheerful face are generally an indication of an obliging disposition. As a general principle, however, it is well never to engage a servant without having had, if at all possible, an interview with her former mistress, and elicited a true character of her. Much mischief is continually caused by people giving false characters to servants, or by keeping back some grave fault which may cause much misery in the next household. What motive such people can have, is hard to fathom! It is certainly not kindness. I cannot help thinking that we would have better trained servants if mistresses themselves were to receive better training before entering into the "bonds of matrimony." The majority of young girls, on being promoted to the head of a household, have but little idea of the responsibility that awaits them.

How can a young mistress be expected to train,

or at least direct her servants, when she has herself but a superficial knowledge of housekeeping and servants' work? There is no denying that servants will take every advantage of the laxity of household reins.

It is really past understanding why mothers, who have their children's future happiness so much at heart, should so mistake what is for their real good, and allow them to grow up in ignorance of their most serious duties in life. After leaving school, a young girl's time ought to be given up, not as it usually is, in keeping up her "accomplishments," which ought to become from that time but a secondary object—but in acquiring a perfect knowledge of housekeeping, so that she may become in deed, as well as in word, a "true helpmeet."

To resume then. The best servants are those who have been trained in a large establishment, under an orderly and methodical housekeeper, who is herself responsible for the proper working of the house. This will show, therefore, that if the mistress of an ordinary household is desirous of having good servants, she must be her own housekeeper on a smaller scale. She must be able to superintend the cleaning, cooking and laundry work; that is to say, she must be able to clearly

explain how she wishes things to be done, and, if necessary, show how to do it. Thus, with a little patience on the one side, and good will on the other, the routine of daily duties soon becomes easy.

The amount of housework for each servant varies according to their number, and also greatly on the style in which the household lives. In a household of small means, a "general servant," which literally means everything useful, is usually employed. The amount of her work depends, of course, upon the kind of situation she occupies; if she be methodical in her habits, does everything in its proper time, keeps everything to its proper use, and puts everything in its proper place, she will greatly lessen her daily labor.

She begins the day's duties by opening the windows throughout the house; then proceed to the kitchen, clean the fireplace and light the fire. After putting on the kettle, she should go to the dining-room, sweep and dust thoroughly, then lay the cloth for breakfast. She will now sweep the hall and clean the steps. Then she will prepare the breakfast. After having washed up the breakfast things, she would proceed to the bed-rooms, where her mistress will have opened the windows, and stripped the bed-clothes to air before coming down-stairs. It would not be out of place if the ladies of the house, especially where there are daughters, were to take the entire charge of the bed-rooms as well as the drawing-room, leaving the servant to do the rough work, such as cleaning windows, grates, etc.

When all the house is in good order, the servant would set about cooking the dinner, where, again, she ought to have the help of her mistress. In the interval, she would get ready all things necessary for dishing-up the dinner, lay the cloth, cut the bread, etc.

After the family has finished dinner, at which

she would not be expected to wait, she would clear away the dinner things and tidy the dining-room, then proceed to take her own dinner. After this she washes the dinner-dishes, cleans knives, scours her tables and sweeps the kitchen. She will then have time to wash and dress herself, and get tea ready. After tea, she would make the round of the bed-rooms with pail and water-can, turn down the beds and close the windows. She will then be at leisure to do her own mending, and take her well-earned rest. Before going to bed, she ought to prepare for lighting the fire in the morning, and many other little things which I need not enumerate here.

In the household in which there is more than one servant, the cook, if she has much cooking to do, cannot help with the housework; but she has generally to clean the kitchen, dining-room and doorsteps; she is also expected to make her own bed and clean her bed-room.

The housemaid has the care of the sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, staircase and passages; she also washes the breakfast and tea things, cleans the glass and plate, answers the door and waits at table. She should be provided with a closet on the bed-room landing, having hooks for hanging her brooms, etc.; also a number of drawers in which to keep her dusters, gloves, etc.

To discharge her various duties properly should be the aim of every conscientious servant; indeed, it would be but reasonable, if the relations between mistress and servant were based on the mutual accommodation principle, seeing they cannot very well do without each other; and a good servant is not often willing to leave a situation where she is well treated, even when tempted by higher wages elsewhere. Therefore, when in the possession of good servants, a mistress will do well to study how to keep them.

Record of Christian Charities.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY TO PROTECT CHILDREN FROM CRUELTY.

FOUR years ago there was organized in Philadelphia, by a number of prominent citizens, a society for the protection of children from cruelty throughout the State of Pennsylvania. It is the province of this society to receive and carefully investigate any cases of cruelty or neglect of children that may be brought to its notice, and when natural protection has failed, or has been transformed into brutality, to bring them, by an order of the court, under the merciful care of some orphans' home or other sanctuary provided for the desolate and oppressed. To do this peculiar and delicate work, requires the utmost care and discrimination in sifting the evidence, when charges of cruelty are brought against parents, guardians, etc., in order to see that no malice underlies the accusation which might work harm to any person whatsoever. In a large majority of cases, a distinct warning to parents that they are bringing themselves within reach of the law, and that arrest and imprisonment are imminent, has been

sufficient to bring earnest promises of amendment which have been usually kept.

We find in the fourth annual report of the Society, just issued, that during the year 1880 one hundred and eighty arrests were made, and that six hundred and ninety-eight children had been removed from parents or guardians on account of cruelty, and provided with homes. The following extract from the report will give our readers a fair idea of what was needed, and what the Society has accomplished:

"To fully apprehend this, it is needful that one should examine the sad faces that throng our office daily, and inspect the terrible weapons and instruments of torture by which these injuries are inflicted. For example, one poor boy comes in with his back lacerated with a cow-hide; another, about the same age, in a literally starving condition, fainting from sheer exhaustion; again, another child is brought in hopelessly blind from cruel neglect on the part of its own mother; another with both arms broken, from being thrown down-stairs, while others are rendered idiotic or imbecile from a long course of infamous neglect; several burned and scarred for life with a hot

iron; others come with blackened eyes, cut and bleeding faces; infants of a few months old left without any food or attention often for twenty-four or even thirty-six hours; some locked in dark closets or cellars, and threatened until reason totters—the cursings and swearings, the beatings and maimings, all go to swell this dreadful catalogue of child-cruelty. Upon the reverse of this sad picture, to which we point with no so small

degree of pleasure, we behold the smiling faces of more than one thousand five hundred children, whom we have rescued from almost every conceivable form of neglect and abuse, and placed in cheerful homes, where they can be educated and trained to usefulness. To this work our Society has now devoted four years of continuous labor, increasing in magnitude, in responsibility, and in interest as the years pass by."

Fancy Needlework.



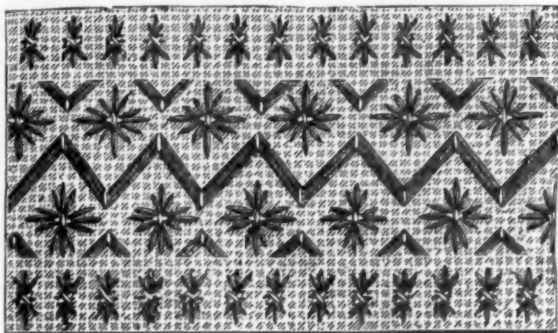
HANGING POCKET.

HANGING POCKET.—The pocket of which we give an illustration is made of black velvet and black satin. The front and back is of velvet. The depth of the pocket is about six inches, and

width from point to point at top four and a half. These are joined together by a bias of satin three inches in width, slightly gathered to form a puffing. The seams are at top edged with a fine black

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DETAIL OF HANGING POCKET.



POCKET PINCUSHION.

silk cord. The cord by which the bag is attached to the waist is coarser. It takes about half a yard for each side. Having sewn the cord on opposite corners of each piece of velvet, slip on two silk barrels, sufficiently loose for the cord to be drawn through; then fasten the other ends to the bag. By this means the bag may be easily opened or closed.

The satin should be a good make with cotton

back, and the velvet, when worked, lined with black silk.

The embroidery is done in filosele; the colors and shades should be chosen carefully, according to the design worked.

POCKET PINCUSHION.—This little pincushion can be made of scraps of old silk or satin, to please the maker's fancy.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

NEW spring goods are very beautiful. The foulard designs, which came in dark and unbecoming shades last year are replaced with choice styles and colors. Among the new materials is saten, a satin-finished cotton, which comes at forty, forty-five and fifty cents a yard. The printed failles are very much like cretonne, having a heavy twill. They are in figures or flowers. The crepe momie cloth comes in dress patterns at nine dollars. They are in little dots, with borders to match. Many of these fabrics are displayed with satin stripes or gold threads. For evening wear there are some extremely beautiful batistes, figured with white floss silk. They can be worn over colors or not as preferred. Among the lighter-woolen fabrics are pretty lace-buntings, nun's veilings and summer cashmeres.

For dress trimmings we still have fancy brocades, soft Surah silks and striped silks and satins; Irish, Russian, Languedoc, Breton, Torchon, and other inexpensive laces; and bands of embroidery. Some of the newest of these last show a combination of several colors, and of gold, silver and steel threads. Bead garnitures are black, white, iridescent, gilt, silver, steel and garnet.

There is little real change seen in making up the new dresses. Cotton costumes vary little from year to year. As before, two or more materials, or one material and a contrasting trimming, are shown in one suit. Some dresses have close-fitting Jersey waists, laced down the back; some monk's sleeves, turned up and caught on the inside seam as high as the elbows; round waists, with belts;

elbow sleeves, with full ruffles; long overskirts with wrinkled apron fronts; short overskirts, over deep pleated skirts; soft sashes of the material, knotted loosely at the left side; pointed hoods and pebrine capes; shirred yokes; square collars. In fact, any lady of taste, with the aid of a pattern-book, may make her own fashions.

In dresses and in millinery, lavish, striking combinations of colors are seen. On the same bonnet may be two kinds of flowers, three shades of feathers and ribbons, with a profusion of lace, bows and silver, gilt, jet or steel ornaments. It is now the fancy to mass together red and pink roses, blue and purple buds, and, in fact, shades which in old times were thought to "kill" each other. Satin bows used as dress trimmings, are formed of contrasting loops illustrating this freak.

New bonnets are made of every material used for rich dresses, and, as we have intimated, exhibit a profusion of trimming almost gorgeous. Shaded ribbons and feathers are most abundant, the same one, perhaps, running through an immense variety of tints from deep brown up to pale pink; from deep azure up to pure white. It is difficult to say what the favorite shape is—but, perhaps it is the poke, the brim of which stands out over the face, to be lined with satin shirring. Other bonnets are of yellow straw lace, lined with colored silk, mostly red; others of fine chip and Tuscan straw. Leghorn flats are, of course, always fashionable. Fayal hats, exactly like those of the last two seasons, are again to be worn. Young ladies and little girls will wear rough-and-ready sailor hats, simply encircled by a fancy necktie. Some of these have a silk or satin shirring placed

upon the *outside* of the brim, instead of the inside, as was customary last year. Very little girls may have tiny poke bonnets, to be worn with long, outside wraps.

The long, simple coat-dress is still worn by little boys and girls. It varies somewhat this year by opening in front, and being double-breasted. Sometimes it has a shirred yoke, and is tied back

by sash ribbons. Soft flannels, cheviots, linens, muslins and piqués will be the favorite materials. Wide, shaded sashes will be draped, in many folds around white dresses, far below the waist-line. Children's underwaists are not now made with straps over the shoulders, but are cut, all in one, with a low, square neck.

Art at Home.

THE following hints will doubtless be found of service by any of our readers who are re-furnishing their parlors, or who are adding a few new pieces to brighten up and heighten the appearance of the "drawing-room."

Here is a suggestion as to the improvement of an old sofa which has this advantage, that the employment of a professional upholsterer is not a prime necessity.

First, rip off the old cover, and cut the new material by that as a pattern; lay it on the seat, put a few tacks lightly in at the corners of each edge, and then put in the centre row of tufting. You will remember this is done with strong thread or fine string and a packing-needle; the needle is brought through from underneath, and the button threaded on it; it is then taken back through the same hole, and the string is tied together, firmly and tightly, so as to draw the material down in a little dent. Then proceed to the other tuftings, taking great care so to arrange them that every row of buttons comes exactly *between* those at each side, or you will not give the proper diamond-shape to the puffs. Put the outside tacks in *lightly*, because, as you draw the material down in

the dents made by the buttons, you will find you have to allow more for this extra fullness than you contemplated, and therefore have to remove the tacks every now and then.

Put a border around the top and sides of the back, on the arms and around the frame below the seat. At this part it must be finished by a fringe reaching to the ground; indeed, any furniture thus edged with a fringe must have under it a piece of something of the same color. It need not be of a good quality, as it is only needed in case of the separation of the fringe. The latter looks much thicker when hanging on material of the same color.

The tufting can be continued on the bordering, or this may be quite plain. In either case the bordering must be edged with a cord on each side. This serves to hide the joins of the two materials. The border is *nailed* down over the edges of the other material, and the cord *sewn* on to the two.

One or two small wicker work chairs blacked and gilded will be comfortable additions also, these can have loose seats, and cushions tied on at the backs.

New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Lenox Dare. By Virginia F. Townsend. Most of our readers are already familiar with this beautiful story, written in Miss Townsend's happiest vein. The descriptions are life-like, the sentiments elevated, the plot interesting, and altogether the work is one which we read charmed, and lay down with a feeling of satisfaction that we have learned much of real value. Price, \$1.50.

Gleanings from the Fields of Art. By Ednah D. Cheney. A work of true merit, invaluable to any who desire a convenient hand-book upon art of various schools and ages. It gives, in a compact form, sketches of great painters and their most famous pictures, a condensed history of art as a whole, with its various manifestations in different countries, and intelligent, sympathetic criticisms, all being well-calculated to teach those beginning to take an interest in this important subject. Not the least of value in the book are specimens of the poems of Michel Angelo. Price, \$2.50.

Parlor Varieties, Plays, Pantomimes, Charades. By Emma E. Brewster. A collection of bright, original pieces, suitable for use in parlor or school entertainments; especially adapted to young ladies. Price, 50 cents.

Motherhood. A Poem. A rare, dainty, beautiful one, hard to criticise justly, as it is altogether unique. Some of the divisions and passages are truly wonderful; others impress us as being obscure. As a whole, we believe the poem may be read with interest and profit by every woman. The book, quite a small one, is elegantly bound, and would form an appropriate gift for a lady.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADA.

Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen. By Mrs. B. C. Howard. The Southern cuisine has a good reputation in the matter of savory dishes, and one who has had, as the title of this book advises us, fifty years of familiarity with the art and mystery of a Maryland kitchen, can, doubt-

less, tell her sister housekeepers a great many ways of giving a new appetizing zest to ordinary food.

FOWLER & WELLS, NEW YORK.

How we Fed the Baby to Make Her Healthy and Happy; with Health Hints. By C. E. Page, M.D. 144 pages. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. The experiences detailed, and the advice and suggestions given in this little book, will be of great value to all mothers. The central feature of the work represents the infancy of the author's own daughter, whose first months were happily made free from the common incon-

veniences and sufferings popularly supposed to be unavoidably connected with this period of life. The author makes plain how infantile diseases may, in great measure, be avoided, and infant life made as free and joyous as that of the most fortunate among the lower animals. This manual will be welcomed by mothers in all parts of the land, as one of the most important questions with parents is *how* to feed the baby so as to promote its health, its growth and its happiness. If the rule laid down by the author of giving the baby but three meals a day is adopted, great care must be taken to make sure that the food is sufficiently nutritious. If not, the baby may be half-starved instead of rightly fed.

Notes and Comments.

Minor Arts.

AMONG our book notices, our readers have probably seen mentioned a little work entitled "The Minor Arts," by Charles G. Leland. A more thorough examination of the book impels us to recommend especially its wide circulation throughout the homes of our land.

In these days, we hear a great deal about artistic decoration, and the advisability of adorning our homes according to the principles of good taste, as far as possible by our own ingenuity. The means of so doing, however, are usually mentioned as painting and needlework. But not all, especially the masculine portion of a family, are capable of excelling in these particular branches of art. Must these, then, depend upon others for their home adornments, so putting themselves to greater expense than necessary, or else have their rooms entirely unbeautiful? The book before us answers these questions satisfactorily, and suggest means by which all may have a share in the decoration of a household. Not only this, it points out the way in which many may find pleasant and profitable employment, by perfecting themselves in some of the minor arts described.

The first one considered is leather-work. This is of three kinds, boiled leather, sewn leather and sheet leather. The first of these, probably, is the most elegant. Pieces of leather scraps are boiled until they form a paste, and from this various little articles, such as vases, card-receivers, and so forth, are moulded. They are ornamented, according to the taste of the worker, with patterns, drawn directly upon the material. Sewn leather-work is done by cutting out leaves, figures and the like, and sewing them upon a groundwork of a contrasting color. This is suitable for panels, covers of books or wall-pockets. Sheet leather-work is the more familiar art of cutting out leaves and flowers, and grouping them together.

China painting may be readily mastered by any one who can paint in water-colors or oils, and who is willing to work patiently. By taste and industry, a plain china dinner-set may be converted into a work of high art and great value. The chapter on "Designing and Transferring" gives many useful hints to those learning to draw, enabling them to apply the principles of design to

both simple and complicated ornament. Wood-carving, contrary to general belief, is shown to be an easy art, and at once suggests not only brackets and clock-cases to be made objects of beauty by amateurs, but even large pieces of furniture—as those may well believe, who saw the lovely work in the Woman's Pavilion, done by young ladies. The tools are very simple.

From the chapter on "Stenciling" we quote the following paragraph: "Stenciling is an easy art, which deserves to be more generally known and practiced. Nothing is commoner than to see farm-houses and cottages without a trace of ornament or of art, which might be made pleasant and cheerful to look at by the employment of cheap wall-painting or simply by stenciling. If some of the thousands of tramps, hawkers and gypsies who swarm along our roads would go from house to house as cheap art decorators—and that there is abundant intelligence, tact and industry among them for this, I know—good might be done in a double sense. The ugly blank walls which form a standard subject of complaint with writers, might be covered with tasteful or interesting patterns at no very great expense. But even if a decoration should cost more than whitewash or wall-paper, it cannot be too earnestly impressed on the mind of every one in every way that it is a public duty and a charity to invest money, whenever it is possible, in such a way as to give hand-labor allied to skill the preference to machine-art, and that by so doing we enlarge the idea of industry. It may be truly urged that stenciling is a very low form of art, and allied to the merely mechanical; but low as it may be, its results, if inspired by taste, are far superior as regards human interest to a wall-paper, however elegant or æsthetic the original may have been, from which the copies were ground out by machinery."

Modeling in clay is recommended, not only as enabling one to study effectively the higher arts, but as a direct aid in the lower. Mosaic-work, of a coarser kind, might be learned by any who wish to make their walls or vestibules attractive, according to their own fancy. Repousé-work teaches how to decorate any little articles, or brass, or silver, such as a sconce or a napkin-ring. The book closes with some general directions concerning decorating shells, making rustic-work, and

converting various odds and ends into objects of interest or use.

It is safe to say that the work will afford pleasant employment for every idle, rainy day in the year; it will give almost any one perusing it many new, valuable ideas; it will act as a great aid in art-culture; and it will show, as it were, to our young people, worlds to conquer. We well remember when we would have been glad to have such a book placed within our reach. So we hope it will have a wide circulation, which its low price and great value should secure. H.

Atlantic City.

ALL the indications look to a prosperous summer season at this favorite sea-side resort. Many of the hotels and boarding-houses are already well filled with guests. A number of new cottages have been built; hotels have extended their accommodations, and various improvements looking to the comfort of guests have been made. If there were a few more liberal and enterprising men on the island, like the owner of the "Brighton" property, the aspect of things on the ocean front would soon undergo a change that would make the place highly attractive. It is full time that the unsightly bath-houses that now render the shore-line hideous should be removed and tastefully-built structures take their places.

Increased railroad facilities will be needed this summer, and in supplying these, the old Camden & Atlantic Road will, of course, keep in advance. It is raising its track the whole length of Atlantic Avenue, and getting all things ready to accommodate the public when the tide of travel sets fully toward the sea.

Summer Tourists' Guide.

THE Erie & Lehigh Valley Railroads have recently issued an illustrated Tourists' Guide, embracing a description of the picturesque regions traversed by their lines and connections, with a brief sketch of each point of interest to the pleasure-seeker. The information contained in it will be of value to any one contemplating a summer excursion, and will be of assistance in determining where to go and which route to take. To Niagara Falls there are sixty-eight different excursion routes, ranging in price from \$17.00 to \$27.45. Excursions to Richfield, Sharon, Saratoga and Clifton Springs, Trenton Falls, Watkins's Glen, Chautauqua Lake, Mauch Chunk, Quebec, Portland, White Mountains, Denver, Col., Omaha, etc., are at reduced rates. Tickets are sold from June 1st to October 1st, good to return until November 1st. The "Guide" will be furnished free upon application to Mr. N. Van Horn, at the office of the Railroad Company, 836 Chestnut St.

"WHEN Goethe says that in every human condition foes lie in wait for us, 'invincible only by cheerfulness and equanimity,' he does not mean that we can at all times be really cheerful, or at a moment's notice, but that the endeavor to look at the better side of things will produce the habit, and that this habit is the surest safeguard against the dangers of sudden evils."

Publishers' Department.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

REDUCED TERMS FOR 1881.

1 Copy one year,	\$2.00
2 Copies, " "	3.50
3 " " " "	5.00
4 " " " "	6.00
8 " " and one to club-getter,	12.00

Specimen Number, 10 cents.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS, with prices, appear in every Number.

Additions to a club can always be made at the club-rate.

It is not required that all the members of a club be at the same post-office.

Remit by Postal Order, Draft or Registered letter.

Subscribers wishing to change their address must give notice before the 10th or after the 30th of each month.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,

227 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

OUR USE OF THE PRESS.

The fact that we use the press largely in order to make known to the public the nature and action of Compound Oxygen, and the results of its use in chronic diseases, causes many to class us with empirical pretenders, and our Treatment with ordinary patent medicines; and also to regard the fact of our advertising as something suspicious in itself, and very unprofessional!

Now, why it should be regarded as conclusive against the claim of a physician to the discovery of some new power in nature by which diseases not amenable to ordinary remedies may be cured, that he uses the press to make the fact known to the sick, is something that no man of common sense will, on reflection, admit for a single moment. How is he to get a knowledge of his discovery before the people if he does not use the press? The fact that poisonous drugs and health-destroying nostrums are advertised, and the people hurt by their use, is no reason why a true agent of cure, which never injures and always acts beneficially, should not be made known through the same means—the only means, in fact, by which information on any subject can be widely communicated. Nay, the reason becomes only the stronger for its use in making known the beneficent agent!

And so, we use the press, honorably and legitimately, as honorable men and physicians.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is free. Address, Drs. Starkey and Palen, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES who would combine beauty and comfort in dressing the feet should use the German Corn Remover.

DON'T use anything to soften and improve the Skin, except Pearl's White Glycerine and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. See advertisement.

SUFFERERS from corns will find sure relief in German Corn Remover. Sold by all druggists. 25c.



THOUSANDS VISIT THE MINERAL SPRINGS,

Here and abroad, and spend thousands of dollars in search for health, when a few doses of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

would accomplish the same results, at the cost of a few cents. Each bottle contains from thirty to forty glasses of Sparkling Seltzer, which makes it positively the cheapest, as well as the most efficacious mineral water extant.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Columbia Bicycle.

The permanence of the Bicycle as a practical road-vehicle is an acknowledged fact, and thousands of riders are daily enjoying the delightful and health-giving exercise. The "Columbias" are carefully finished in every particular and are confidently guaranteed as the best value for the money attained in a Bicycle. Send 3-cent stamp for catalogue with price-list and full information.

THE POPE MFG Co.,
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A NEW GRAND ORGAN
20 BEAUTIFUL & USEFUL STOPS,
10 FULL OCTAVES OF REEDS.
Before you buy get special offer for Spring and Summer from **MARCHAL & SMITH, 8 W. 11th St., N.Y.**

FANCY CARDS.

For Collectors, Printers, Card Dealers and Advertisers. Samples of 55 series, with price per set, 100 and 1,000, plain and printed, sent to any address for 60 cents, stamps or money, which will be refunded on return of the samples. Catalogue and twelve samples for two 3-cent stamps. Also, by the dozen, no two alike, at 5, 10, 15, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cents a dozen. Card Albums, all prices, from \$1.25 to \$10.00. Card Wafers, 500 for 20 cents. *Trifet's Monthly*, size of N. Y. Weekly, one year and 100 cards, all different, \$1.00.

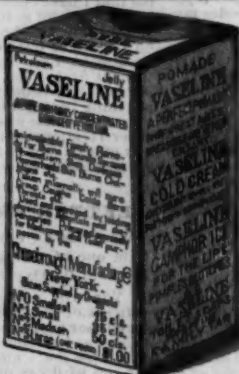
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UNDER THE FORM OF A JELLY CALLED VASELINE, PETROLEUM IS GIVEN TO MEDICINE AND PHARMACY IN AN ABSOLUTELY PURE, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, AND UNOBJECTIONABLE SHAPE. ALL ACIDS, ODORS, TASTE, COLOR, AND OTHER IMPURITIES, WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED THE USE OF PETROLEUM IN MEDICINE, ARE ENTIRELY ELIMINATED, AND THE VASELINE IS AS HARMLESS AND DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS CREAM.

The most valuable family remedy known for the treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, skin diseases, rheumatism, chilblains, catarrh, hemorrhoids, etc. Also for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup and diphtheria, etc. It has received the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Press and Profession, Scientists and Journals of all characters throughout the world, as being the Best Remedy Known.

As an emollient, Vaseline is superior to any other substance yet discovered. Its marvellous healing and restoring qualities excel everything else, and it is rapidly taking the place on the toilet-table, to the exclusion of the various complexion powders, pomades, cosmetics, and other compounds. It will keep the skin clearer, softer, and smoother than any cosmetic ever invented, and will preserve the youthful beauty and freshness of the healthy complexion.

POMADE VASELINE.—WILL CURE DANDRUFF AND MAKE THE HAIR GROW WHEN NOTHING ELSE WILL. 25, 50 CENTS AND \$1.00.

VASELINE COLD CREAM.—FOR IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN, CHAFING OF INFANTS, FOR THE COMPLEXION, CHAPPED HANDS, &c., &c., &c. 25 AND 50 CENTS.

VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE.—FOR PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, &c. 25 CENTS.

VASELINE TOILET SOAP.—EMOLLIENT, BLAND, ANTISEPTIC (EXCELS ALL TOILET SOAPS).

COLGATE & Co. will supply these articles, if you cannot obtain them of your Druggist. None Genuine except in original packages.

Grand Medals at Philadelphia and Paris Expositions, Medal of Progress by American Institute.

MAY 23 1881

No.
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

Compound Oxygen.

For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Oozena, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

A REMARKABLE RESULT.

We are constantly meeting with new and singular results from the administration of Compound Oxygen. Witness the following, in the sudden penetration of the air into a collapsed lung. A gentleman in Pleasantville, Iowa, writing under date of October 10th, 1880, says:

"My daughter had not been confined to her bed, but for the past twelve years had not been able to inhale much air in her left lung, in consequence of congestion, owing to over-heating. She was unable to stand heat, and she was liable to sinking and smothering spells; also her heart would not beat regularly; every hour or two it would stop its pulsations, or feel as if it was going to. On the second inhalation, her lung expanded to its full capacity, which, of course, caused great distress of body (as the chest had sunk in over her lung), but ever since she has had no symptoms of smothering. The heart pulsations are regular, and she feels like a new person—gaining rapidly in flesh. Her lung is not yet strong, but is gaining. We are truly grateful to you for rescuing her from an untimely grave."

"AM SO MUCH BETTER."

Extract from letter of a patient in Biddeford, Me.:

"It is with pleasure I tell you what your Compound Oxygen Treatment has done for me. Last April when I commenced using it, I was very low; suffered from a weak, tired feeling all the time. Had not been able to do any housework or sewing for four years, and but very little for ten years past. My right side was very bad, a continual smarting ache extending from the throat to the hip, aggravated by using my arm. Had not been free from a cough for four years. Now I do most of my housework; all my family savings; walk out every pleasant day; think I could walk a mile and not be very tired; am so much happier to feel that I am some use in the world. For all this, consider myself indebted to you Compound Oxygen Treatment."

FORCED CHEERFULNESS.

A patient writes:

"I used to seem cheerful, and people often remarked it; but my husband would look sad, and tell me he feared I did not feel it; which was true. I did it to keep up his spirits. But now it does me good to take a hearty laugh. Every one I meet says, 'How well you are looking.' I tell them it is the Compound Oxygen rebuilding me. * * * I can scarcely believe myself to be the same miserable little woman I once was."

"VICTORY!"

Under this caption, a gentleman in Iowa, who had procured the Compound Oxygen Treatment for his wife, writes:

"I am surprised at finding her so much improved in health. When she began using the Oxygen she could not sit up more than four hours at a time. Could not walk a quarter of a mile. Improved from the first inhalation, and now, having used the Treatment for six weeks, does considerable work around the house, and can walk two miles and not be tired. Takes no more bloody matter. No cough. Sleeps and eats well. All that I can say is, 'Thank God and Dr. Starkey & Palen.'"

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 500 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph.B., M.D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St., (Between Chestnut & Market) Phila., Pa.

BRONCHITIS.

A lady in Carmel, New York, after using the Oxygen Treatment for about four weeks, writes as follows in regard to the result:

"Four years ago I had an attack of Acute Bronchitis. It was two or three months before I got over it, and then I had lost my voice. I could not sing. The next winter I had two attacks, and in the spring I had chronic inflammation of the throat. I was treated for it from March till June. Then my husband took me to Brooklyn for medical treatment. I got very much better; but as soon as the weather became cold I took cold, and had to stay in the house for most of the time, with an inflamed throat. When I sent for the Oxygen, I had just had the worst attack from which I had ever suffered. I feared that I was going to lose my voice entirely, it hurt me so to talk. Last year, every time I had a cold it left me with a pain in the lower part of my left lung. This summer the doctor sounded my lung, and said all the trouble was in the larger air passage."

"The first time I inhaled the Oxygen, that pain left me in half an hour, and I have not felt it since. For two days my lung felt real good; then the inhaling made it feel sore, and every time I coughed it seemed to come from that place where the pain had been, and what I passed had a very bad taste, but did not look bad."

"I have taken a great many different things, but never in my life took anything like the Oxygen. I feel so strong and well, and have such a good, healthy appetite."

ASTONISHED AT THE RESULT.

A lady writing from Louisiana, November 15th, 1880, says:

"The reception of your interesting quarterly reminds me that I have been very ungrateful to you, in not reporting progress for so long. I am not yet entirely cured, but when I think of the miserable condition I was in when, on the 7th of last February, I began the Oxygen Home Treatment, I am truly astonished at the result. I am still thin in flesh, but I believe I am still gaining ground. My health is better than in years before, and I can eat anything I can get to eat. I have a small supply of gas yet, which I use when I feel depressed. I will order another Treatment before long, for I feel sure it will eventually effect a cure. I cannot say how thankful I am for having been induced to send to you for the Oxygen."

LETTER FROM AN OLD PATIENT.

We make an extract from a letter recently received from one of our patients, which shows the permanent effects of the Oxygen Treatment:

"You will, no doubt, remember me as one of your patients of more than a year ago. I am not entirely cured, nor ever expect to be, as my business is such that as long as I am able to be about I must go. I am manager of a large grain and stock farm, and my business keeps me out of doors most of the time, which is a decided benefit to me. I have felt stronger this year than ever before, and have done ten times as much work as ever before. I still have a part of the last Treatment, which I use once in awhile when I am not feeling good, and it immediately restores me. Only this morning I had a bad headache, and felt badly; I took an inhalation of the Oxygen and felt like another man."